THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF
FAMOUS LITERATURE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010

http://www.archive.org/details/internationallib00dole


E.Y.

EDITION DE LUXE

THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

DONALD G. MITCHELL
(IK MARVEL)

AND

ANDREW LANG

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

FORREST MORGAN AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

Twenty Volumes

VOLUME VIII.

BOSTON

INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY COMPANY

LONDON

Edition de Luxe

Limited to 500 Copies

Copyright, 1898
By MERRILL AND BAKER

This Edition de Luxe of The International Library of Famous Literature is limited to five hundred complete sets, of which this copy is number . . .

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME VIII.

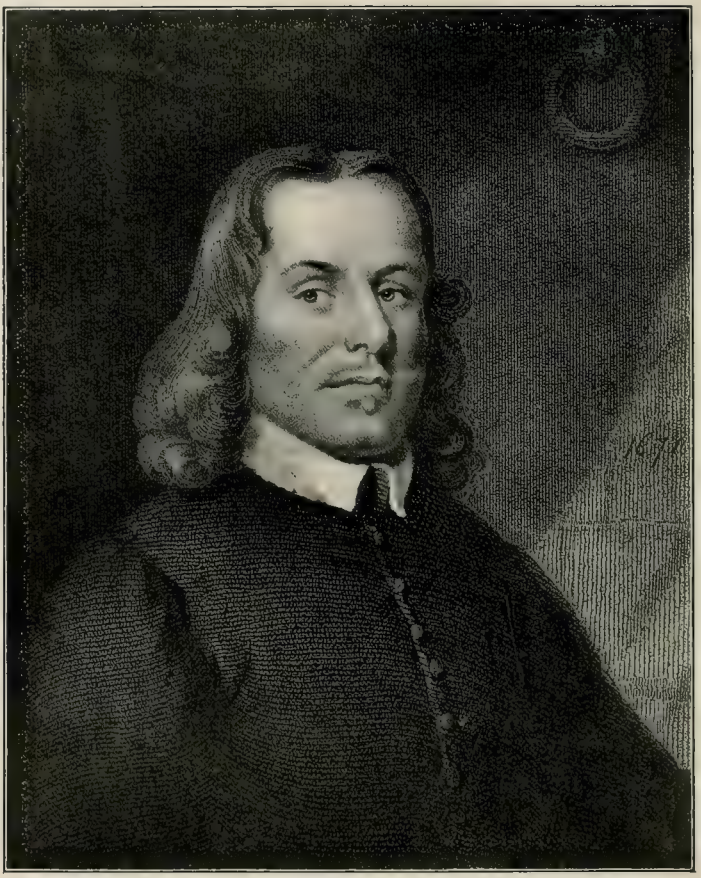
		PAGE
The Pilgrim's Progress	*John Bunyan*	3409
The Dying Man in his Garden	*George Sewell*	3429
Beautiful Gardens	*Sir William Temple*	3429
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America	*George Berkeley*	3438
The Decadence of Spain	*Thomas Babington Macaulay*	3439
Esmond's Friends and Foes	*Wm. Makepeace Thackeray*	3444
Essay on Man	*Alexander Pope*	3462
A Dialogue to the Memory of Mr. Alexander Pope	*Austin Dobson*	3469
Apologues	*Joseph Addison*	3472
Fables	*John Gay*	3481
Letters	*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*	3489
Thoughts and Aphorisms	*Dean Swift*	3498
The Hermit	*Thomas Parnell*	3501
Alexander Selkirk	*Daniel Defoe*	3507
Supposed Lines of Alexander Selkirk	*William Cowper*	3510
The Footprint on the Sand	*Daniel Defoe*	3512
Afar in the Desert	*Thomas Pringle*	3545
A Voyage to Laputa	*Dean Swift*	3547
Adventures of Gil Blas	*Alain René Le Sage*	3566
Pleasure is Vanity	*Matthew Prior*	3588
The Lady's Looking-glass	*Matthew Prior*	3591
An Ode	*Matthew Prior*	3592
The History of John Bull	*John Arbuthnot*	3593
The Good-humored Club	*Sir Richard Steele*	3602
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan	*John Gay*	3606
The Restoration of a Husband	*Charles Reade*	3607
John Ridd and the Doones	*Richard D. Blackmore*	3629
Go, Lovely Rose	*Edmund Waller*	3655
Micah Clarke	*A. Conan Doyle*	3655
The Death of Radzivill	*Henryk Sienkiewicz*	3683
Sir Roger de Coverley	*Joseph Addison*	3695
On Life, Death, and Immortality	*Edward Young*	3707
Dick Turpin's Escape	*W. Harrison Ainsworth*	3714
Mazeppa's Ride	*Lord Byron*	3749

		PAGE
Charles XII. at Bender	*Voltaire*	3758
My Dear and Only Love	*James Graham*	3777
The Monarchy of Spain	*James Howell*	3781
Memoirs of the Lord Viscount Dundee	*John Graham*	3789
How sleep the Brave	*William Collins*	3791
Letters on the Study and Use of History	*Viscount Bolingbroke*	3791
The Castle of Indolence	*James Thomson*	3806
Manon Lescaut	*Abbé Prévost*	3808
The Passions	*William Collins*	3836
Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Son	*Philip D. Stanhope*	3839
The Seasons	*James Thomson*	3851
The Skeptic	*David Hume*	3867
The Analogy of Religion to the Course of Nature	*Joseph Butler*	3883
An Epistle to Curio	*Mark Akenside*	3888

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME VIII.

	PAGE
John Bunyan *Frontispiece*	
Bunyan's Wife Interceding	3427
Winchester Cathedral	3445
Alexander Pope	3462
Joseph Addison	3472
Daniel Defoe	3507
The Footprint on the Sand	3512
Jonathan Swift	3547
Gil Blas is Dismissed	3585
Charles Reade	3607
Peg Woffington	3613
Valley of the Doones	3629
Dr. A. Conan Doyle	3655
Chief Justice Jeffries	3673
"The vale funereal"	3709
Mazeppa's Ride	3750
"My dear and only love"	3778
Viscount Bolingbroke	3791
Death of Manon Lescaut	3809
"O Music! Friend of Pleasure"	3836
Spring	3851
Summer	3855
Autumn	3858
Winter	3863
David Hume	3867



JOHN BUNYAN

THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY

OF

FAMOUS LITERATURE.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

By JOHN BUNYAN.

[JOHN BUNYAN, the celebrated English writer, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. He was brought up to his father's trade of tinker, and spent his youth in the practice of that craft. After a short term of service in the Parliamentary army, he joined a nonconformist body at Bedford and began to preach throughout the midland counties. In 1660 he fell a victim to the persecution then carried on against dissenters, was thrown into Bedford county jail, and during a twelve years' imprisonment wrote "Profitable Meditations," "The Holy City," and "Grace Abounding." After the issuing of James II.'s declaration for liberty of conscience, he again settled at Bedford, and ministered to the congregation in Mill Lane until his death, in London, of fever, August, 1688. Bunyan suffered a second imprisonment (1675), but only for six months, during which time he wrote the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678; second part issued in 1684). It circulated at first among the poor, but soon became more widely known, and in ten years one hundred thousand copies had been sold. With the exception of the Bible and "The Imitation of Christ," no book has been translated into so many languages and dialects (over eighty in all). Other works include: "The Holy War" and "Life and Death of Mr. Badman."]

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now, this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the Shadow of Death, a land that no man" (but a Christian) "passeth through, and where no man dwelt." (Jer. 2 : 6.)

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon, as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, chil-

dren of them that brought up an evil report of the good land (Num. 13 : 32), making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows: —

Christian — Whither are you going?

Men — They said, Back, back; and we would have you do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Christian — Why, what's the matter? said Christian.

Men — Matter! said they; we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little farther, we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

Christian — But what have you met with? said Christian.

Men — Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it. (Psa. 44 : 19; 107 : 19.)

Christian — But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men — Seen? why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch: we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit: we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons: and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion: Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order. (Job 3 : 5; 10 : 22.)

Christian — Then, said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven. (Psa. 44 : 18, 19; Jer. 2 : 6.)

Men — Be it thy way; we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on; into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out. (Psa. 69 : 14.)

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to

tip over into the mire on the other; also, when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that ofttimes when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer (Eph. 6:18); so he cried, in my hearing, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. (Psa. 116:4.) Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him; also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be halfway through the valley. He remembered also, how he had already vanquished many a danger; and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward. So he resolved to go on; yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, I will walk in the strength of the Lord God. So they gave back, and came no farther.

One thing I would not let slip. I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived, just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so

much before. Yet if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence these blasphemies came.

When Christian had traveled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. (Psa. 23 : 4.)

Then was he glad, and that for these reasons : —

First, Because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state. And why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it. (Job 9 : 11.)

Thirdly, For that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke: then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning." (Amos 5 : 8.)

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also, how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both. Also, now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off; for after break of day they came not nigh; yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, "He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death." (Job 12 : 22.)

Now was Christian much affected with this deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers, though he feared them much before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note that, though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous; for, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all

along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings-down there, that had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but, as I said, just now the sun was rising. Then said he, "His candle shineth on my head, and by his light I go through darkness." (Job 29 : 3.)

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet at the sight of the old man that sat at the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, You will never mend till more of you be burned. But he held his peace, and set a good face on it; and so went by, and catched no hurt. Then sang Christian: —

Oh, world of wonders (I can say no less),
That I should be preserved in that distress
That I have met with here! Oh, blessed be
That hand that from it hath delivered me!
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this vale was in;
Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
My path about, that worthless, silly I
Might have been catched, entangled, and cast down;
But since I live, let Jesus wear the crown.

Vanity Fair.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity (Psa. 62 : 9); and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity; as is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity." (Eccl. 11 : 8; see also 1 : 2–14; 2 : 11–17; Isa. 40 : 17.)

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing. I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (namely, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I have said, the way to the Celestial City lies just

through this town where this lusty fair is kept, and he that would go to the city, and yet not go through this town, "must needs go out of the world." (1 Cor. 4 : 10.) The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day, too ; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities, yea, would have made him lord of the fair would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities : but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. (Matt. 4 : 8, 9 ; Luke 4 : 5–7.) This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did ; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved ; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons : for,

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them : some said they were fools (1 Cor. 4 : 9, 10) ; some, they were bedlams ; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech ; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan ; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world : so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other. (1 Cor. 2 : 7, 8.)

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them ; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (Psa. 119 : 37), and look upward, signifying that their trade or traffic was in heaven. (Phil. 3 : 20, 21.)

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy ?" But they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth." (Prov. 23 : 23.)

At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. 11 : 13–16); and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, — the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and "not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing," and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in an angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell

to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, also, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it: therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment. But committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood; their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof was this: "That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I

make none, being myself a man of peace: the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear, and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pick-thank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him. Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath, before this honorable bench, that he is——

Judge — Hold; give him his oath.

So they sware him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country; he neither regarded prince nor people, law nor custom, but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

Envy — My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they sware him; so he began.

Superstition — My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that I had with him the other day, in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which saying of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to

wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in the behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank — My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoken; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are, the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility: and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such-like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou renegade, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

Faithful — May I speak a few words in my own defense?

Judge — Sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile renegade, hast to say.

Faithful — 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith; which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding

terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town and country. And so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by to hear and observe), Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also, you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. (Exod. 1: 22.) There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image should be thrown into a fiery furnace. (Dan. 3: 6.) There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso for some time called upon any god but him should be cast into the lion's den. (Dan. 6: 7.) Now, the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must, therefore, needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason that he hath already confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Heady, Mr. Highmind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. Nogood, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Aye, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Lovelust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Liveloose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-

mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging him is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.

And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw, that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who (as soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison: so he remained there for a space. But He who overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

And as he went, he sang, saying: —

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,
When Faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights:
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

Giant Despair.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were

much discouraged because of the way. (Num. 21: 4.) Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called Bypath meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let's go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see; and behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian; here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hopeful — But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vainglorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. (Isa. 9: 16.)

Now, Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way: and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh, that I had kept on my way!

Christian — Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hopeful — I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Christian — Good brother, be not offended: I am sorry I

have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me ; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hopeful — Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee ; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Christian — I am glad I have with me a merciful brother : but we must not stand here ; let us try to go back again.

Hopeful — But, good brother, let me go before.

Christian — No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hopeful — No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be toward the highway, even the way that thou wentest : turn again." (Jer. 31 : 21.) But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back ; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake ; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping ; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night without

one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. (Psa. 88 : 18.) Now, in this place, Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence : so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her, also, what he had best do further with them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound ; and he told her. Then she counseled him, that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress : so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison ; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands ; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no ; and thus they began to discourse.

Christian — Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know

not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. (Job 7 : 15.) Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hopeful — Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide ; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder," no, not to another man's person ; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body ; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave ; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life," etc. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair : others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die ; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in ; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while : the time may come that may give us a happy release ; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother ; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there he found them alive ; and, truly, alive was all ; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive ; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon ; but, coming a little to himself again, they

renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth:—

Hopeful — My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through; and art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also, this giant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But, let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore, let us (at least to avoid the shame that it becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel: to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again. And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence, and her husband the giant, was got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the



THE WIFE OF BUNYAN INTERCEDING FOR HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON

means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant. I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it. They then thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows: —

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare;
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

The Delectable Mountains.

They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before. So they went up to the mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now, there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The pilgrims, therefore, went to them, and leaning upon their staffs (as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, Whose Delectable Mountains are these; and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

Shepherds — These mountains are Emmanuel's land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them. (John 10 : 11, 15.)

Christian — Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Shepherds — You are just in your way.

Christian — How far is it thither?

Shepherds — Too far for any but those who shall get thither, indeed.

Christian — Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shepherds — Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; but transgressors shall fall therein. (Hos. 14 : 9.)

Christian — Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shepherds — The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge not to be forgetful to entertain strangers (Heb. 13 : 2); therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein? for but few of them that begin to come hither, do show their face on these mountains. But when the shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

THE DYING MAN IN HIS GARDEN.

By GEORGE SEWELL.

[— 1626.]

Why, Damon, with the forward day
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year,
What winds arise, what rains descend,
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?
Thou and the worm are brotherkind,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean flower's deep-embosomed sweet
Exhaling with an evening blast?
Thy evenings then will all be past!

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
(For vanity's in little seen),
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
Nor one of all thy plants that grow
But Rosemary will with thee go.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

(From "Upon the Gardens of Epicurus; or, Of Gardening in the Year 1685.")

[Sir William Temple, English diplomatist and essayist, was born in London, 1628; became prominent in public life, and negotiated, in 1668, the famous "Triple Alliance" of England, Holland, and Sweden against France, which saved Holland from danger at the time and nearly ruined it four years later. He took part in the congress at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1668, as ambassador at The

Hague, which post he filled again in 1674. He was one of Charles II.'s Council for a short time, then retired permanently to his estate at Sheen, then at Moor Park, where he spent his time gardening and writing, and where Swift was his secretary. He published "Memoirs" and "Miscellanea." He died January 27, 1699.]

If we believe the Scripture, we must allow that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest he could give him, or else he would not have placed Adam in that of Eden; that it was the state of innocence and pleasure; and that the life of husbandry and cities came after the fall, with guilt and with labor.

Where paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those Eastern countries. Strabo, describing Jericho, says: "*Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes Hortenses, locus ferax, palmis abundans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus, ibi est regi et balsami paradisus.*" He mentions another place to be "*prope libanum et paradisum.*" And Alexander is written to have seen Cyrus' tomb in paradise, being a tower not very great, and covered with a shade of trees about it. So that a paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was inclosed, or planted thereafter; either cultivated like gardens, for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed like our parks, for inclosure and harbor of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking; and so they were of more or less extent, and of different entertainment, according to the several humors of the princes that ordered and inclosed them.

Semiramis is the first we are told of in story, that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them as to make one wherever she built, and in all, or most of the provinces she subdued, which are said to have been from Babylon as far as India. The Assyrian kings continued this custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller and more regular gardens; for having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces, where such

paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country lady not well bearing the air or inclosure of the palace in Babylon, to which the Assyrian kings used to confine themselves, he made her gardens not only within the palaces, but upon terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower, planted them with all sorts of fruit trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly that have ever been heard of in the world. This lady may probably have been a native of the provinces of Chasimer or Damascus, which have in all times been the happiest regions for fruits of all the east, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climate. And it is great pity we do not yet see the history of Chasimer, which Monsieur Bernier assured me he had translated out of Persian, and intended to publish, and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent memoirs of the Mogul's country.

The next gardens we read of are those of Solomon, planted with all sorts of fruit trees, and watered with fountains; and though we have no more particular description of them, yet we may find they were the places where he passed the times of his leisure and delight, where the houses as well as grounds were adorned with all that could be of pleasing and elegant, and were the retreats and entertainments of those among his wives that he loved the best; and it is not improbable that the paradises mentioned by Strabo were planted by this great and wisest king. But the idea of the garden must be very great, if it answer at all to that of the gardener, who must have employed a great deal of his care and of his study, as well as of his leisure and thought, in these entertainments, since he writ of all plants, from the cedar to the shrub.

What the gardens of the Hesperides were, we have little or no account, further than the mention of them, and thereby the testimony of their having been in use and request in such remoteness of place and antiquity of time.

The garden of Alcinous, described by Homer, seems wholly poetical, and made at the pleasure of the painter, like the rest of the romantic palace in that little barren island of Phæacia or Corfu. Yet, as all the pieces of this transcendent genius are composed with excellent knowledge, as well as fancy, so they seldom fail of instruction as well as delight, to all that read

him. The seat of this garden, joining to the gates of the palace, the compass of the inclosure being four acres, the tall trees of shade, as well as those of fruit, the two fountains, the one for the use of the garden, and the other of the palace, the continual succession of fruits throughout the whole year are, for aught I know, the best rules or provisions that can go towards composing the best gardens; nor is it unlikely that Homer may have drawn this picture after the life of some he had seen in Ionia, the country and usual abode of this divine poet, and, indeed, the region of the most refined pleasure and luxury, as well as invention and wit: for the humor and custom of gardens may have descended earlier into the Lower Asia, from Damascus, Assyria, and other parts of the eastern empires, though they seem to have made late entrance and smaller improvement in those of Greece and Rome; at least in no proportion to their other inventions or refinements of pleasure and luxury.

The long and flourishing peace of the two first empires gave earlier rise and growth to learning and civility, and all the consequences of them, in magnificence and elegance of building and gardening, whereas Greece and Rome were almost perpetually engaged in quarrels and wars either abroad or at home, and so were busy in actions that were done under the sun, rather than those under the shade. These were the entertainments of the softer nations that fell under the virtue and prowess of the two last empires, which from those conquests brought home mighty increases both of riches and luxury, and so perhaps lost more than they got by the spoils of the east. . . .

Whoever begins a garden ought, in the first place and above all, to consider the soil, upon which the taste not only of his fruits, but his legumes, and even herbs and salads, will wholly depend; and the default of soil is without remedy: for, although all borders of fruit may be made with what earth you please (if you will be at the charge), yet it must be renewed in two or three years, or it runs into the nature of the ground where it is brought. Old trees spread their roots farther than anybody's care extends, or the forms of the garden will allow; and, after all, where the soil about you is ill, the air is too in a degree, and has influence upon the taste of fruit. What Horace says of the productions of kitchen gardens, under the name of *caulis*, is true of all the best sorts of fruits, and may determine the choice of soil for all gardens: —

When I was at Cosevelt, with that bishop of Munster that made so much noise in his time, I observed no other trees but cherries in a great garden he had made. He told me the reason was because he found no other fruit would ripen well in that climate, or upon that soil; and therefore, instead of being curious in others, he had only been so in the sorts of that, whereof he had so many, as never to be without them from May to the end of September.

As to the size of a garden, which will, perhaps, in time, grow extravagant among us, I think from four or five to seven or eight acres is as much as any gentleman need design, and will furnish as much of all that is expected from it, as any nobleman will have occasion to use in his family.

In every garden four things are necessary to be provided for: flowers, fruit, shade, and water; and whoever lays out a garden, without all these, must not pretend in it any perfection; it ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it) should be a parterre for flowers, or grass plots bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls. If this take up one half of the garden, the other should be fruit trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle. If it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf trees, and the last standard fruit; or else the second part fruit trees, and the third all sorts of wintergreens, which provide for all seasons of the year. . . .

The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent; they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view, make amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the terrace walks, in leveling the parterres, and in the stone stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bed-

ford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Doctor Donne, and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honor, if there want sense in proportion to money, or if nature be not followed, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in everything else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments. And whether the greatest of mortal men should attempt the forcing of nature, may best be judged by observing how seldom God Almighty does it himself, by so few true and undisputed miracles as we see or hear of in the world. For my own part, I know not three wiser precepts for the conduct either of princes or private man, than

> —— Servare modum, finemque tueri,
> Naturamque sequi. . . .

What I have said of gardening is perhaps enough for any gentleman to know, so as to make no great faults, nor to be much imposed upon in the designs of that kind, which I think ought to be applauded and encouraged in all countries; that and building being a sort of creation, that raise beautiful fabrics and figures out of nothing, that make the convenience and pleasure of all private habitations, that employ many hands and circulate much money among the poorer sort and artisans, that are a public service to one's country, by the example as well as effect, which adorn the scene, improve the earth, and even the air itself in some degree. The rest that belongs to this subject must be a gardener's part; upon whose skill, diligence, and care the beauty of the grounds and excellence of the fruits will much depend. Though if the soil and sorts be well chosen, well suited, and disposed to the walls, the ignorance or carelessness of the servants can hardly leave the master disappointed. . . .

I may perhaps be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes.

For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share,

I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavored to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace in the common paths or circles of life.

> But, above all, the learned read, and ask
> By what means you may gently pass your age,
> What lessons care, what makes thee thine own friend,
> What truly calms the mind; honor, or wealth,
> Or else a private path of stealing life.

These are questions that a man ought at least to ask himself, whether he asks others or no, and to choose his course of life rather by his own humor and temper than by common accidents or advice of friends; at least, if the Spanish proverb be true, that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen; which, I thank God, has befallen me; and though, among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove; for when I am in this corner, I can truly say, with Horace: —

> Me when the cold Digentian stream revives,
> What does my friend believe I think or ask?
> Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
> Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
> May I have books enough, and one year's store,
> Not to depend upon each doubtful hour;
> This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
> Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.

That which makes the cares of gardening more necessary, or at least more excusable, is, that all men eat fruit that can get it; so as the choice is only whether one will eat good or ill; and between these the difference is not greater in point of

taste and delicacy than it is of health: for the first I will only say that whoever has used to eat good will do very great penance when he comes to ill; and for the other I think nothing is more evident than as ill or unripe fruit is extremely unwholesome, and causes so many untimely deaths, or so much sickness about autumn, in all great cities where it is greedily sold as well as eaten; so no part of diet, in any season, is so healthful, so natural, and so agreeable to the stomach, as good and well-ripened fruits; for this I make the measure of their being good: and, let the kinds be what they will, if they will not ripen perfectly in our climate, they are better never planted, or never eaten. I can say it for myself at least, and all my friends, that the season of summer fruits is ever the season of health with us, which I reckon from the beginning of June to the end of September; and for all sicknesses of the stomach (from which most others are judged to proceed), I do not think any that are, like me, the most subject to them, shall complain whenever they eat thirty or forty cherries before meals, or the like proportion of strawberries, white figs, soft peaches, or grapes perfectly ripe. But these after Michaelmas I do not think wholesome with us, unless attended by some fit of hot and dry weather, more than is usual after that season; when the frosts or the rain hath taken them, they grow dangerous, and nothing but the autumn and winter pears are to be reckoned in season, besides apples, which, with cherries, are of all others the most innocent food, and perhaps the best physic. Now whoever will be sure to eat good fruit must do it out of a garden of his own; for, besides the choice so necessary in the sorts, the soil, and so many other circumstances that go to compose a good garden, or produce good fruits, there is something very nice in gathering them, and choosing the best, even from the same tree. The best sorts of all among us, which I esteem the white figs and the soft peaches, will not carry without suffering. The best fruit that is bought has no more of the master's care than how to raise the greatest gains; his business is to have as much fruit as he can upon a few trees; whereas the way to have it excellent is to have but little upon many trees. So that for all things out of a garden, either of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better, that has one of his own, than a rich man that has none. And this is all I think of necessary and useful to be known upon this subject.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

By GEORGE BERKELEY.

[George Berkeley, Irish divine and philosopher, was born at Kilcrin, Ireland, March 12, 1685. He received the degrees of B.A. and M.A. from Trinity College, and early began to take an absorbing interest in the new philosophy and science of the time. Coming to England, he made the acquaintance of many literary celebrities, and in 1724 was appointed to the rich deanery of Derry. In 1725 he made known his scheme for the conversion of the American Indians and the establishment of a college in the Bermudas. The design was so favorably received, and he obtained so many promises of aid, that he resigned his living and embarked with his wife, in order that he might purchase land for the new college. But after waiting several years at Newport, R.I., for the promised help, he returned to England, and was made bishop of Cloyne (1734). He removed to Oxford upon resigning his bishopric, and died there January 14, 1753. His principal publications are: "An Essay toward a New Theory of Vision" (1709) and "Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge" (1710).]

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
 Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
 The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
 The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

(From the essay on "The War of the Succession in Spain.")

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

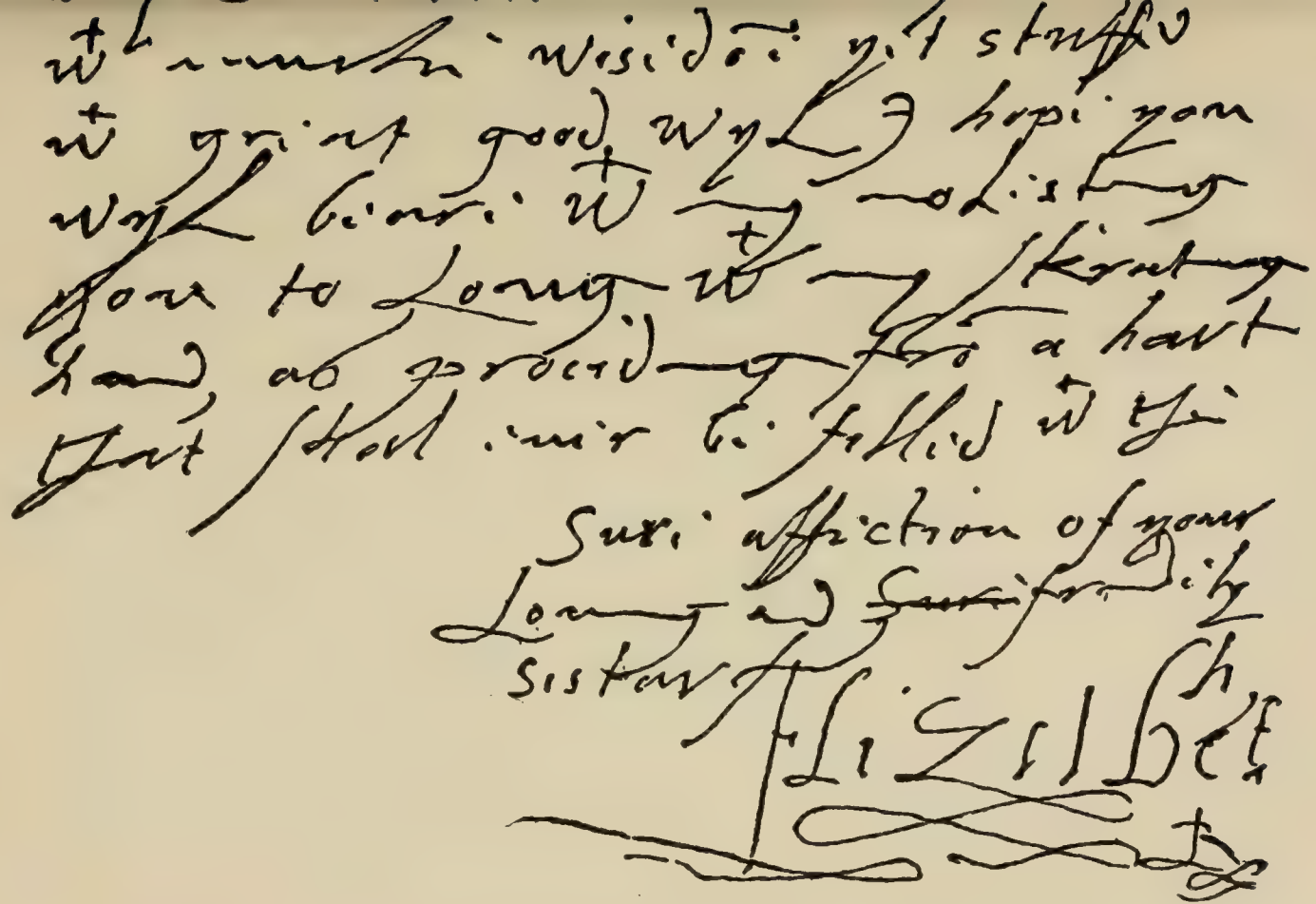
WHOEVER wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche-Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that, during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessaries. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet root. The influence of Philip on the continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain, ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty, by gaining the East Indies: so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great: . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbor to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendency which Spain then had in Europe was, in

Queen Elizabeth.

Letter to James VI. of Scotland repelling charges brought against her policy by Philip III. of Spain, and warning him not to believe them. Dated January 5, 1603. The date, eleven weeks before Elizabeth's death, is obtained from the endorsement of a copy in the Public Records Office.



QUEEN ELIZABETH. 1603.

Brit. Mus. Add. Ms. 18,738, f. 39.

one sense, well deserved. It was an ascendency which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "regere imperio populos," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic, than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortes and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivaled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception, than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage, a more solemn demeanor, a stronger sense of honor. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium: "Capta ferum victorem cepit." The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome

were driven out by imitations of Theocritus, and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier or a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of "Gil Blas," has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was, in their apprehension, a kind of demon, horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. "They be verye wyse and politicke," says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, "and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the maners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe; whose mischievous maners a man shall never knowe untyll he come under ther subjection: but then shall he parfectlye parceyve and fele them: which thynge I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untyll they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

But how art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst

weaken the nations! If we overleap a hundred years, and look at Spain towards the close of the seventeenth century, what a change do we find! The contrast is as great as that which the Rome of Gallienus and Honorius presents to the Rome of Marius and Cæsar. Foreign conquest had begun to eat into every part of that gigantic monarchy on which the sun never set. Holland was gone, and Portugal, and Artois, and Roussillon, and Franche-Comté. In the East, the empire founded by the Dutch far surpassed in wealth and splendor that which their old tyrants still retained. In the West, England had seized, and still held, settlements in the midst of the Mexican sea.

The mere loss of territory was, however, of little moment. The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth. Empires which branch out widely are often more flourishing for a little timely pruning. Adrian acted judiciously when he abandoned the conquests of Trajan; and England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolutely mistress of the sea, as since the loss of her American colonies. The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions subject to the last feeble Prince of the House of Austria were far more extensive than those of Lewis the Fourteenth. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended far to the North of Cancer and far to the South of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter want of tone, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and remorseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo. The splendid age of Spanish literature had closed with Solis and Calderon. During the seventeenth century many states had formed great military establishments. But the Spanish army, so formidable under the command of Alva and Farnese, had dwindled away to a few thousand men, ill paid and ill disciplined. England, Holland, and France had great navies. But the Spanish navy was scarcely equal to the tenth part of that mighty force which, in the time of Philip the Second, had been the terror of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were ungarrisoned. The police was utterly inefficient

for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the face of day with perfect impunity. Bravoes and discarded serving men, with swords at their sides, swaggered every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the public peace, and setting at defiance the ministers of justice. The finances were in frightful disorder. The people paid much. The government received little. The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke, while the peasantry starved, while the body servants of the sovereign remained unpaid, while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of convents and battled there with the crowd of beggars for a porringer of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered; and this frantic measure produced its never-failing effects, It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold, to use the words of Ortiz, was to the necessities of the state but as a drop of water to the lips of a man raging with thirst. Heaps of unopened dispatches accumulated in the offices, while the Ministers were concerting with bedchamber women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heir of Charles the Fifth. Into such a state had the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies, a country not so large as the province of Estremadura or Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean, had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the courts of London and Versailles.

ESMOND'S FRIENDS AND FOES.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

[William Makepeace Thackeray, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch;* and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair,"



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

"Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848–1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859–1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

The 29th December.

[Harry Esmond, the real heir to the title and lands of the Viscount Castlewood, but supposed to be illegitimate, has been brought up by Lord and Lady Castlewood. My Lord has been slain by the wicked Lord Mohun in a duel. Lady Castlewood suspects herself of a passion for Harry, and refuses to see him. After taking part in the Vigo Bay Expedition, Harry returns to London and meets Lady Castlewood in the Cathedral at Winchester, Harry himself being the narrator. The style (with obvious differences) is modeled on that of the age of Queen Anne.]

There was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral beside the Dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Mr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig: and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Venise* — a pretty picture such as Vandyke might have painted. Monsieur Rigaud's portrait of my Lord Viscount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French version of his manly, frank, English face. When he looked up there were two sapphire beams out of his eyes such as no painter's palette has the color to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of seeing that particular beauty of my young Lord's countenance; for the truth is, he kept his eyes shut for the most part, and, the anthem being rather long, was asleep.

But the music ceasing, my Lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had so much of his heart for so many years, Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book) and said, "Look, mother!" so loud that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old Dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a

warning finger to Frank; Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over; Mr. Esmond did not hear them; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, dearest old Harry!" he said, "are you come back? Have you been to the wars? You'll take me with you when you go again? Why didn't you write to us? Come to mother!"

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a "God bless you, my boy!" for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part: and he was as much moved at seeing Frank as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place: for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Esmond said. "I thought you might come."

"We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth?" Frank asked, or my Lord Viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance.

"You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here," he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand; there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison; nor in the camp; nor on shore before the enemy; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight; nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn: not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theater yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear — no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister,

mother, goddess, to him during his youth — goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all? Whoever can unriddle that mystery? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," says Frank. "Here's Tusher."

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher," he said. The Chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. "I am charmed to see Captain Esmond," says he. "My Lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels: when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viscount, your Lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum?*"

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher," says Mr. Esmond. "'Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A house that has so many sacred recollections to me," says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father used to flog him there) — "a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honored patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, Madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your Ladyship."

"And Harry's coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my Lord. "Mother, I shall run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on. Beatrix is a maid of honor, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the Church, Harry," the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way; and that 'twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castle-

wood: and 'tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear Lord. How he loved you! 'Twas my Lord that made you stay with us."

"I asked no better than to stay near you always," said Mr. Esmond.

"But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. 'Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness, that you should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your — your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you — has she not?"

Esmond said, "Yes. As far as present favor went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change," he added gayly, "as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion!" Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him too; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if — if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid — horrid misfortune. I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now — they have told me. That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it: how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor

child: but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall."

"He gave me his blessing on his deathbed," Esmond said. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," said the lady, pressing his arm. "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride's, who was called to him, told me so. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it."

"You had spared me many a bitter night, had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury — I must not tell any more. He — I said I would not write to you or go to you — and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back — I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream — them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December — it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it — no, no. My Lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die: and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now — now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your sheaves with you — your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture

of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty — in some such a way now, the depths of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain — not in vain has he lived — hard and thankless should he be to think so — that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you — follows your memory with secret blessing — or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar* — if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

"If — if 'tis so, dear lady," Mr. Esmond said, "why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon — and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us. Come away — leave this Europe, this place which has so many sad recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good Lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us — gave his ancestor. Frank will give us that. No man there will ask if there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is."

"And my children — and my duty — and my good father, Henry?" she broke out. "He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen's reign; and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will stay with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies — it scares me. They will come and visit me; and you will, sometimes, Henry — yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more."

"I would leave all to follow you," said Mr. Esmond; "and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?"

"Hush, boy!" she said, and it was with a mother's sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke. "The world is beginning for you. For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I

must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still — yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now; and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart; and knows the tears that have washed my sin away — and now — now my duty is here, by my children, whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and——"

"And not by me?" Henry said.

"Hush!" she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip. "I have been your nurse. You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry. Oh, it is horrid to look back to that time! It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far. When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be silent! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry — no, you do not now, and I thank heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to College? 'Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution — both — and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose. And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven."

"I think the angels are not all in heaven," Mr. Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart; and as a mother cleaves to her son's breast — so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him.

August 1st, 1714.

[To please Beatrix Esmond, with whom he is in love, Harry Esmond has secretly brought over to Lady Castlewood's house in Kensington Square the exiled king of England, James III. The king makes love to Beatrix, who is removed to Castlewood, and when the king is needed to be produced on the death of Queen Anne and proclaimed by the Jacobites, he is missing. Harry Esmond and Beatrix' brother Frank, to whom Harry has surrendered land and titles, pursue him to Castlewood, and the following scenes occur. Historically the king was not at all the amorous and foolish prince here so brilliantly painted, nor was he in England at this date.]

"Does my mistress know of this?" Esmond asked of Frank, as they walked along.

"My mother found the letter in the book, on the toilet table. She had writ it ere she had left home," Frank said. "Mother met her on the stairs, with her hand upon the door, trying to enter, and never left her after that till she went away. He did not think of looking at it there, nor had Martin the chance of telling him. I believe the poor devil meant no harm, though I half killed him; he thought 'twas to Beatrix' brother he was bringing the letter."

Frank never said a word of reproach to me for having brought the villain amongst us. As we knocked at the door I said, "When will the horses be ready?" Frank pointed with his cane; they were turning the street that moment.

We went up and bade adieu to our mistress; she was in a dreadful state of agitation by this time, and that Bishop was with her whose company she was so fond of.

"Did you tell him, my Lord," says Esmond, "that Beatrix was at Castlewood?" The Bishop blushed and stammered: "Well," says he, "I——"

"You served the villain right," broke out Mr. Esmond, "and he has lost a crown by what you told him."

My mistress turned quite white. "Henry, Henry," says she, "do not kill him!"

"It may not be too late," says Esmond; "he may not have gone to Castlewood; pray God it is not too late." The Bishop was breaking out with some *banale* phrases about loyalty, and the sacredness of the Sovereign's person; but Esmond sternly bade him hold his tongue, burn all papers, and take care of Lady Castlewood; and in five minutes he and Frank were in the saddle, John Lockwood behind them, riding towards Castlewood at a rapid pace.

We were just got to Alton, when who should meet us but old Lockwood, the porter from Castlewood, John's father, walking by the side of the Hexton flying coach, who slept the night at Alton. Lockwood said his young mistress had arrived at home on Wednesday night, and this morning, Friday, had dispatched him with a packet for my Lady at Kensington, saying the letter was of great importance.

We took the freedom to break it, while Lockwood stared with wonder, and cried out his "Lord bless me's," and "Who'd a thought it's," at the sight of his young lord, whom he had not seen these seven years.

The packet from Beatrix contained no news of importance at

all. It was written in a jocular strain, affecting to make light of her captivity. She asked whether she might have leave to visit Mrs. Tusher, or to walk beyond the court and the garden wall. She gave news of the peacocks, and a fawn she had there. She bade her mother send her certain gowns and smocks by old Lockwood; she sent her duty to a certain Person, if certain other persons permitted her to take such a freedom; how that, as she was not able to play cards with him, she hoped he would read good books, such as Doctor Atterbury's sermons and "Eikon Basiliké": she was going to read good books; she thought her pretty mamma would like to know she was not crying her eyes out.

"Who is in the house besides you, Lockwood?" says the Colonel.

"There be the laundry maid, and the kitchenmaid, Madam Beatrix' maid, the man from London, and that be all; and he sleepeth in my lodge away from the maids," says old Lockwood.

Esmond scribbled a line with a pencil on the note, giving it to the old man, and bidding him go on to his lady. We knew why Beatrix had been so dutiful on a sudden, and why she spoke of "Eikon Basiliké." She writ this letter to put the Prince on the scent, and the porter out of the way.

"We have a fine moonlight night for riding on," says Esmond; "Frank, we may reach Castlewood in time yet." All the way along we made inquiries at the posthouses, when a tall young gentleman in a gray suit, with a light brown periwig, just the color of my Lord's, had been seen to pass. He had set off at six that morning, and we at three in the afternoon. He rode almost as quickly as we had done; he was seven hours ahead of us still when we reached the last stage.

We rode over Castlewood Downs before the breaking of dawn. We passed the very spot where the car was upset fourteen years since, and Mohun lay. The village was not up yet, nor the forge lighted, as we rode through it, passing by the elms, where the rooks were still roosting, and by the church, and over the bridge. We got off our horses at the bridge and walked up to the gate.

"If she is safe," says Frank, trembling, and his honest eyes filling with tears, "a silver statue to Our Lady!" He was going to rattle at the great iron knocker on the oak gate; but Esmond stopped his kinsman's hand. He had his own fears, his own hopes, his own despairs and griefs, too; but he spoke

not a word of these to his companion, or showed any signs of emotion.

He went and tapped at the little window at the porter's lodge, gently, but repeatedly, until the man came to the bars.

"Who's there?" says he, looking out. It was the servant from Kensington.

"My Lord Castlewood and Colonel Esmond," we said, from below. "Open the gate and let us in without any noise."

"My Lord Castlewood?" says the other; "my Lord's here, and in bed."

"Open, d—— you," says Castlewood, with a curse.

"I shall open to no one," says the man, shutting the glass window as Frank drew a pistol. He would have fired at the porter, but Esmond again held his hand.

"There are more ways than one," says he, "of entering such a great house as this." Frank grumbled that the west gate was half a mile round. "But I know of a way that's not a hundred yards off," says Mr. Esmond; and leading his kinsman close along the wall, and by the shrubs which had now grown thick on what had been an old moat about the house, they came to the buttress, at the side of which the little window was, which was Father Holt's private door. Esmond climbed up to this easily, broke a pane that had been mended, and touched the spring inside, and the two gentlemen passed in that way, treading as lightly as they could; and so going through the passage into the court, over which the dawn was now reddening, and where the fountain plashed in the silence.

They sped instantly to the porter's lodge, where the fellow had not fastened his door that led into the court; and pistol in hand came upon the terrified wretch, and bade him be silent. Then they asked him (Esmond's head reeled, and he almost fell as he spoke) when Lord Castlewood had arrived? He said on the previous evening, about eight of the clock. — "And what then?" — His Lordship supped with his sister. — "Did the man wait?" — Yes, he and my Lady's maid both waited: the other servants made the supper; and there was no wine, and they could give his Lordship but milk, at which he grumbled; and — and Madam Beatrix kept Miss Lucy always in the room with her. And there being a bed across the court in the Chaplain's room, she had arranged my Lord was to sleep there. Madam Beatrix had come downstairs laughing with the maids, and had locked herself in, and my Lord had stood for a while talking to

her through the door, and she laughing at him. And then he paced the court awhile, and she came again to the upper window; and my Lord implored her to come down and walk in the room; but she would not, and laughed at him again, and shut the window; and so my Lord, uttering what seemed curses, but in a foreign language, went to the Chaplain's room to bed.

"Was this all?" — "All," the man swore upon his honor; all, as he hoped to be saved. — "Stop, there was one thing more. My Lord, on arriving, and once or twice during supper, did kiss his sister, as was natural, and she kissed him." At this Esmond ground his teeth with rage, and well-nigh throttled the amazed miscreant who was speaking, whereas Castlewood, seizing hold of his cousin's hand, burst into a great fit of laughter.

"If it amuses thee," says Esmond in French, "that your sister should be exchanging of kisses with a stranger, I fear poor Beatrix will give thee plenty of sport." — Esmond darkly thought how Hamilton, Ashburnham, had before been masters of those roses that the young Prince's lips were now feeding on. He sickened at that notion. Her cheek was desecrated, her beauty tarnished; shame and honor stood between it and him. The love was dead within him; had she a crown to bring him with her love, he felt that both would degrade him.

But this wrath against Beatrix did not lessen the angry feelings of the Colonel against the man who had been the occasion if not the cause of the evil. Frank sat down on a stone bench in the courtyard, and fairly fell asleep, while Esmond paced up and down the court, debating what should ensue. What mattered how much or how little had passed between the Prince and the poor faithless girl? They were arrived in time perhaps to rescue her person, but not her mind: had she not instigated the young Prince to come to her; suborned servants, dismissed others, so that she might communicate with him? The treacherous heart within her had surrendered, though the place was safe; and it was to win this that he had given a life's struggle and devotion: this, that she was ready to give away for the bribe of a coronet or a wink of the Prince's eye.

When he had thought his thoughts out he shook up poor Frank from his sleep, who rose yawning, and said he had been dreaming of Clotilda. "You must back me," says Esmond,

"in what I am going to do. I have been thinking that yonder scoundrel may have been instructed to tell that story, and that the whole of it may be a lie; if it be, we shall find it out from the gentleman who is asleep yonder. See if the door leading to my Lady's rooms" (so we called the rooms at the northwest angle of the house), "see if the door is barred as he saith." We tried, it was indeed, as the lackey had said, closed within.

"It may have been opened and shut afterwards," says poor Esmond, "the foundress of our family let our ancestor in in that way."

"What will you do, Harry, if — if what that fellow saith should turn out untrue?" The young man looked scared and frightened into his kinsman's face; I dare say it wore no very pleasant expression.

"Let us first go see whether the two stories agree," says Esmond, and went in at the passage and opened the door into what had been his own chamber now for well-nigh five and twenty years. A candle was still burning, and the Prince asleep dressed on the bed — Esmond did not care for making a noise. The Prince started up in his bed, seeing two men in his chamber.

"Qui est là?" says he, and took a pistol from under his pillow.

"It is the Marquis of Esmond," says the Colonel, "come to welcome His Majesty to his house of Castlewood, and to report of what hath happened in London. Pursuant to the King's orders, I passed the night before last, after leaving His Majesty, in waiting upon the friends of the King. It is a pity that His Majesty's desire to see the country and to visit our poor house should have caused the King to quit London without notice yesterday, when the opportunity happened which in all human probability may not occur again; and had the King not chosen to ride to Castlewood, the Prince of Wales might have slept at St. James'."

"'Sdeath! gentlemen," says the Prince, starting off his bed, whereon he was lying in his clothes, "the Doctor was with me yesterday morning, and after watching by my sister all night, told me I might not hope to see the Queen."

"It would have been otherwise," says Esmond, with another bow; "as, by this time, the Queen may be dead in spite of the Doctor. The Council was met, a new Treasurer was appointed, the troops were devoted to the King's cause; and fifty loyal

gentlemen of the greatest names of this kingdom were assembled to accompany the Prince of Wales, who might have been the acknowledged heir of the throne, or the possessor of it by this time, had your Majesty not chosen to take the air. We were ready: there was only one person that failed us, your Majesty's gracious ——"

"Morbleu, Monsieur, you give me too much Majesty," said the Prince, who had now risen up and seemed to be looking to one of us to help him to his coat. But neither stirred.

"We shall take care," says Esmond, "not much oftener to offend in that particular."

"What mean you, my Lord?" says the Prince, and muttered something about a *guet-à-pens*, which Esmond caught up.

"The snare, sir," said he, "was not of our laying; it is not we that invited you. We came to avenge, and not to compass, the dishonor of our family."

"Dishonor! Morbleu, there has been no dishonor," says the Prince, turning scarlet, "only a little harmless playing."

"That was meant to end seriously."

"I swear," the Prince broke out impetuously, "upon the honor of a gentleman, my lords ——"

"That we arrived in time. No wrong hath been done, Frank," says Colonel Esmond, turning round to young Castlewood, who stood at the door as the talk was going on. "See! here is a paper whereon His Majesty hath deigned to commence some verses in honor, or dishonor, of Beatrix. Here is 'Madame' and 'Flamme,' 'Cruelle' and 'Rebelle,' and 'Amour' and 'Jour,' in the Royal writing and spelling. Had the Gracious lover been happy, he had not passed his time in sighing." In fact, and actually as he was speaking, Esmond cast his eyes down towards the table, and saw a paper on which my young Prince had been scrawling a madrigal, that was to finish his charmer on the morrow.

"Sir," says the Prince, burning with rage (he had assumed his Royal coat unassisted by this time), "did I come here to receive insults?"

"To confer them, may it please your Majesty," says the Colonel, with a very low bow, "and the gentlemen of our family are come to thank you."

"*Malédiction!*" says the young man, tears starting into his eyes with helpless rage and mortification. "What will you with me, gentlemen?"

"If your Majesty will please to enter the next apartment," says Esmond, preserving his grave tone, "I have some papers there which I would gladly submit to you, and by your permission I will lead the way;" and, taking the taper up, and backing before the Prince with very great ceremony, Mr. Esmond passed into the little Chaplain's room, through which we had just entered into the house. "Please to set a chair for His Majesty, Frank," says the Colonel to his companion, who wondered almost as much at this scene, and was as much puzzled by it, as the other actor in it. Then going to the crypt over the mantelpiece, the Colonel opened it, and drew thence the papers which so long had lain there.

"Here, may it please your Majesty," says he, "is the Patent of Marquis sent over by your Royal Father at St. Germains to Viscount Castlewood, my father: here is the witnessed certificate of my father's marriage to my mother, and of my birth and christening; I was christened of that religion of which your sainted sire gave all through life so shining an example. These are my titles, dear Frank, and this what I do with them: here go Baptism and Marriage, and here the Marquisate and the August Sign-Manual, with which your predecessor was pleased to honor our race." And as Esmond spoke he set the papers burning in the brasier. "You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear Lord's grandfather (for Lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue riband. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it: I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and, had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won't you, Cousin?"

Frank, who had been looking on with a stupid air at the papers as they flamed in the old brasier, took out his sword and broke it, holding his head down: "I go with my cousin," says he, giving Esmond a grasp of the hand. "Marquis or not, by ——, I stand by him any day. I beg your Majesty's pardon for

swearing; that is — that is — I'm for the Elector of Hanover. It's all your Majesty's own fault. The Queen's dead most likely by this time, and you might have been King if you hadn't come dangling after Trix."

"Thus to lose a crown," says the young Prince, starting up, and speaking French in his eager way; "to lose the loveliest woman in the world; to lose the loyalty of such hearts as yours, is not this, my Lords, enough of humiliation? — Marquis, if I go on my knees, will you pardon me? — No, I can't do that, but I can offer you reparation, that of honor, that of gentlemen. Favor me by crossing the sword with mine: yours is broke — see, yonder in the armoire are two;" and the Prince took them out as eager as a boy, and held them toward Esmond: "Ah! you will? Merci! Monsieur, merci!"

Extremely touched by this immense mark of condescension and repentance for wrong done, Colonel Esmond bowed down so low as almost to kiss the gracious young hand that conferred on him such an honor, and took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broken off short at the shell; and the Colonel falling back a step dropped his point with another very low bow, and declared himself perfectly satisfied.

"Eh bien, Vicomte!" says the young Prince, who was a boy, and a French boy, "il ne nous reste qu'une chose à faire:" he placed his sword upon the table, and the fingers of his two hands upon his breast: "We have one more thing to do," says he; "you do not divine it?" He stretched out his arms: "*Embrassons nous!*"

The talk was scarce over when Beatrix entered the room. What came she to seek there? She started and turned pale at the sight of her brother and kinsman, drawn swords, broken sword blades, and papers yet smoldering in the brasier.

"Charming Beatrix," says the Prince, with a blush which became him very well, "these lords have come a-horseback from London, where my sister lies in a despaired state, and where her successor makes himself desired. Pardon me for my escapade of last evening. I had been so long a prisoner, that I seized the occasion of a promenade on horseback, and my horse naturally bore me towards you. I found you a queen in your little court, where you deigned to entertain me. Present my homages to your maids of honor. I sighed as you slept, under

the window of your chamber, and then retired to seek rest in my own. It was there that these gentlemen agreeably roused me. Yes, milords, for that is a happy day that makes a Prince acquainted, at whatever cost to his vanity, with such a noble heart as that of the Marquis of Esmond. Mademoiselle, may we take your coach to town? I saw it in the hangar, and this poor Marquis must be dropping with sleep."

"Will it please the King to breakfast before he goes?" was all Beatrix could say. The roses had shuddered out of her cheeks; her eyes were glaring; she looked quite old. She came up to Esmond and hissed out a word or two: "If I did not love you before, Cousin," says she, "think how I love you now." If words could stab, no doubt she would have killed Esmond; she looked at him as if she could.

But her keen words gave no wound to Mr. Esmond; his heart was too hard. As he looked at her he wondered that he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over; it fell down dead on the spot, at the Kensington tavern, where Frank brought him the note out of "Eikon Basiliké." The Prince blushed and bowed low, as she gazed at him, and quitted the chamber. I have never seen her from that day.

Horses were fetched and put to the chariot presently. My Lord rode outside, and as for Esmond he was so tired that he was no sooner in the carriage than he fell asleep, and never woke till night, as the coach came into Alton.

As we drove to the "Bell Inn," comes a mitered coach with our old friend Lockwood beside the coachman. My Lady Castlewood and the Bishop were inside; she gave a little scream when she saw us. The two coaches entered the inn almost together; the landlord and people coming out with lights to welcome the visitors.

We in our coach sprang out of it as soon as ever we saw the dear lady, and above all the Doctor in his cassock. What was the news? Was there yet time? Was the Queen alive? These questions were put hurriedly, as Boniface stood waiting before his noble guests to bow them up the stair.

"Is she safe?" was what Lady Castlewood whispered in a flutter to Esmond.

"All's well, thank God," says he, as the fond lady took his hand and kissed it, and called him her preserver and her dear. *She* wasn't thinking of Queens and crowns.

The Bishop's news was reassuring: at least all was not

lost; the Queen yet breathed, or was alive when they left London, six hours since. ("It was Lady Castlewood who insisted on coming," the Doctor said.) Argyle had marched up regiments from Portsmouth, and sent abroad for more; the Whigs were on the alert, a pest on them (I am not sure but the Bishop swore as he spoke), and so too were our people. And all might be saved, if only the Prince could be at London in time. We called for horses, instantly to return to London. We never went up poor crestfallen Boniface's stairs, but into our coaches again. The Prince and his Prime Minister in one, Esmond in the other, with only his dear mistress as a companion.

Castlewood galloped forwards on horseback to gather the Prince's friends and warn them of his coming. We traveled through the night — Esmond discoursing to his mistress of the events of the last twenty-four hours: of Castlewood's ride and his; of the Prince's generous behavior and their reconciliation. The night seemed short enough; and the starlit hours passed away serenely in that fond company.

So we came along the road, the Bishop's coach heading ours; and, with some delays in procuring horses, we got to Hammersmith about four o'clock on Sunday morning, the first of August, and half an hour after, it being then bright day, we rode by my Lady Warwick's house, and so down the street of Kensington.

Early as the hour was, there was a bustle in the street, and many people moving to and fro. Round the gate leading to the Palace, where the guard is, there was especially a great crowd. And the coach ahead of us stopped, and the Bishop's man got down to know what the concourse meant.

There presently came from out of the gate — Horse Guards with their trumpets, and a company of heralds with their tabards. The trumpets blew, and the herald at arms came forward and proclaimed GEORGE, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith. And the people shouted, God save the King!

ESSAY ON MAN.

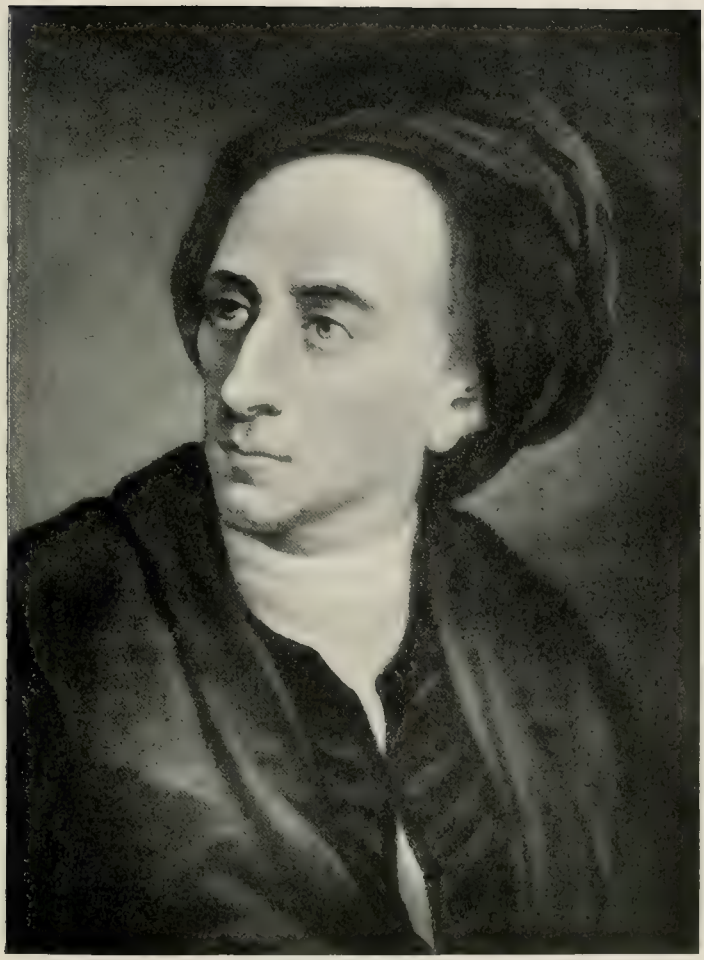
By ALEXANDER POPE.

[Alexander Pope: An English poet; born May 22, 1688. His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the Iliad in 1718–1720, and of the Odyssey in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733. His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744.]

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Skeptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw



ALEXANDER POPE

A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a NEWTON as we show an Ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign:
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteorlike, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower;
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.
In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife

Gives all the strength and color of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferred;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis followed, even at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fixed,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Even av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind:
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,

That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbor further gone than he;
Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And even the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But Heaven's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;

Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And Pride bestowed on all, a common friend;
See some fit Passion every age supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tired he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Even mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is WISE.

A DIALOGUE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALEXANDER POPE.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[Henry Austin Dobson: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

Poet —
I sing of Pope ——
Friend —
What, Pope, the *Twitnam* Bard,
Whom *Dennis*, *Cibber*, *Tibbald* pushed so hard!
Pope of the *Dunciad!* Pope who dared to woo,
And then to libel, *Wortley-Montagu!*
Pope of the *Ham-walks* story ——
Poet — Scandals all!
Scandals that now I care not to recall.
Surely a little, in two hundred Years,
One may neglect Contemporary Sneers: —
Surely Allowance for the Man may make
That had all *Grub-street* yelping in his Wake!
And who (I ask you) has been never Mean,
When urged by Envy, Anger, or the Spleen?
No: I prefer to look on Pope as one
Not rightly happy till his Life was done;
Whose whole Career, romance it as you please,
Was (what he called it) but a "long Disease":
Think of his Lot, — his Pilgrimage of Pain,
His "crazy Carcass" and his restless Brain;
Think of his Night Hours with their Feet of Lead,
His dreary Vigil and his aching Head;
Think of all this, and marvel then to find
The "crooked Body with a crooked Mind!"
Nay, rather marvel that, in Fate's Despite,
You find so much to solace and delight, —
So much of Courage and of Purpose high
In that unequal Struggle *not* to die.

I grant you freely that Pope played his Part
Sometimes ignobly — but he loved his Art;
I grant you freely that he sought his Ends
Not always wisely — but he loved his Friends;
And who of Friends a nobler Roll could show —
Swift, St. John, Bathurst, Marchmont, Peterb'ro',
Arbuthnot ——

Friend — Atticus?

Poet — Well (*entre nous*),
Most that he said of *Addison* was *true.*
Plain truth, you know ——

Friend — Is often not polite
(So *Hamlet* thought) ——

Poet — And *Hamlet* (Sir) was right.
But leave Pope's Life. To-day, methinks, we touch
The Work too little and the Man too much.
Take up the *Lock,* the *Satires, Eloise* —
What Art supreme, what Elegance, what Ease!
How keen the Irony, the Wit how bright,
The Style how rapid, and the Verse how light!
Then read once more, and you shall wonder yet
At Skill, at Turn, at Point, at Epithet.
"True Wit is Nature to Advantage dressed" —
Was ever Thought so pithily expressed?
"And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line" —
Ah, what a Homily on Yours . . . and Mine!
Or take — to choose at Random — take but This —
"Ten censure wrong for one that writes amiss."

Friend —
Packed and precise, no doubt. Yet surely those
Are but the Qualities we ask of Prose.
Was he a Poet?

Poet — Yes: if that be what
Byron was certainly and *Bowles* was not;
Or say you grant him, to come nearer Date,
What *Dryden* had, that was denied to *Tate* ——

Friend —
Which means, you claim from him the Spark divine,
Yet scarce would place him on the highest Line ——

Poet —
True, there are Classes. Pope was most of all
Akin to *Horace, Persius, Juvenal;*
Pope was, like them, the Censor of his Age,
An Age more suited to Repose than Rage;
When Rhyming turned from Freedom to the Schools,

And shocked with License, shuddered into Rules;
When *Phœbus* touched the Poet's trembling Ear
With one supreme Commandment *Be thou Clear;*
When Thought meant less to reason than compile,
And the *Muse* labored . . . chiefly with the File.
Beneath full Wigs no Lyric drew its Breath
As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
The Note that *Wordsworth* heard on *Duddon* side.
But POPE took up his Parable, and knit
The Woof of Wisdom with the Warp of Wit;
He trimmed the Measure on its equal Feet,
And smoothed and fitted till the Line was neat;
He taught the Pause with due Effect to fall;
He taught the Epigram to come at Call;
He wrote ——

Friend — His *Iliad!*

Poet — Well, suppose you own
You like your *Iliad* in the Prose of *Bohn,* —
Tho' if you'd learn in Prose how *Homer* sang,
'Twere best to learn of *Butcher* and of *Lang,* —
Suppose you say your Worst of POPE, declare
His Jewels Paste, his Nature a Parterre,
His Art but Artifice — I ask once more
Where have you seen such Artifice before?
Where have you seen a Parterre better graced,
Or gems that glitter like his Gems of Paste?
Where can you show, among your Names of Note,
So much to copy and so much to quote?
And where, in Fine, in all our English Verse,
A Style more trenchant and a Sense more terse?

So I, that love the old *Augustan* Days
Of formal Courtesies and formal Phrase;
That like along the finished Line to feel
The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flash of Steel;
That like my Couplet as Compact as Clear;
That like my Satire sparkling tho' severe,
Unmixed with Bathos and unmarred by Trope,
I fling my Cap for Polish — and for POPE!

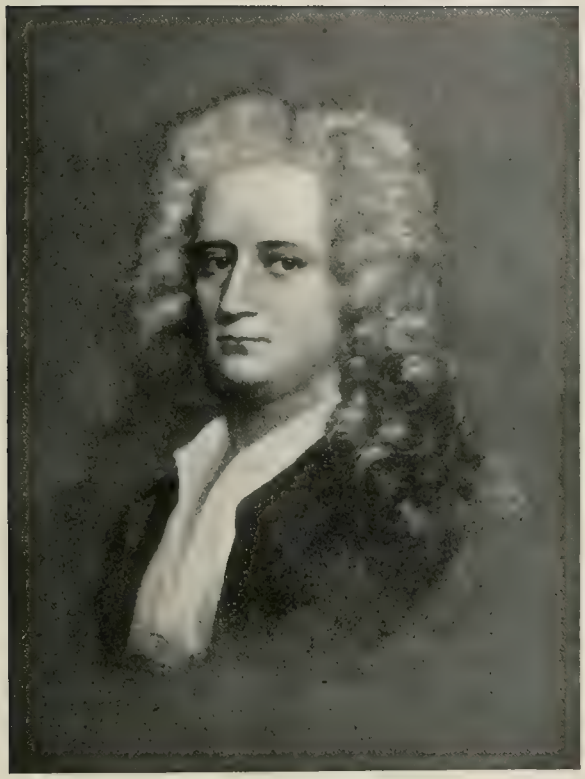
APOLOGUES OF ADDISON.

[Joseph Addison, English essayist, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672, and was educated at Magdalen and Queen's College, Oxford, where he acquired a high reputation as a writer of Latin verse. Through the Earl of Halifax he obtained, in 1699, a pension of three hundred pounds and proceeded to qualify himself for the diplomatic service of the government by travel and study on the Continent (1699–1703). In 1704 his poem "The Campaign," written in commemoration of the victory of Blenheim, secured for him the commissionership of excise. He was also undersecretary of state; secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland (Wharton); commissioner for trade and the colonies; and shortly after his marriage to the Countess of Warwick received the appointment of secretary of state. He contributed most of his famous essays to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* from their commencement, and wrote 274 numbers for the latter. His tragedy of "Cato," produced at Drury Lane in 1713, had an uninterrupted run of thirty-five nights, and obtained more celebrity among his contemporaries than any other of his works. Addison died at Holland House, London, June 17, 1719, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.]

The Vision of Mirza.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, "The Visions of Mirzah," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows: —

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to



JOSEPH ADDISON

the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me, further,

said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimeters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons upon trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the

genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life.

"I here fetched a deep sigh; alas, said I, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending

for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

Endeavors of Mankind to get rid of their Burdens.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further; he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for the purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her

garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under their bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who,

I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on the occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length. I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a secret proclamation that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and parceled out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommending to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the Rheumatism, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been

thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of vertigo, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his Rheumatism; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure united and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman who went off a very well shaped person, but suffering from some terrible malady; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clasped my finger upon my upper

lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, having compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was seen in her place a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She, every now and then, cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, nor to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to

think lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

FABLES OF JOHN GAY.

[John Gay, English poet, was born at Barnstaple, Devon, in 1685, and was apprenticed to a silk mercer. Disliking his occupation, he was released from it by his master, and became secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth and then to Lord Clarendon, envoy extraordinary to Hanover. His earliest poem, "Rural Sports," was dedicated to Pope, who took a great interest in the young poet and later became his firm friend. Gay then published "The Shepherd's Week."; "The What-d'ye-call-it," a farce; "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London"; "Poems" (including "Black-eyed Susan"); "The Captives," a tragedy. In 1728 was produced the famous Newgate pastoral, "The Beggar's Opera," which ran over sixty nights and netted the author seven hundred pounds. The representation of "Polly," a sequel, was forbidden by the lord chamberlain. After this Gay lived with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and died suddenly, December 4, 1732. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

"Give me a son." The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Waked to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.
"Sure some disaster has befell:
Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well."
"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence conveyed,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature."
"The woman's blind, (the Mother cries)
I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
"Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."
Just as she spoke, a pygmy sprite
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;

Perched on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands:—
"Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull, helpless sons of Clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we dote upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed."

The Eagle and Assembly of Animals.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky;
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For everything alive complained
That he the hardest life sustained.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.
"Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies;
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon sour Dog I first appeal."
"Hard is my lot, (the Hound replies)
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun."
"When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."

The Lion craved the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implored the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despised,
And the Cock's matchless valor prized:
The fishes wished to graze the plain,
The Beasts to skim beneath the main:
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heaven then cried aloud,
"Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature? —
What, silent all, and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind."

The Painter

who pleased nobody and everybody.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveler leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flattered always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just:
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colors laid,
To bloom restored the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;

His honest pencil touched with truth,
And marked the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice failed;
Truth should not always be revealed:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustoes, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He placed in view: resolved to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb;
My Lord appeared; and, seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter looked, he sketched the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talked of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."
Observe the work. My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me, (the artist cried)
In this we Painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examined it anew;
No looking-glass seemed half so true.
A lady came, with borrowed grace,
He from his Venus formed her face.
Her lover praised the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Even beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they praised;
His custom grew, his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,

Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

The Lion and the Cub.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.
A Lion cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinned applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
"Good gods! how natural he brays!"
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts.
"Puppy! that cursed vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
"Why so severe? (the Cub replies)
Our senate always held me wise."
"How weak is pride! (returns the sire)
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?"
"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:
On Friday, too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounced from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"
"Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy dessert, I'll read my Fable."
Betwixt her swagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summed up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:—
"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread
Fell prone; o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her mashed eggs bestrewed the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Railed, swore, and cursed: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
"Dame, (quoth the Raven) spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred,

With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good Woman, saved your eggs."

The Turkey and the Ant.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tired of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my Birds! (the mother cries)
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How blessed, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, cursed man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are cursed,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
An Ant, who climbed beyond his reach,
Thus answered from the neighb'ring beech:—
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thine own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

The Gardener and the Hog.

A gardener of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favor placed,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferred:
He wallowed underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snored,
Who fondly stroked him every day,

And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine:—
"My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!"
The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers:
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The Master came, the ruin spied;
"Villain! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.
The Hog with fluttering speech returns:—
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouched, your tulips strown;
For I devoured the roots alone."
At this the Gardener's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he falls to blows:
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins
Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That sties were for such friends designed!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: An English author; born at Thoresby, Nottinghamshire, England, about 1690; died August 21, 1762. She was married in 1712 to the Hon. Edward Wortley Montagu, whom she accompanied on his mission to the Porte. While in Constantinople, she wrote to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Pope, and other friends, her famous "Letters," by which she is chiefly known. She also published "Town Eclogues." Her writings are witty and vivacious and attracted much attention among English literati.]

To the Countess of Bute.

July 10, 1748.

Dear Child, — I received yours of May the 12th but yesterday, July the 9th. I am surprised you complain of my silence. I have never failed answering yours the post after I received them; but I fear, being directed to Twickenham (having no other direction from you), your servants there may have neglected them.

I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy house, which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long mile from the Castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, once a considerable town, part of the walls still remaining, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farmhouse a room for myself — that is to say, strewed the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basins of earthenware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs, and a couch bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure you, shall be very literal, without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking in an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was already cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers in different views, with seats of turf. They were easily made, here being a large

quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees, and from which they make a very good sort of wine they call *brusco*. I am now writing to you in one of these arbors, which is so thickly shaded, the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Gaustalla, or Pont de Vie, all considerable towns. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds, excepting deer and wild boar, the first being unknown here, and not being large enough for the other.

My garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is, with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantage of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those of France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks (commonly fruit trees), and continued in festoons from one to another, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat without being incommoded by it. I have made a dining room of verdure, capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is three hundred and seventeen feet in length, and two hundred in breadth. You see it is far from large; but so prettily disposed (though I say it), that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sorts of fruit, and produces a variety of wines. I would send you a piece if I did not fear the customs would make you pay too dear for it. I believe my description gives you but an imperfect idea of my garden. Perhaps I shall succeed better in describing my manner of life, which is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my weeder women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books; I dare not indulge myself in that

pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (where I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him, on condition of having every day one dish for my table. Here is plenty of every sort of fresh-water fish (excepting salmon); but we have a large trout so like it, that I, that have almost forgot the taste, do not distinguish it.

We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life; you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation; but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age. My letter is of an unconscionable length; I should ask your pardon for it, but I had a mind to give you an idea of my passing my time, — take it as an instance of the affection of, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all my grandchildren.

To the Countess of Bute.

Dairy House, *July* 26, *N.S.*, 1748.

I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play, when it has been well received by the town, and can no more forbear teasing my acquaintance for their approbation: though I gave you a long account of it in my last, I must tell you I have made two little terraces, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of my garden. I inclose to you a rough draft of it, drawn (or more properly scrawled) by my own hand, without the assistance of rule or compasses, as you will easily perceive. I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamine trees as I can cram in; and in the squares

designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting anything disagreeable either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onion, garlic, etc. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, beside the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls : all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees ; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading ; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now my pen and needle are almost useless to me. . . .

Now the sea is open, we may send packets to one another. I wish you would send me Campbell's book of prints of the English houses, and that Lord Bute would be so good as to choose me the best book of practical gardening extant.

To the Countess of Bute.

Salo, *October* 17, 1750.

Dear Child, — I received yours of August 25th this morning, October 17th, N.S. It was every way welcome to me, particularly finding you and your family in good health. You will think me a great rambler, being at present far distant from the date of my last letter. I have been persuaded to go to a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the finest place I ever saw : the king of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed many months, for several years, on the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent, but that is nothing in regard to the beauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheater, at the foot of a mountain near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a several garden from every floor in the house, diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues,

and joined by easy marble staircases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the orange trees, which are so loaded with fruit you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them: they are as large as lime trees in England. You will think I say a great deal: I will assure you I say far short of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales to give any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. While the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land), having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish ponds, the chief of which is in the midst of the garden to which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble baluster, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travelers or in any of the printed accounts of Italy; it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubim. I attribute that ignorance, in part, to its being twenty-five miles distant from any post town, and also to the custom of the English of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers. Lady Orford could give you some knowledge of it, having passed the last six months she stayed here in a house she hired at Salo; but as all

her time was then taken up with the melancholy vapors her distresses had thrown her into, I question whether her curiosity ever engaged her to see this palace, though but half a mile from it.

October 25th.

I was interrupted in this part of my letter by a visit from Count Martinenghi, master of this house, with his son and two daughters; they stayed till this morning, being determined to show me all the fine places on this side the lake, to engage me to grow fond of staying here, and I have had a very pleasant progress in viewing the most remarkable palaces within ten miles round. Three from hence is the little town of Maderna, where the last Duke of Mantua built a retreat worthy a sovereign. It is now in the hands of a rich merchant, who maintains it in all its beauty. It is not half so large as that where I am, but perfectly proportioned and uniform, from a design of Palladio's. The garden is in the style of Le Nôtre, and the furniture in the best taste of Paris. I am almost ready to confess it deserves the preference to this, though built at far less expense. The situations are as different as is possible, when both of them are between a mountain and the lake: that under which the Duke of Mantua chose to build is much lower than this, and almost sterile; the prospect of it is rather melancholy than agreeable; but the palace, being placed at the foot of it, is a mile distant from the lake, which forms a sort of peninsula, half a mile broad, and 'tis on that is the delightful garden, adorned with parterres, espaliers, all sorts of exotic plants, and ends in a thick wood, cut into ridings. That in the midst is large enough for a coach, and terminates at the lake, which appears from the windows like a great canal made on purpose to beautify the prospect. On the contrary, the palace where I lodge is so near the water that you step out of the gate into the barge, and the gardens being all divided, you cannot view from the house above one of them at a time. In short, these two palaces may in their different beauties rival each other, while they are neither of them to be excelled in any other part of the world.

I have wrote you a terrible long letter; but as you say you are often alone, it may serve you for half an hour's amusement; at least receive it as a proof that there is none more agreeable to me than giving assurances of my being, dear child, your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to my grandchildren.

P.S. — Yours of the 23d September is just this minute brought to me. I heartily wish you and my Lord Bute joy of his place; and wish it may have more advantageous consequences; but am glad you do not too much found hopes on things of so much uncertainty. I have read S. Fielding's works, and should be glad to hear what is become of her. All the other books would be new to me excepting "Pamela," which has met with very extraordinary (and I think undeserved) success. It has been translated into French and into Italian; it was all the fashion at Paris and Versailles, and is still the joy of the chambermaids of all nations.

Direct the books to the care of Sir James Gray, the English minister at Venice.

To the Countess of Mar.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devote and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I next entered a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. Jessamines and honeysuckles twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water on the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything. I have seen all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I

recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes! — large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new charm.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face, and to that, a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a caftán of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have

spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, whilst the others danced by turns. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrowbones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes wood, and other rich scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest Japan china, with soucoupes of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this time in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and give the others to my woman and interpreters. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you.

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

By DEAN SWIFT.

[Jonathan Swift: The greatest English prose satirist; born in Dublin, November 30, 1667; died October 19, 1745. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; was for many years secretary to Sir William Temple in England, and in 1695 became a priest, being made dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. From the beginning of his literary career his brilliant and iconoclastic satires attracted attention in the literary world, his writings, though sometimes coarse, being strong, vigorous, and always artistic. His more famous works include: "Tale of a Tub" (1704), "Battle of the Books" (1704), "Meditation upon a Broomstick" (1704), "Argument to prove the Inconvenience of Abolishing Christianity" (1708), "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1708), "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), "Conduct of the Allies" (1711), "Advice to the October Club" (1712), "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty" (1712), "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (1714), "Drapier's Letters" (1724), "Gulliver's Travels" (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729).

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them, as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they

Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

Letter to Henrietta, wife of the Hon. Charles Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and Bedchamber-woman to Queen Caroline, complaining of the Queen for not having performed her promise to give him a medal and for having sacrificed John Gay, the poet, to the pique of Sir Robert Walpole. Also expressing the wish that the Queen would remember what he had said to her about Ireland, and blaming Mrs. Howard for having misled him by hints of preferment in England on the King's accession and congratulating her on her (supposed) loss of favour at Court, with compliments on her character, etc. Written in Dublin, 21 Nov., 1730.

Madam.

I do not now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me;
and this letter shall be a history. First therefore I call you to —
remember that I did not attend on the Queen till I had received her own
repeated messages, which of course occasioned my being introduced to you.
I never asked any thing, till upon leaving England the first time. I —
desired from you a present worth a Guinea, and from Her Majesty, one
worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Yours I received; and the Queen
upon taking my leave of her, made an excuse, that She had ordered a
medal for me, which not being ready, She would send it me the —
Christmas following. Yet this was never done, nor at all remembered —
when I went back to England the next year, and by her command
attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you Madam, that I
will receive no medal from Her Majesty, nor any thing else than her
picture at half length drawn by Jervas, and if he takes it from
another original, the Queen shall sit at least twice. for him to touch it
up. I desire you will let Her Majesty know this in plain words, although
I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual

and so I took occasion to tell the Queen upon the quarrel Mrs Welgole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honor to attend her.

Against you, I have but one reproach, that when I went last in England, and just after the present Kings accession, I resolved to pass that Summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity from which those who seemed to love me will dissuaded me by your advice and when I sent you a note conjuring you to lay aside the character of a Courtier and a favorite upon that occasion, your answer positively dissuaded me not to go in that juncture, and you said the same thing to my friends

Madam

Your Ladyships

most obedient, and

most humble Servant

Jonath Swift.

Dublin July. 27th
1731.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, 1730

BRIT. MUS, ADD. MS. 22,625, f, 20

should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel;" and I think he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

When I was young I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bade him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

One argument, to prove that the common relations of ghosts and specters are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "This critical age," as divines say, "This sinful age."

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in

laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this: this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others but useless to themselves; like a sundial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

The humor of exploding many things under the name of

trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe even among the vulgar how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincere part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

THE HERMIT.

By THOMAS PARNELL.

[Thomas Parnell: English poet, born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1679. After graduating at Dublin University he took orders and was appointed archdeacon of Clogher and vicar of Finglass. After the death of his wife he became intemperate, and died at Chester in October, 1718. He wrote many hymns, translations, and other poems. His "Hermit" is his best-known composition. The subject is very ancient, and is found not only in the "Gesta Romanorum" but in a still more amusing form in Spanish folklore according to which Peter and Christ are represented as traveling through Spain together. Christ does all these strange acts and repeats the proverb "Blessed are the poor in spirit."]

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey, —
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul was lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim's staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er the crossing way!
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
And "Hail, my son," the rev'rend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer flowed
And talk of various kind deceived the road,
'Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray:
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose;
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ried servants wait;

Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length, 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced his guests to taste.
Then pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause for woe;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the sunny ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire; when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed:
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part;
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mixed with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,

And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine,
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bade them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of the churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather tempts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice and seemed a madness here,
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content,—and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The modest master hears, and thus replies:—

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him, who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horrors of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked the hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way:
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time for sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks amongst the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe thro' purple air;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of Music ravished as he spoke):—
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims the world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends,
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

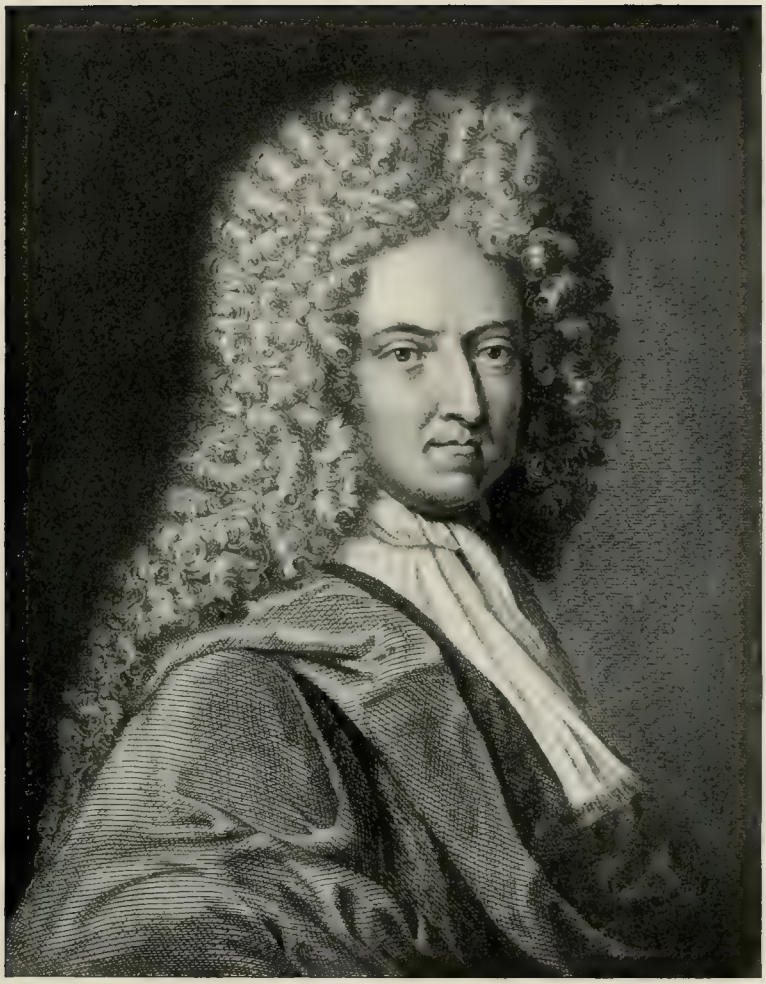
"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great vain man who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon his head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half weaned his heart from God
(Child of his age); for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,



DANIEL DE FOE

Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha, when to mount on high,
His Master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"LORD, AS IN HEAVEN, ON EARTH THY WILL BE DONE."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

BY DANIEL DEFOE.

(From "The Englishman," No. 26.)

[DANIEL DEFOE, English journalist and man of letters, was born in London, about 1660; died in 1731. He wrote every sort of imaginable work in prose and verse, history, biography, and fiction, political and religious controversy, social and political pamphlets, satires, and other poems. His most famous work is "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); among his other novels are: "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706), "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720), "Captain Singleton" (1720), "Moll Flanders," "Cartouche," and "Colonel Jacque" (1722), "John Sheppard" (1724); and the "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722) and "Account of Jonathan Wild" (1725) are really such. Among his pamphlets are "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702) and "Political History of the Devil" (1726).]

UNDER the Title of this Paper, I do not think it foreign to my Design to speak of a Man born in Her Majesty's Dominions, and relate an Adventure in his Life so uncommon, that it's doubtful whether the like has happen'd to any other of human Race. The Person I speak of is *Alexander Selkirk*, whose Name is familiar to Men of Curiosity, from the Fame of his having lived four Years and four Months alone in the Island of *Juan Fernandez*. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the Man soon after his Arrival in *England*, in the Year 1711. It was matter of great Curiosity to hear him, as he is a Man of good Sense, give an Account of the different Revolu-

tions in his own Mind in that long Solitude. When we consider how painful Absence from Company, for the space of but one Evening, is to the generality of Mankind, we may have a Sense how painful this necessary and constant Solitude was to a Man bred a Sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all Offices of Life in Fellowship and Company. He was put ashore from a leaky Vessel, with the Captain of which he had had an irreconcilable Difference; and he chose rather to take his Fate in this Place, than in a crazy Vessel, under a disagreeable Commander. His Portion were a Sea-Chest, his wearing Clothes and Bedding, a Firelock, a Pound of Gun-powder, a large quantity of Bullets, a Flint and Steel, a few Pounds of Tobacco, an Hatchet, a Knife, a Kettle, a Bible, and other Books of Devotion; together with Pieces that concern'd Navigation, and his Mathematical Instruments. Resentment against his Officer, who had ill used him, made him look forward on this Change of Life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the Vessel put off; at which moment his Heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his Comrades and all human Society at once. He had in Provisions for the Sustenance of Life but the quantity of two Meals, the Island abounding only with wild Goats, Cats, and Rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy Relief, by finding Shellfish on the Shore, than seeking Game with his Gun. He accordingly found great quantities of Turtles, whose Flesh is extreamly delicious, and of which he frequently eat very plentifully on his first Arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his Stomach, except in Jellies. The Necessities of Hunger and Thirst were his greatest Diversions from the Reflection on his lonely Condition. When those Appetites were satisfied, the Desire of Society was as strong a Call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the Supports of his Body were easily attained, but the eager Longings for seeing again the Face of Man, during the Interval of craving bodily Appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to restrain from doing himself Violence, till by degrees, by the Force of Reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his Thoughts upon the Study of Navigation, after the space of eighteen Months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his Condition. When he had made this Conquest, the Vigor of his

Health, Disengagement from the World, a constant, chearful, serene Sky, and a temperate Air, made his Life one continual Feast, and his Being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking Delight in everything, made the Hutt, in which he lay, by Ornaments which he cut down from a spacious Wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious Bower, fann'd with continual Breezes and gentle Aspirations of Wind, that made his Repose after the Chase equal to the most sensual Pleasures.

I FORGET to observe that during the Time of his Dissatisfaction, Monsters of the Deep, which frequently lay on the Shore, added to the Terrors of his Solitude, the dreadful Howlings and Voices seemed too terrible to be made for human Ears; But upon the Recovery of his Temper, he could with Pleasure not only hear their Voices, but approach the Monsters themselves with great Intrepidity. He speaks of Sea-Lions, whose Jaws and Tails were capable of seizing or breaking the Limbs of a Man, if he approach'd them: But at that time his Spirits and Life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest Ease imaginable: For observing that tho their Jaws and Tails were so terrible, yet the Animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their Middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his Hatchet at Will.

THE Precautions which he took against Want, in case of Sickness, was to lame Kids when very young, so as that they might recover their Health, but never be capable of Speed. These he had in great Numbers about his Hutt; and when he was himself in full Vigour, he could take at full Speed the swiftest Goat running up a Promontory, and never failed of catching them, but on a Descent.

HIS Habitation was extremely pester'd with Rats, which gnaw'd his Clothes and Feet when sleeping. To defend him against them, he fed and tamed Numbers of young Kitlings, who lay about his Bed, and preserved him from the Enemy. When his Clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the Skins of Goats, with which he clothed himself, and was enured to pass through Woods, Bushes, and Brambles with as much Carelessness and Precipitance as any other Animal. It happened once to him that, running on the Summit of a

Hill, he made a Stretch to seize a Goat; with which under him, he fell down a Precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three Days, the Length of which time he measured by the Moon's Growth since his last Observation. This manner of Life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his Nights were untroubled, and his Days joyous, from the Practice of Temperance and Exercise. It was his manner to use stated Hours and Places for Exercises of Devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the Faculties of Speech, and to utter himself with greater Energy.

WHEN I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his Character and Story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from Company, from his Aspect and Gesture; there was a strong but chearful Seriousness in his Look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in Thought. When the Ship which brought him off the Island came in, he received them with the greatest Indifference, with relation to the Prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an Opportunity to refresh and help them; the Man frequently bewail'd his return to the World, which could not, he said, with all its Enjoyments, restore him to the Tranquillity of his Solitude. Tho I had frequently conversed with him, after a few Months' Absence, he met me in the Street; and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him: familiar Converse in this Town had taken off the Loneliness of his Aspect, and quite altered the Air of his Face.

This plain Man's Story is a memorable Example that he is happiest who confines his Wants to natural Necessities; and he that goes further in his Desires increases his Wants in proportion to his Acquisitions; or to use his own Expression, *I am now worth eight hundred Pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a Farthing.*

SUPPOSED LINES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more!
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

(From "Robinson Crusoe.")

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimseys came into my thoughts by the way.



THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear; but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined in with me in this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footstep? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then, to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way; I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely: all this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtilty of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature; that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling in my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found out my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope, all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness; as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my laziness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand; so that, whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

One morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearances of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which these words of the Scripture came into my thoughts: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance: when I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words presented to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat:

this cheered me up a little, too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might I not come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat?

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again; for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights; so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk. Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and that I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frightened; and so, indeed, I had.

However, I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination; but I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot: but when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal; both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree, so that I shook with cold like one in an ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

This confusion of my thoughts kept me awake all night; but in the morning I fell asleep; and having, by the amusement of my mind, been, as it were, tired, and my spirits ex-

hausted, I slept very soundly, and waked much better composed than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately; and, upon the utmost debate with myself, I concluded that this island (which was so exceedingly pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the mainland than as I had seen) was not so entirely abandoned as I might imagine; that although there were no stated inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet that there might sometimes come boats off from the shore, who, either with design, or perhaps never but when they were driven by cross winds, might come to this place. That I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow or figure of any people yet; and that, if at any time they should be driven here, it was probable they went away again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix here upon any occasion to this time. That the most I could suggest any danger from was, from any casual accidental landing of straggling people from the main, who, as it was likely, if they were driven hither, were here against their wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible speed, seldom staying one night on shore, lest they should not have the help of the tides and daylight back again; and that, therefore, I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe retreat, in case I should see any savages land upon the spot.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again, which door, as I said, came out beyond where my fortification joined to the rock: upon maturely considering this, therefore, I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees about twelve years before, of which I made mention: these trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but few piles to be driven between them, that they might be thicker and stronger, and my wall would be soon finished. So that I had now a double wall; and my outer wall was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of, to make it strong; having in it seven little holes, about as big as I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this, I thickened my wall to about ten feet thick, with continually bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall, and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I had

got seven on shore out of the ship ; these I planted like my cannon, and fitted them into frames, that held them like a carriage, so that I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time ; this wall I was many a weary month in finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

When this was done, I stuck all the ground without my wall, for a great length every way, as full with stakes or sticks of the osierlike wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand ; insomuch, that I believe I might set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large space between them and my wall, that I might have room to see an enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young trees, if they attempted to approach my outer wall.

Thus, in two years' time, I had a thick grove, and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so monstrously thick and strong that it was indeed perfectly impassable ; and no men, of what kind soever, could ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation. As for the way which I proposed to myself to go in and out (for I left no avenue), it was by setting two ladders, one to a part of the rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another ladder upon that ; so when the two ladders were taken down, no man living could come down to me without doing himself mischief, and if they had come down, they were still on the outside of my outer wall. Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation ; and it will be seen, at length, that they were not altogether without just reason ; though I foresaw nothing at that time more than my mere fear suggested to me.

While this was doing, I was not altogether careless of my other affairs ; for I had a great concern upon me for my little herd of goats : they were not only a ready supply to me on every occasion, and began to be sufficient for me, without the expense of powder and shot, but also without the fatigue of hunting after the wild ones ; and I was loath to lose the advantage of them, and to have them all to nurse up over again.

Accordingly, I spent some time to find out the most retired parts of the island ; and I pitched upon one, which was as private, indeed, as my heart could wish for ; it was a little damp piece of ground, in the middle of the hollow and thick woods, where, as I observed, I almost lost myself once before, endeavoring to come back that way from the eastern part of

the island. Here I found a clear piece of land, near three acres, so surrounded with woods that it was almost an inclosure by nature; at least, it did not want near so much labor to make it so, as the other piece of ground I had worked so hard at.

I immediately went to work with this piece of ground; and, in less than a month's time, I had so fenced it round, that my flock, or herd, call it which you please, which were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secured in it. So, without any further delay, I removed ten young she-goats, and two he-goats, to this piece; and, when they were there, I continued to perfect the fence, till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more leisure, and it took me up more time by a great deal.

All this labor I was at the expense of, purely from my apprehension on account of the print of a man's foot which I had seen; for, as yet, I never saw any human creature come near the island, and I had now lived two years under these uneasinesses, which, indeed, made my life much less comfortable than it was before; as may be well imagined by any who may know what it is to live in the constant snare of the fear of man.

After I had thus secured one part of my little living stock, I went about the whole island, searching for another private place to make such another deposit; when, wandering more to the west point of the island than I had ever done yet, and looking out to sea, I thought I saw a boat upon the sea, at a great distance; I had found a perspective glass or two in one of the seamen's chest, which I saved out of our ship, but I had it not about me; and this was so remote that I could not tell what to make of it, though I looked at it till my eyes were not able to hold to look any longer: whether it was a boat or not, I do not know, but as I descended from the hill I could see no more of it, so I gave it over; only I resolved to go no more out without a perspective glass in my pocket. When I was come down the hill to the end of the island, where, indeed, I had never been before, I was presently convinced that the seeing the print of a man's foot was not such a strange thing in the island as I imagined; and, but that it was a special providence that I was cast upon the side of the island where the savages never came, I should easily have known that nothing was more frequent than for the canoes from the main, when they happened to be a little too far out at sea, to shoot over to that side of

the island for harbor: likewise, as they often met and fought in their canoes, the victors, having taken any prisoners, would bring them over to this shore, where, according to their dreadful customs, being all cannibals, they would kill and eat them; of which hereafter.

When I was come down the hill to the shore, as I said above, being the S.W. point of the island, I was perfectly confounded and amazed; nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and, particularly, I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cockpit, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures.

I was so astonished with the sight of these things, that I entertained no notions of any danger to myself from it for a long while: all my apprehensions were buried in the thoughts of such a pitch of inhuman, hellish brutality, and the horror of the degeneracy of human nature, which, though I had heard of it often, yet I never had so near a view of before: in short, I turned away my face from the horrid spectacle; my stomach grew sick, and I was just at the point of fainting, when nature discharged the disorder from my stomach; and having vomited with uncommon violence, I was a little relieved, but could not bear to stay in the place a moment; so I got me up the hill again with all the speed I could, and walked on towards my own habitation.

When I came a little out of that part of the island, I stood still awhile, as amazed, and then, recovering myself, I looked up with the utmost affection of my soul, and, with a flood of tears in my eyes, gave God thanks, that had cast my first lot in a part of the world where I was distinguished from such dreadful creatures as these.

In this frame of thankfulness, I went home to my castle, and began to be much easier now, as to the safety of my circumstances, than ever I was before; for I observed that these wretches never came to this island in search of what they could get; perhaps not seeking, not wanting, or not expecting, anything here; and having often, no doubt, been up to the covered, woody part of it, without finding anything to their purpose. I knew I had been here now almost eighteen years, and never saw the least footsteps of human creature there before; and I

might be eighteen years more as entirely concealed as I was now, if I did not discover myself to them, which I had no manner of occasion to do; it being my only business to keep myself entirely concealed where I was, unless I found a better sort of creatures than cannibals to make myself known to. Yet I entertained such an abhorrence of the savage wretches that I have been speaking of, and of the wretched inhuman custom of their devouring and eating one another up, that I continued pensive and sad, and kept close within my own circle for almost two years after this. When I say my own circle, I mean by it my three plantations, viz., my castle, my country seat, which I called my bower, and my inclosure in the woods: nor did I look after this for any other use than as an inclosure for my goats; for the aversion which nature gave me to these hellish wretches was such, that I was as fearful of seeing them as of seeing the devil himself. I did not so much as go to look after my boat all this time, but began rather to think of making another; for I could not think of ever making any more attempts to bring the other boat round the island to me, lest I should meet with some of these creatures at sea; in which case, if I had happened to have fallen into their hands, I knew what would have been my lot.

Time, however, and the satisfaction I had that I was in no danger of being discovered by these people, began to wear off my uneasiness about them; and I began to live just in the same composed manner as before, only with this difference, that I used more caution, and kept my eyes more about me than I did before lest I should happen to be seen by any of them; and I was more cautious of firing my gun, lest any of them, being on the island, should happen to hear it; it was, therefore, a good providence to me that I had furnished myself with a tame breed of goats, and that I needed not to hunt any more about the woods, or shoot at them; and if I did catch any of them after this, it was by traps and snares, as I had done before; so that for two years after this, I believe I never fired my gun off once, though I never went out without it; and as I had saved three pistols out of the ship, I always carried them out with me, or at least two of them, sticking them in my goatskin belt; I also furbished up one of the great cutlasses that I had out of the ship, and made me a belt to hang it on also; so that I was now a most formidable fellow to look at when I went abroad, if you add to the former description of myself, the particular of two

pistols, and a great broadsword hanging at my side in a belt, but without a scabbard.

As in my present condition there were not really many things which I wanted, so, indeed, I thought that the frights I had been in about these savage wretches, and the concern I had been in for my own preservation, had taken off the edge of my invention for my own conveniences; and I had dropped a good design, which I had once bent my thoughts upon, and that was to try if I could not make some of my barley into malt, and then to try and brew myself some beer. This was really a whimsical thought, and I reproved myself often for the simplicity of it: for I presently saw there would be the want of several things necessary to the making my beer, that it would be impossible for me to supply; as, first, casks to preserve it in, which was a thing that, as I have observed already, I could never compass: no, though I spent not only many days, but weeks, nay months, in attempting it, but to no purpose. In the next place, I had no hops to make it keep, no yeast to make it work, no copper or kettle to make it boil; and yet with all these things wanting, I verily believe, had not the frights and terrors I was in about the savages intervened, I had undertaken it, and perhaps brought it to pass too; for I seldom gave anything over without accomplishing it, when once I had it in my head to begin it. But my invention now ran quite another way; for, night and day, I could think of nothing but how I might destroy some of these monsters in their cruel, bloody entertainment; and, if possible, save the victim they should bring hither to destroy.

Sometimes I contrived in my thoughts to dig a hole under the place where they made their fire, and put in five or six pounds of gunpowder, which, when they kindled their fire, would consequently take fire, and blow up all that was near it; but as in the first place I should be very loath to waste so much powder upon them, my store being now within the quantity of one barrel; so neither could I be sure of its going off, at any certain time, when it might surprise them, and at best, that it would do little more than just blow the fire about their ears and fright them, but not sufficient to make them forsake the place; so I laid it aside, and then proposed that I would place myself in ambush, in some convenient place, with my three guns, all double loaded; and in the middle of their bloody ceremony let fly at them, when I should be sure to kill or wound perhaps two or three at every shoot; and then falling in upon them with my

three pistols, and my sword, I made no doubt but that if there was twenty I should kill them all. This fancy pleased my thoughts for some weeks, and I was so full of it that I often dreamed of it; and sometimes that I was just going to let fly at them in my sleep.

At length I found a place in the side of the hill, where I was satisfied I might securely wait till I saw any of their boats coming; and might then, even before they would be ready to come on shore, convey myself unseen into some thickets of trees, in one of which there was a hollow large enough to conceal me entirely; and there I might sit and observe all their bloody doings, and take my full aim at their heads, when they were so close together as that it would be next to impossible that I should miss my shot, or that I could fail wounding three or four of them at the first shot.

After I had thus laid the scheme of my design, and in my imagination put it into practice, I continually made my tour every morning to the top of the hill, which was from my castle, as I called it, about three miles, or more, to see if I could observe any boats upon the sea, coming near the island, or standing over towards it; but I began to tire of this hard duty.

As long as I kept my daily tour to the hill to look out, so long also I kept up the vigor of my design, and my spirits seemed to be all the while in a suitable frame for so outrageous an execution as the killing twenty or thirty naked savages, for an offense which I had not at all entered into any discussion of in my thoughts. But when I began to be weary of the fruitless excursion which I had made so long and so far every morning in vain, so my opinion of the action itself began to alter; and I began, with cooler and calmer thoughts, to consider what I was going to engage in; what authority or call I had to pretend to be judge and executioner upon these men as criminals, whom Heaven had thought fit for so many ages, to suffer, unpunished, to go on, and to be, as it were, the executioners of His judgments one upon another; how far these people were offenders against me, and what right I had to engage in the quarrel of that blood which they shed promiscuously one upon another.

When I considered this a little, it followed necessarily that I was certainly in the wrong: that these people were not murderers, in the sense that I had before condemned them in my thoughts, any more than those Christians were murderers who often put to death the prisoners taken in battle; or more fre-

quently, upon many occasions, put whole troops of men to the sword, without giving quarter, though they threw down their arms, and submitted.

These considerations really put me to a pause, and to a kind of full stop; and I began, by little and little, to be off my design, and to conclude I had taken wrong measures in my resolution to attack the savages; and that it was not my business to meddle with them, unless they first attacked me; and this it was my business, if possible, to prevent; but that, if I were discovered and attacked by them, I knew my duty.

In this disposition I continued for near a year after this; and so far was I from desiring an occasion for falling upon these wretches, that in all that time I never once went up the hill to see whether there were any of them in sight, or to know whether any of them had been on shore there or not, that I might not be tempted to renew any of my contrivances against them, or be provoked by any advantage that might present itself, to fall upon them. Only this I did: I went and removed my boat, which I had on the other side of the island, and carried it down to the east end of the whole island, where I ran it into a little cove, which I found under some high rocks and where I knew, by reason of the currents, the savages durst not, at least would not, come with their boats upon any account whatever. With my boat I carried away everything that I had left there belonging to her, though not necessary for the bare going thither, viz., a mast and sail which I had made for her, and a thing like an anchor, but which indeed could not be called either anchor or grapnel; however, it was the best I could make of its kind; all these I removed, that there might not be the least shadow for discovery, or appearance of any boat, or of any human habitation upon the island. Besides this, I kept myself, as I said, more retired than ever, and seldom went from my cell except upon my constant employment to milk my she-goats, and manage my little flock in the wood, which, as it was quite on the other part of the island, was out of danger; for certain it is that these savage people, who sometimes haunted this island, never came with any thoughts of finding anything here, and consequently never wandered off from the coast, and I doubt not but they might have been several times on shore after my apprehensions of them had made me cautious, as well as before. Indeed, I looked back with some horror upon the thoughts of what my condition

would have been, if I had chopped upon them and been discovered before that, when naked and unarmed, except with one gun, and that loaded often only with small shot, I walked everywhere, peeping and peering about the island to see what I could get; what a surprise should I have been in, if, when I discovered the print of a man's foot, I had, instead of that, seen fifteen or twenty savages, and found them pursuing me, and, by the swiftness of their running, no possibility of my escaping them.

I had the care of my safety more now upon my hands than that of my food. I dared not to drive a nail, or chop a stick of wood now, for fear the noise I might make should be heard: much less would I fire a gun for the same reason: and, above all, I was intolerably uneasy at making any fire, lest the smoke, which is visible at a great distance in the day, should betray me. For this reason, I removed that part of my business which required fire, such as burning of pots and pipes, etc., into my new apartment in the woods; where, after I had been some time, I found to my unspeakable consolation a mere natural cave in the earth, which went in a vast way, and where, I dare say, no savage, had he been at the mouth of it, would be so hardy as to venture in.

The mouth of this hollow was at the bottom of a great rock, where, by mere accident (I would say, if I did not see abundant reason to ascribe all such things now to Providence), I was cutting down some thick branches of trees to make charcoal; and before I go on I must observe the reason of my making this charcoal, which was thus: I was afraid of making a smoke about my habitation, as I said before; and yet I could not live there without baking my bread, cooking my meat, etc.; so I contrived to burn some wood here, as I had seen done in England, under turf, till it became chark or dry coal; and then putting the fire out, I preserved the coal to carry home, and perform the other services for which fire was wanting, without danger of smoke.

While I was cutting down some wood here, I perceived that, behind a very thick branch of low brushwood or underwood, there was a kind of hollow place: I was curious to look into it; and getting with difficulty into the mouth of it, I found it was pretty large, that is to say, sufficient for me to stand upright in it, and perhaps another with me; but I must confess to you that I made more haste out than I did in, when

looking farther into the place, which was perfectly dark, I saw two broad shining eyes of some creature, whether devil or man I knew not, which twinkled like two stars; the dim light from the cave's mouth shining directly in, and making the reflection.

However, after some pause, I recovered myself, and began to call myself a thousand fools, and tell myself that he that was afraid to see the devil was not fit to live twenty years in an island all alone; and that I durst to believe there was nothing in this cave that was more frightful than myself; upon this, plucking up my courage, I took up a firebrand, and in I rushed again, with the stick flaming in my hand: I had not gone three steps in, before I was almost as much frighted as I was before; for I heard a very loud sigh, like that of a man in some pain, and it was followed by a broken noise, as of words half expressed, and then a deep sigh again. I stepped back, and was indeed struck with such a surprise that it put me into a cold sweat, and if I had had a hat on my head, I will not answer for it that my hair might not have lifted it off. But still plucking up my spirits as well as I could, and encouraging myself a little with considering that the power and presence of God was everywhere, and was able to protect me, I stepped forward again, and by the light of the firebrand, holding it up a little over my head, I saw lying on the ground a monstrous, frightful, old he-goat, just making his will, as we say, and gasping for life, and dying, indeed, of mere old age.

I stirred him a little to see if I could get him out, and he essayed to get up, but was not able to raise himself; and I thought with myself he might even lie there; for if he had frighted me, so he would certainly fright any of the savages, if any of them should be so hardy as to come in there while he had any life in him.

I was now recovered from my surprise, and began to look round me, when I found the cave was but very small, that is to say, it might be about twelve feet over, but in no manner of shape, neither round nor square, no hands having ever been employed in making it but those of mere Nature. I observed also that there was a place at the farther side of it that went in further, but was so low that it required me to creep upon my hands and knees to go into it, and whither it went I knew not; so, having no candle, I gave it over for that time, but resolved to go again the next day provided with candles and a

tinder box, which I had made of the lock of one of the muskets, with some wildfire in the pan.

Accordingly, the next day I came provided with six large candles of my own making; for I made very good candles now of goat's tallow; and going into this low place I was obliged to creep upon all fours, as I have said, almost ten yards; which I thought was a venture bold enough, considering that I knew not how far it might go, nor what was beyond it. When I was got through the strait, I found the roof rose higher up, I believe near twenty feet; but never was such a glorious sight seen in the island, I dare say, as it was to look round the sides and roof of this vault or cave; the walls reflected a hundred thousand lights to me from my two candles; what it was in the rock — whether diamonds or any other precious stones, or gold — which I rather supposed it to be — I knew not.

The place I was in was a most delightful cavity, or grotto, of its kind, though perfectly dark; the floor was dry and level, and had a sort of a small loose gravel upon it, so that there was no nauseous or venomous creature to be seen, neither was there any damp or wet on the sides or roof; the only difficulty in it was the entrance — which, however, as it was a place of security, and such a retreat as I wanted, I thought was a convenience; so that I was really rejoiced at the discovery, and resolved, without any delay, to bring some of those things which I was most anxious about to this place; particularly, I resolved to bring hither my magazine of powder, and all my spare arms, viz., two fowling pieces, for I had three in all; and three muskets, for of them I had eight in all; so I kept in my castle only five, which stood ready mounted like pieces of cannon on my outmost fence, and were ready also to take out upon any expedition.

Upon this occasion of removing my ammunition I happened to open the barrel of powder which I took up out of the sea, and which had been wet, and I found that the water had penetrated about three or four inches into the powder on every side, which, caking and growing hard, had preserved the inside like a kernel in the shell, so that I had near sixty pounds of very good powder in the center of the cask. This was a very agreeable discovery to me at that time; so I carried all away thither, never keeping above two or three pounds of powder with me in my castle, for fear of a surprise of any kind; I also carried thither all the lead I had left for bullets.

I fancied myself now like one of the ancient giants who were said to live in caves and holes in the rocks, where none could come at them; for I persuaded myself, while I was here, that if five hundred savages were to hunt me, they could never find me out; or if they did, they would not venture to attack me here. The old goat whom I found expiring died in the mouth of the cave the next day after I made this discovery; and I found it much easier to dig a great hole there, and throw him in and cover him with earth, than to drag him out; so I interred him there, to prevent offense to my nose.

I was now in the twenty-third year of my residence in this island, and was so naturalized to the place and the manner of living, that, could I but have enjoyed the certainty that no savages would come to the place to disturb me, I could have been content to have capitulated for spending the rest of my time there, even to the last moment, till I had laid me down and died, like the old goat in the cave. I had also arrived to some little diversions and amusements, which made the time pass a great deal more pleasantly with me than it did before; as first, I had taught my Poll, as I noted before, to speak; and he did it so familiarly, and talked so articulately and plain, that it was very pleasant to me; and he lived with me no less than six and twenty years; how long he might have lived afterwards I know not, though I know they have a notion in the Brazils that they live a hundred years. My dog was a very pleasant and loving companion to me for no less than sixteen years of my time, and then died of mere old age; as for my cats, they multiplied, as I have observed, to that degree, that I was obliged to shoot several of them at first, to keep them from devouring me and all I had; but, at length, when the two old ones I brought with me were gone, and after some time continually driving them from me, and letting them have no provision with me, they all ran wild into the woods, except two or three favorites, which I kept tame, and whose young, when they had any, I always drowned; and these were part of my family. Besides these I always kept two or three household kids about me, whom I taught to feed out of my hand; and I had two more parrots, which talked pretty well, and would all call "Robin Crusoe," but none like my first; nor, indeed, did I take the pains with any of them that I had done with him. I had also several tame sea fowls, whose names I knew not, that I caught upon the shore, and cut their wings; and the little stakes which I had

planted before my castle wall being now grown up to a good thick grove, these fowls all lived among these low trees, and bred there, which was very agreeable to me; so that, as I said above, I began to be very well contented with the life I led, if I could have been secured from the dread of savages. But it was otherwise directed.

It was now the month of December, as I said before, in my twenty-third year; and this being the southern solstice, for winter I cannot call it, was the particular time of my harvest, and required my being pretty much abroad in the fields; when, going out early in the morning, even before it was thorough daylight, I was surprised with seeing a light of some fire upon the shore, at a distance from me of about two miles, toward that part of the island where I had observed some savages had been; and not, as before, on the other side, but, to my great affliction, it was on my side of the island.

I was indeed terribly surprised at the sight, and stopped short within my grove, not daring to go out, lest I might be surprised; and yet I had no more peace within, from the apprehensions I had that if these savages, in rambling through the island, should find my corn standing or cut, or any of my improvements, they would immediately conclude that there were people in the place, and would then never give over till they had found me out. In this extremity I went back directly to my castle, pulled up the ladder after me, and made all things without look as wild and natural as I could.

Then I prepared myself within, putting myself in a posture of defense; I loaded all my cannon, as I called them; that is to say my muskets, which were mounted upon my new fortification, and all my pistols, and resolved to defend myself to the last gasp, not forgetting seriously to commend myself to the Divine protection, and earnestly to pray to God to deliver me out of the hands of the barbarians. In this posture I continued about two hours, and began to be impatient for intelligence abroad, for I had no spies to send out. After sitting awhile longer, and musing what I should do in this case, I was not able to bear sitting in ignorance any longer; so setting up my ladder to the side of the hill, where there was a flat place, as I observed before, and then pulling the ladder up after me, I set it up again and mounted the top of the hill; and pulling out my perspective glass, which I had taken on purpose, I laid me down flat on the ground, and began to look for the place.

I presently found there were no less than nine naked savages, sitting round a small fire they had made, not to warm them, for they had no need of that, the weather being extremely hot, but, as I supposed, to dress some of their barbarous diet of human flesh which they had brought with them, whether alive or dead I could not tell.

They had two canoes with them, which they had hauled up upon the shore; and as it was then tide of ebb, they seemed to wait for the return of the flood to go away again; it is not easy to imagine what confusion this sight put me into, especially seeing them come on my side of the island, and so near me too; but when I observed their coming must be always with the current of the ebb, I began afterwards to be more sedate in my mind, being satisfied that I might go abroad with safety all the time of the tide of flood, if they were not on shore before: and having made this observation, I went abroad about my harvest work with the more composure.

As I expected, so it proved; for, as soon as the tide made to the westward, I saw them all take boat, and row (or paddle, as we call it) all away. I should have observed, that for an hour or more before they went off they were dancing, and I could easily discern their postures and gestures by my glass; I could not perceive, by my nicest observation, but that they were stark naked, and had not the least covering upon them; but whether they were men or women I could not distinguish.

As soon as I saw them shipped and gone, I took two guns upon my shoulders, and two pistols at my girdle, and my great sword by my side without a scabbard, and, with all the speed I was able to make, I went away to the hill where I had discovered the first appearance of all; and as soon as I got thither, which was not in less than two hours (for I could not go quickly, being so loaded with arms as I was), I perceived there had been three canoes more of the savages at that place; and looking out farther, I saw they were all at sea together, making over for the main. This was a dreadful sight to me, especially as, going down to the shore, I could see the marks of horror which the dismal work they had been about had left behind it, viz., the blood, the bones, and part of the flesh of human bodies eaten and devoured by those wretches with merriment and sport: I was so filled with indignation at the sight, that I now began to premeditate the destruction of the next that I saw there, let them be who or how many soever. It seemed evident

to me that the visits which they made thus to this island were not very frequent; for it was above fifteen months before any more of them came on shore there again; that is to say, I neither saw them, nor any footsteps or signals of them in all that time; for as to the rainy seasons, then they are sure not to come abroad, at least not so far; yet all this while I lived uncomfortably, by reason of the constant apprehensions I was in of their coming upon me by surprise: from whence I observe, that the expectation of evil is more bitter than the suffering.

I spent my days now in great perplexity and anxiety of mind, expecting that I should one day or other fall into the hands of these merciless creatures; and if I did at any time venture abroad, it was not without looking around me with the greatest care and caution imaginable. And now I found, to my great comfort, how happy it was that I had provided a tame flock or herd of goats; for I durst not upon any account fire my gun, especially near that side of the island where they usually came, lest I should alarm the savages; and if they had fled from me now, I was sure to have them come again with perhaps two or three hundred canoes with them in a few days, and then I knew what to expect. However, I wore out a year and three months more before I ever saw any more of the savages, and then I found them again, as I shall soon observe. It is true they might have been there once or twice; but either they made no stay, or at least I did not see them; but in the month of May, as near as I could calculate, and in my four and twentieth year, I had a very strange encounter with them; of which in its place.

It was in the middle of May, on the sixteenth day, I think, as well as my poor wooden calendar would reckon, for I marked all upon the post still; I say, it was on the sixteenth of May that it blew a very great storm of wind all day, with a great deal of lightning and thunder, and a very foul night it was after it. I know not what was the particular occasion of it; but as I was reading in the Bible, and taken up with very serious thoughts about my present condition, I was surprised with the noise of a gun, as I thought, fired at sea. This was, to be sure, a surprise quite of a different nature from any I had met with before; for the notions this put into my thoughts were quite of another kind. I started up in the greatest haste imaginable; and, in a trice, clapped my ladder to the middle place of the rock, and pulled it after me, and mounting it the

second time, got to the top of the hill the very moment that a flash of fire bid me listen for a second gun, which, accordingly, in about half a minute, I heard, and by the sound knew that it was from that part of the sea where I was driven down the current in my boat. I immediately considered that this must be some ship in distress, and that they had some comrade, or some other ship in company, and fired these for signals of distress, and to obtain help; I had the presence of mind, at that minute, to think, that though I could not help them, it might be they might help me; so I brought together all the dry wood I could get at hand, and, making a good, handsome pile, I set it on fire upon the hill. The wood was dry, and blazed freely; and, though the wind blew very hard, yet it burned fairly out; that I was certain, if there was any such thing as a ship, they must needs see it, and no doubt they did; for as soon as ever my fire blazed up, I heard another gun, and after that several others, all from the same quarter. I plied my fire all night long, till day broke; and when it was broad day, and the air cleared up, I saw something at a great distance at sea, full east of the island, whether a sail or a hull I could not distinguish, no, not with my glasses, the distance was so great, and the weather still something hazy also; at least it was so out at sea.

I looked frequently at it all that day, and soon perceived that it did not move; so I presently concluded that it was a ship at anchor; and being eager, you may be sure, to be satisfied, I took my gun in my hand, and ran towards the south side of the island, to the rocks where I had formerly been carried away by the current, and getting up there, the weather by this time being perfectly clear, I could plainly see, to my great sorrow, the wreck of a ship, cast away in the night upon those concealed rocks which I found when I was out in my boat; and which rocks, as they checked the violence of the stream, and made a kind of counter stream, or eddy, were the occasion of my recovering from the most desperately hopeless condition that ever I had been in in all my life.

Thus, what is one man's safety is another man's destruction; for it seems these men, whoever they were, being out of their knowledge, and the rocks being wholly under water, had been driven upon them in the night, the wind blowing hard at E.N.E. Had they seen the island, as I must necessarily suppose they did not, they must, as I thought, have endeavored to have saved themselves on shore by the help of their boat; but

their firing off guns for help, especially when they saw, as I imagined, my fire, filled me with many thoughts.

In the condition I was in, I could do no more than look on upon the misery of the poor men, and pity them, which had still this good effect upon my side, that it gave me more and more cause to give thanks to God, who had so happily and comfortably provided for me in my desolate condition; and that of two ships' companies who were now cast away upon this part of the world, not one life should be spared but mine. Such were my earnest wishings, that but one man had been saved — "*O that it had been but one!*" that I believe I repeated the words, "*O that it had been but one!*" a thousand times; and the desires were so moved by it, that when I spoke the words, my hands would clinch together, and my fingers press the palms of my hands, that if I had had any soft thing in my hand, it would have crushed it involuntarily; and my teeth in my head would strike together, and set against one another so strong, that for some time I could not part them again.

But it was not to be; either their fate, or mine, or both, forbade it; for till the last year of my being on this island, I never knew whether any were saved out of that ship or no; and had only the affliction some days after to see the corpse of a drowned boy come on shore, at the end of the island which was next the shipwreck: he had on no clothes but a seaman's waistcoat, a pair of open-kneed linen drawers, and a blue linen shirt; but nothing to direct me so much as to guess what nation he was of. He had nothing in his pocket but two pieces of eight and a tobacco pipe; the last was to me of ten times more value than the first.

It was now calm, and I had a great mind to venture out in my boat to this wreck; not doubting but I might find something on board that might be useful to me; but that did not altogether press me so much as the possibility that there might be yet some living creature on board, whose life I might not only save, but might, by saving that life, comfort my own to the last degree.

Under the power of this impression, I hastened back to my castle, prepared everything for my voyage, took a quantity of bread, a great pot of fresh water, a compass to steer by, a bottle of rum (for I had still a great deal of that left), and a basketful of raisins; and thus, loading myself with everything neces-

sary, I went down to my boat, got the water out of her, and got her afloat, loaded all my cargo in her, and then went home again for more. My second cargo was a great bagful of rice, the umbrella to set up over my head for shade, another large pot full of fresh water, and about two dozen of my small loaves, or barley cakes, more than before, with a bottle of goat's milk, and a cheese : all which with great labor and sweat I brought to my boat ; and praying to God to direct my voyage, I put out, and rowing or paddling the canoe along the shore, I came at last to the utmost point of the island on that side N.E. And now I was to launch out into the ocean, and either to venture or not to venture. I looked on the rapid currents which ran constantly on both sides of the island at a distance, and which were very terrible to me, from the remembrance of the hazard I had been in before, and my heart began to fail me ; for I foresaw that if I was driven into either of those currents, I should be carried a great way out to sea, and perhaps out of sight of the island again ; and that then, as my boat was but small, if any little gale of wind should rise, I should be inevitably lost.

These thoughts so oppressed my mind, that I began to give over my enterprise ; and having hauled my boat into a little creek on the shore, I stepped out, and sat down upon a rising bit of ground, very pensive and anxious, between fear and desire about my voyage ; when, as I was musing, I could perceive that the tide was turned, and the flood come on ; upon which, my going was for so many hours impracticable. Upon this, presently it occurred to me, that I should go up to the highest piece of ground I could find, and observe, if I could, how the sets of the tide or currents lay when the flood came in, that I might judge whether if I was driven one way out, I might not expect to be driven another way home, with the same rapidness of the currents ; this thought was no sooner in my head than I cast my eye upon a little hill, which sufficiently overlooked the sea both ways, and from whence I had a clear view of the currents or sets of the tides, and which way I was to guide myself in my return ; here I found that as the current of the ebb set out close by the south point of the island, so the current of the flood set in close by the shore of the north side, and that I had nothing to do but to keep to the north side of the island in my return, and I should do well enough.

Encouraged with this observation, I resolved, the next morn-

ing, to set out with the first of the tide; and reposing myself for the night in the canoe, under the great watch coat I mentioned, I launched out; I made first a little out to sea, full north, till I began to feel the benefit of the current, which set eastward, and which carried me at a great rate, and yet did not so hurry me as the current on the south side had done before, so as to take from me all government of the boat; but having a strong steerage with my paddle, I went, at a great rate, directly for the wreck, and in less than two hours I came up to it. It was a dismal sight to look at: the ship, which by its building, was Spanish, stuck fast, jammed in between two rocks; all the stern and quarter of her was beaten to pieces with the sea; and as her forecastle, which stuck in the rocks, had run on with great violence, her mainmast and foremast were brought by the board; that is to say, broken short off; but her bowsprit was sound, and the head and bow appeared firm; when I came close to her, a dog appeared upon her, who seeing me coming yelped and cried; and as soon as I called him, jumped into the sea to come to me, and I took him into the boat, but found him almost dead with hunger and thirst; I gave him a cake of my bread, and he ate it like a ravenous wolf, that had been starving a fortnight in the snow; I then gave the poor creature some fresh water, with which, if I would have let him, he would have burst himself. After this I went on board; but the first sight I met with was two men drowned in the cook room, or forecastle of the ship, with their arms fast about one another: I concluded, as is indeed probable, that when the ship struck, it being in a storm, the sea broke so high and so continually over her, that the men were not able to bear it, and were strangled with the constant rushing in of the water, as much as if they had been under water. Besides the dog, there was nothing left in the ship that had life; nor any goods, that I could see, but what were spoiled by the water. There were some casks of liquor, whether wine or brandy I knew not, which lay lower in the hold, and which the water being ebbed out, I could see; but they were too big to meddle with: I saw several chests, which, I believe, belonged to some of the seamen; and I got two of them into the boat, without examining what was in them. Had the stern of the ship been fixed, and the fore part broken off, I am persuaded I might have made a good voyage; for, by what I found in these two chests, I had room to suppose the ship had a great deal of wealth on board; and if I may guess from the

course she steered, she must have been bound from Buenos Ayres or the Rio de la Plata, in the south part of America, beyond the Brazils to the Havannah, in the Gulf of Mexico, and so perhaps to Spain ; she had, no doubt, a great treasure in her, but of no use, at that time, to anybody ; and what became of her people I then knew not.

I found, besides these chests, a little cask full of liquor, of about twenty gallons, which I got into my boat with much difficulty ; there were several muskets in the cabin, and a great powder-horn, with about four pounds of powder in it : as for the muskets, I had no occasion for them, so I left them, but took the powder horn ; I took a fire shovel and tongs, which I wanted extremely ; as also two little brass kettles, a copper pot to make chocolate, and a gridiron ; and with this cargo and the dog, I came away, the tide beginning to make home again : and the same evening, about an hour within night, I reached the island again, weary and fatigued to the last degree. I reposed that night in the boat ; and in the morning I resolved to harbor what I had gotten in my new cave, not carry it home to my castle. After refreshing myself, I got all my cargo on shore, and began to examine the particulars : the cask of liquor I found to be a kind of rum, but not such as we had at the Brazils ; and, in a word, not at all good ; but when I came to open the chests, I found several things of great use to me : for example, I found in one a fine case of bottles, of an extraordinary kind, and filled with cordial waters, fine and very good ; the bottles held about three pints each, and were tipped with silver ; I found two pots of very good succades, or sweetmeats, so fastened also on the top that the salt water had not hurt them ; and two more of the same, which the water had spoiled ; I found some very good shirts, which were very welcome to me, and about a dozen and a half of linen white handkerchiefs and colored neckcloths ; the former were also very welcome, being exceedingly refreshing to wipe my face in a hot day ; besides this, when I came to the till in the chest, I found there three great bags of pieces of eight, which held about eleven hundred pieces in all ; and in one of them, wrapped up in a paper, six doubloons of gold, and some small bars or wedges of gold ; I suppose they might all weigh near a pound. The other chest I found had some clothes in it, but of little value ; but, by the circumstances, it must have belonged to the gunner's mate, though there was

no powder in it, except two pounds of fine glazed powder, in three flasks, kept, I suppose, for charging their fowling pieces on occasion; upon the whole, I got very little by this voyage that was of any use to me; for, as to the money, I had no manner of occasion for it; it was to me as the dirt under my feet, and I would have given it all for three or four pair of English shoes and stockings, which were things I greatly wanted, but had not had on my feet for many years; I had, indeed, gotten two pairs of shoes now, which I took off the feet of the two drowned men whom I saw in the wreck, and I found two pair more in one of the chests, which were very welcome to me; but they were not like our English shoes, either for ease or service, being rather what we call pumps than shoes; I found in this seaman's chest about fifty pieces of eight, in reals, but no gold; I suppose this belonged to a poorer man than the other, which seemed to belong to some officer.

Well, however, I lugged the money home to my cave, and laid it up, as I had done that before which I brought from our own ship; but it was great pity, as I said, that the other part of this ship had not come to my share, for I am satisfied I might have loaded my canoe several times over with money, which if I had ever escaped to England would have lain here safe enough till I might have come again and fetched it.

Having now brought all my things on shore, and secured them, I went back to my boat, and rowed or paddled her along the shore to her old harbor, where I laid her up, and made the best of my way to my old habitation, where I found everything safe and quiet; so I began to repose myself, live after my old fashion, and take care of my family affairs; and for a while I lived easy enough; only that I was more vigilant than I used to be, looked out oftener, and did not go abroad so much; and if at any time I did stir with any freedom, it was always to the east part of the island, where I was pretty well satisfied the savages never came, and where I could go without so many precautions, and such a load of arms and ammunition as I always carried with me if I went the other way.

I am now to be supposed retired in my castle, after my late voyage to the wreck, my frigate laid up and secured under water, and my condition restored to what it was before; I had more wealth than I had before, but was not at all the richer; for I had no more use for it than the Indians of Peru had before the Spaniards came there.

It was one of the nights in the rainy season in March, the four and twentieth year of my first setting foot in this island of solitariness; I was lying in my bed or hammock awake, very well in health, had no pain, no distemper, no uneasiness of body, nor any uneasiness of mind more than ordinary, but could by no means close my eyes; that is, so as to sleep; no, not a wink all night long. It is impossible to set down the innumerable crowd of thoughts that whirled through that great thoroughfare of the brain, the memory, in this night's time: I ran over the whole history of my life in miniature, or by abridgment, as I may call it, to my coming to this island, and also of that part of my life since I came to this island.

When these thoughts were over, my head was for some time taken up in considering the nature of those wretched creatures, the savages, and how it came to pass in the world that the wise Governor of all things should give up any of his creatures to such inhumanity — nay, to something so much below even brutality itself — as to devour its own kind: but, as this ended in some (at that time) fruitless speculations, it occurred to me to inquire, what part of the world these wretches lived in? how far off the coast was from whence they came? what they ventured over so far from home for? what kind of boats they had? and why I might not order myself and my business so, that I might be able to go over thither, as they were to come to me?

I never so much as troubled myself to consider what I should do with myself when I went thither; what would become of me if I fell into the hands of these savages; or how I should escape them if they attacked me; but my mind was wholly bent upon the notion of my passing over in my boat to the mainland. I looked upon my present condition as the most miserable that could possibly be; that I was not able to throw myself into anything but death, that could be called worse; and if I reached the shore of the main, I might perhaps meet with relief, or I might coast along, as I did on the African shore, till I came to some inhabited country, and where I might find some relief; and, after all, perhaps I might fall in with some Christian ship that might take me in; and if the worst came to the worst, I could but die, which would put an end to all these miseries at once. All this was the fruit of a disturbed mind, an impatient temper, made desperate, as it were, by the long continuance of my troubles, and the disap-

pointments I had met in the wreck I had been on board of, and where I had been so near obtaining what I so earnestly longed for — somebody to speak to, and to learn some knowledge from them of the place where I was, and of the probable means of my deliverance. I was agitated wholly by these thoughts; all my calm of mind in my resignation to Providence, and waiting the issue of the dispositions of Heaven, seemed to be suspended; and I had, as it were, no power to turn my thoughts to anything but to the project of a voyage to the main, which came upon me with such force, and such an impetuosity of desire, that it was not to be resisted.

When this had agitated my thoughts for two hours or more, with such violence that it set my very blood into a ferment, and my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever, merely with the extraordinary fervor of my mind about it, Nature, as if I had been fatigued and exhausted with the very thoughts of it, threw me into a sound sleep. One would have thought I should have dreamed of it, but I did not, nor of anything relating to it; but I dreamed that as I was going out in the morning as usual, from my castle, I saw upon the shore two canoes and eleven savages, coming to land, and that they brought with them another savage, whom they were going to kill, in order to eat him; when, on a sudden, the savage that they were going to kill jumped away, and ran for his life; and I thought, in my sleep, that he came running into my little thick grove before my fortification, to hide himself; and that I, seeing him alone, and not perceiving that the others sought him that way, showed myself to him, and smiling upon him, encouraged him: that he kneeled down to me, seeming to pray me to assist him; upon which I showed him my ladder, made him go up, and carried him into my cave, and he became my servant; and that as soon as I had gotten this man, I said to myself, "Now I may certainly venture to the mainland, for this fellow will serve me as a pilot, and will tell me what to do, and whither to go for provisions, and whither not to go for fear of being devoured; what places to venture into, and what to escape." I waked with this thought; and was under such inexpressible impressions of joy at the prospect of my escape in my dream, that the disappointments which I felt upon coming to myself, and finding that it was no more than a dream, were equally extravagant the other way, and threw me into a very great dejection of spirit.

Upon this, however, I made this conclusion: that my only way to go about to attempt an escape was, to endeavor to get a savage into my possession; and, if possible, it should be one of their prisoners, whom they had condemned to be eaten, and should bring hither to kill. But these thoughts still were attended with this difficulty: that it was impossible to effect this without attacking a whole caravan of them, and killing them all; and this was not only a very desperate attempt, and might miscarry; but, on the other hand, I had greatly scrupled the lawfulness of it to me; and my heart trembled at the thoughts of shedding so much blood, though it was for my deliverance.

However, at last, after many secret disputes with myself, and after great perplexities about it, the eager prevailing desire of deliverance at length mastered all the rest; and I resolved, if possible, to get one of these savages into my hands, cost what it would. My next thing was to contrive how to do it, and this indeed was very difficult to resolve on; but as I could pitch upon no probable means for it, so I resolved to put myself upon the watch, to see them when they came on shore, and leave the rest to the event, taking such measures as the opportunity should present, let what would be.

With these resolutions in my thoughts, I set myself upon the scout as often as possible, and indeed so often, that I was heartily tired of it; for it was above a year and a half that I waited, and for great part of that time went out to the west end, and to the southwest corner of the island almost every day, to look for canoes, but none appeared. This was very discouraging, and began to trouble me much, though I cannot say that it did in this case wear off the edge of my desire to the thing; but the longer it seemed to be delayed, the more eager I was for it: in a word, I was not at first so careful to shun the sight of these savages, and avoid being seen by them, as I was now eager to be upon them.

About a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing, for want of an occasion to put them into execution, I was surprised one morning by seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes

more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted; however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just as ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my rudder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that they were no less than thirty in number; that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed; how they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing, in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my perspective, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall; being knocked down, I suppose with a club, or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards me, I mean, towards that part of the coast where my habitation was. I was dreadfully frighted, I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body; and now I expected that part of my dream was coming to pass, and that he would certainly take shelter in my grove: but I could not depend, by any means, upon my dream for the rest, that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there was not above three men that followed him, and still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them, so that, if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle, the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, where I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but, plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes, or thereabouts, landed, and ran with exceeding strength and swiftness; when the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that I was plainly called by Providence to save this poor creature's life; I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladders, as I observed before, and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frighted at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the mean time, I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece; I was loath to fire because I would not have the rest hear; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frighted, and I advanced towards him: but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frighted with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he

seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again, and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of, and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer; at length, he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head; this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself: so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now; the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him: upon this, my savage, for so I called him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it, but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly that no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords: however, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they make their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will even cut off heads with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the

savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off; so, pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; and I bade him go, as well as I could; when he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which it seems was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back, so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them. Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work; and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him; and did so by the other also; I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island: so I did not let my dream come to pass in that part, that he came into my grove for shelter. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for from his running: and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of the skin was not quite black, but very tawny; and yet not an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had in it something very agreeable,

though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the Negroes, a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory. After he had slumbered rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by: when he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble, thankful disposition, making a great many antic gestures to show it; at last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me so long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I saved his life: I called him so for the memory of the time; I likewise taught him to say Master; and then let him know that was to be my name: I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I kept there with him all night; but, as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes; at which he seemed very glad, for he was stark naked. As we went by the place where he had buried the two men, he pointed exactly to the place, and showed me the marks that he had made to find them again, making signs to me that we should dig them up again and eat them. At this, I appeared very angry, expressed my abhorrence of it, made as if I would vomit at the thoughts of it, and beckoned with my hand to him to come away, which he did immediately, with great submission. I then led him up to the top of the hill, to see if his enemies were gone; and pulling out my glass, I looked, and saw plainly the place where they had been, but no appearance of them or their canoes; so that it was plain they were gone, and had left their two comrades behind them, without any search after them.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

By THOMAS PRINGLE.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
Daydreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
Companions of early days lost or left —
And my native land — whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All — all now forsaken — forgotten — foregone!
And I — a lone exile remembered of none —
My high aims abandoned, — my good acts undone —
Aweary of all that is under the sun —
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife —
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —
Oh, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand, —
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan, —
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,



JONATHAN SWIFT

Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread, — void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, — Man is distant, but God is near!

A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA.

By DEAN SWIFT.

(From "Gulliver's Travels.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 3498.]

The Laputans.

At my alighting I was surrounded by a Crowd of People; but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better Quality. They beheld me with all the Marks and Circumstances of Wonder; neither, indeed, was I much in their Debt, having never till then seen a Race of Mortals so singular in their Shapes, Habits, and Countenances. Their Heads were all reclined either to the Right, or the Left; one of their Eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the Zenith. Their outward Garments were adorned with the Figures of Suns, Moons, and Stars, interwoven with those of Fiddles, Flutes, Harps, Trumpets, Guittars, Harpsicords, and many more Instruments of Musick, unknown to us in *Europe*. I observed here and there many in the Habit of Servants, with a blown Bladder fasten'd like a Flail to the End of a short Stick, which they carried in their Hands. In each Bladder was a small Quantity of dried Pease, or little Pebbles (as I was afterwards informed). With these Bladders they now and then flapped the Mouths and Ears of those who stood near them, of which Practice I could not then conceive the Meaning: It seems, the

Minds of these People are so taken up with intense Speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the Discourses of others, without being roused by some external Taction upon the Organs of Speech and Hearing; for which Reason, those Persons who are able to afford it always keep a *Flapper* (the Original is *Climenole*) in their Family, as one of their Domesticks, nor ever walk abroad or make Visits without him. And the Business of this Officer is, when two or three more Persons are in Company, gently to strike with his Bladder the Mouth of him who is to speak, and the right Ear of him or them to whom the Speaker addresseth himself. This *Flapper* is likewise employed diligently to attend his Master in his Walks, and, upon occasion, to give him a soft Flap on his Eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in Cogitation, that he is in manifest Danger of falling down every Precipice, and bouncing his Head against every Post, and in the Streets of justling others, or being justled himself into the Kennel.

It was necessary to give the Reader this Information, without which he would be at the same Loss with me, to understand the Proceedings of these People, as they conducted me up the Stairs, to the Top of the Island, and from thence to the Royal Palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several Times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their Memories were again roused by their *Flappers;* for they appeared altogether unmoved by the Sight of my foreign Habit and Countenance, and by the Shouts of the Vulgar, whose Thoughts and Minds were more disengaged.

At last we enter'd the Palace, and proceeded into the Chamber of Presents, where I saw the King seated on his Throne, attended on each Side by Persons of Prime Quality. Before the Throne, was a large Table filled with Globes and Spheres, and Mathematical Instruments of all Kinds. His Majesty took not the least Notice of us, although our Entrance was not without sufficient Noise, by the Concourse of all Persons belonging to the Court. But he was then deep in a Problem, and we attended at least an Hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him on each Side, a young Page, with Flaps in their Hands, and when they saw he was at Leisure, one of them gently struck his Mouth, and the other his right Ear, at which he started like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me, and the Company I was in, recollected the Occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some

Words, whereupon immediately a young Man with a Flap came up to my Side, and flapt me gently on the right Ear, but I made Signs, as well as I could, that I had no Occasion for such an Instrument; which as I afterwards found gave his Majesty and the whole Court a very mean Opinion of my Understanding. The King, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several Questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the Languages I had. When it was found, that I could neither understand, nor be understood, I was conducted, by the King's Order, to an Apartment in his Palace (this Prince being distinguished above all his Predecessors for his Hospitality to Strangers), where two Servants were appointed to attend me. My Dinner was brought, and four Persons of Quality, whom I remember'd to have seen very near the King's Person, did me the Honour to dine with me. We had two Courses, of three Dishes each. In the first Course there was a Shoulder of Mutton, cut into an Æquilateral Triangle, a Piece of Beef into a Rhomboides, and a Pudding into a Cycloid. The second Course was two Ducks, trussed up into the Form of Fiddles, Sausages, and Puddings resembling Flutes and Hautboys, and a Breast of Veal in the Shape of a Harp. The Servants cut our Bread into Cones, Cylinders, Parallelograms, and several other mathematical Figures.

While we were at Dinner, I made bold to ask the Names of several Things in their Language, and those noble Persons, by the Assistance of their *Flappers*, delighted to give me Answers, hoping to raise my Admiration of their great Abilities, if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for Bread, and Drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After Dinner my Company withdrew, and a Person was sent to me by the King's Order, attended by a *Flapper*. He brought with him Pen, Ink, and Paper, and three or four Books, giving me to understand by Signs, that he was sent to teach me the Language. We sat together four Hours, in which Time I wrote down a great Number of Words in Columns, with the Translations over against them. I likewise made a Shift to learn several short Sentences. For my Tutor would order one of my Servants to fetch something, or turn about, to make a Bow, to sit, or stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the Sentence in writing. He shewed me also in one of his Books, the Figures of the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Zodiack, the Tropics, and Polar Circles, together with the Denominations of many Figures of Planes and Solids. He gave me the Names and

Descriptions of all the musical Instruments, and the general Terms of Art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my Words with their Interpretations in Alphabetical Order. And thus in a few Days, by the help of a very faithful Memory, I got some Insight into their Language.

The Word, which I interpret the *Flying* or *Floating Island*, is in the Original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true Etymology. *Lap* in the old obsolete Language signifieth *High*, and *Untuh* a Governor, from which, they say, by Corruption, was derived *Laputa* from *Lapuntuh*. But I do not approve of this Derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the I earned among them a Conjecture of my own, that *Laputa* was *quasi Lap outed*. *Lap* signifying properly the Dancing of the Sun-Beams in the Sea, and *outed* a Wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious Reader.

Those to whom the King had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a Taylor to come next Morning and take my Measure for a Suit of Clothes. This Operator did his Office after a different manner from those of his Trade in *Europe*. He first took my Altitude by a Quadrant, and then with a Rule and Compasses described the Dimensions and Out-lines of my whole Body, all which he enter'd upon Paper, and in six Days brought my Clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a Figure in the Calculation. But my Comfort was, that I observed such Accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my Confinement for want of Clothes, and by an Indisposition that held me some Days longer, I much enlarged my Dictionary; and when I went next to Court, was able to understand many Things the King spoke, and to return him some kind of Answers. His Majesty had given Orders that the Island should move North-East and by East, to the Vertical Point over *Lagado*, the Metropolis of the whole Kingdom below upon the firm Earth. It was about ninety Leagues distant, and our Voyage lasted four Days and an half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive Motion made in the Air by the Island. On the second Morning, about Eleven a-Clock, the King himself in Person, attended by his Nobility, Courtiers, and Officers, having prepared all their musical Instruments, played on them for three Hours without Intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the Noise; neither could I possibly

guess the Meaning till my Tutor informed me. He said that the People of their Island had their Ears adapted to hear the Musick of the Spheres, which always played at certain Periods, and the Court was now prepared to bear their Part in what ever Instrument they most excelled.

In our Journey towards *Lagado* the capital City, his Majesty ordered that the Island should stop over certain Towns and Villages, from whence he might receive the Petitions of his Subjects. And to this Purpose several Packthreads were let down with small Weights at the Bottom. On these Packthreads the People strung their Petitions, which mounted up directly like the Scraps of Paper fastned by School-Boys at the End of the String that holds their Kite. Sometimes we received Wine and Victuals from below, which were drawn up by Pullies.

The Knowledge I had in Mathematicks gave me great Assistance in acquiring their Phraseology, which depended much upon that Science and Musick; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their Ideas are perpetually conversant in Lines and Figures. If they would, for Example, praise the Beauty of a Woman, or any other Animal, they describe it by Rhombs, Circles, Parallelograms, Ellipses, and other Geometrical Terms, or by Words of Art drawn from Musick, needless here to repeat. I observed in the King's Kitchen all Sorts of mathematical and musical Instruments, after the Figures of which they cut up the Joints that were served to his Majesty's Table.

Their Houses are very ill built, the Walls bevil, without one Right Angle in any Apartment; and this Defect ariseth from the Contempt they bear to practical Geometry, which they despise, as Vulgar and Mechanick, those Instructions they give being too refined for the Intellectuals of their Workmen; which occasions perpetual Mistakes. And although they are dextrous enough upon a Piece of Paper in the Management of the Rule, the Pencil, and the Divider, yet in the common Actions and Behaviour of Life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy People, nor so slow and perplexed in their Conceptions upon all other Subjects, except those of Mathematicks and Musick. They are very bad Reasoners, and vehemently given to Opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right Opinion, which is seldom their Case. Imagination, Fancy, and Invention they are wholly Strangers to, nor have any Words in their Language by which those Ideas

can be expressed; the whole Compass of their Thoughts and Mind being shut up within the two forementioned Sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the Astronomical Part, have great Faith in judicial Astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publickly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong Disposition I observed in them towards News and Politicks, perpetually enquiring into publick Affairs, giving their Judgments in Matters of State, and passionately disputing every Inch of a Party Opinion. I have indeed observed the same Disposition among most of the Mathematicians I have known in *Europe*, although I could never discover the least Analogy between the two Sciences, unless those People suppose, that because the smallest Circle hath as many Degrees as the largest, therefore the Regulation and Management of the World require no more Abilities than the handling and turning of a Globe. But, I rather take this Quality to spring from a very common Infirmity of human Nature, inclining us to be more curious and conceited in Matters where we have least Concern, and for which we are least adapted either by Study or Nature.

These People are under continual Disquietudes, never enjoying a Minute's Peace of Mind; and their Disturbances proceed from Causes which very little affect the rest of Mortals. Their Apprehensions arise from several Changes they dread in the celestial Bodies. For Instance: That the Earth by the continual Approaches of the Sun towards it, must in Course of Time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the Face of the Sun will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own Effluvia, and give no more Light to the World. That the Earth very narrowly escaped a Brush from the Tail of the last Comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to Ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one and thirty Years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in its Perihelion it should approach within a certain Degree of the Sun (as by their Calculations they have Reason to dread), it will conceive a Degree of Heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing Iron; and in its Absence from the Sun, carry a blazing Tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen Miles long; through which, if the Earth should pass at the Distance of one hundred thousand Miles from the *Nucleus* or main Body of the Comet, it must in its Passage be set on fire, and reduced to

Ashes. That the Sun daily spending its Rays without any Nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the Destruction of this Earth, and of all the Planets that receive their Light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the Apprehensions of these and the like impending Dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their Beds, nor have any Relish for the common Pleasures or Amusements of Life. When they meet an Acquaintance in the Morning, the first Question is about the Sun's Health, how he looked at his Setting and Rising, and what Hopes they have to avoid the Stroke of the approaching Comet. This Conversation they are apt to run into with the same Temper that Boys discover, in delighting to hear terrible Stories of Spirits and Hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to Bed for fear.

The Women of the Island have Abundance of Vivacity; they contemn their Husbands, and are exceedingly fond of Strangers, whereof there is always a considerable Number from the Continent below, attending at Court, either upon Affairs of the several Towns and Corporations, or their own particular Occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same Endowments. Among these the Ladies chuse their Gallants: But the Vexation is, that they act with too much Ease and Security, for the Husband is always so wrapt in Speculation, that the Mistress and Lover may proceed to the greatest Familiarities before his Face, if he be but provided with Paper and Implements, and without his Flapper at his Side.

The Wives and Daughters lament their Confinement to the Island, although I think it the most delicious Spot of Ground in the World; and although they live here in the greatest Plenty and Magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the World, and take the Diversions of the Metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular Licence from the King; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the People of Quality have found, by frequent Experience, how hard it is to persuade their Women to return from below. I was told that a great Court-Lady, who had several Children, is married to the Prime Minister, the richest Subject in the Kingdom, a very graceful Person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest Palace of the Island, went down to *Lagado*, on the Pretence of Health, there hid her self

for several Months, till the King sent a Warrant to search for her, and she was found in an obscure Eating-house all in Rags, having pawned her Clothes to maintain an old deformed Footman, who beat her every Day, and in whose Company she was taken much against her Will. And although her Husband received her with all possible Kindness, and without the least Reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her Jewels, to the same Gallant, and hath not been heard of since.

This may, perhaps, pass with the Reader rather for an *European* or *English* Story, than for one of a Country so remote: But he may please to consider, that the Caprices of Womenkind are not limited by any Climate or Nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a Month's Time, I had made a tolerable Proficiency in their Language, and was able to answer most of the King's Questions, when I had the Honour to attend him. His Majesty discovered not the least Curiosity to enquire into the Laws, Government, History, Religion, or Manners of the Countries where I had been, but confined his Questions to the State of Mathematicks, and received the Account I gave him, with great Contempt and Indifference, though often rouzed by his *Flapper* on each Side.

Scientific Advance.

I desired leave of this Prince to see the Curiosities of the Island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my Tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know to what Cause in Art, or in Nature, it owed its several Motions, whereof I will now give a Philosophical Account to the Reader.

The Flying or Floating Island is exactly circular, its Diameter 7837 Yards, or about four Miles and an half, and consequently contains ten thousand Acres. It is three hundred Yards thick. The Bottom or under Surface, which appears to those who view it from below, is one even regular Plate of Adamant, shooting up to the Height of about two hundred Yards. Above it lie the several Minerals in their usual Order, and over all is a Coat of rich Mould ten or twelve Foot deep. This Declivity of the upper Surface, from the Circumference to the Center, is the natural Cause why all the Dews and Rains which fall upon the Island are conveyed in small Rivulets

towards the Middle, where they are emptied into four large Basons, each of about half a Mile in Circuit, and two hundred Yards distant from the Center. From these Basons the Water is continually exhaled by the Sun in the Day-time, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the Power of the Monarch to raise the Island above the Region of Clouds and Vapours, he can prevent the falling of Dews and Rains when ever he pleases : For the highest Clouds cannot rise above two Miles, as Naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do in that Country.

At the Center of the Island there is a Chasm about fifty Yards in Diameter, from whence the Astronomers descend into a large Dome, which is therefore called *Flandona Gagnole*, or the *Astronomers Cave*, situated at the Depth of a hundred Yards beneath the upper Surface of the Adamant. In this Cave are twenty Lamps continually burning, which from the Reflection of the Adamant cast a strong Light into every Part. The Place is stored with great Variety of Sextants, Quadrants, Telescopes, Astrolabes, and other Astronomical Instruments. But the greatest Curiosity, upon which the Fate of the Island depends, is a Load-stone of a prodigious Size, in Shape resembling a Weaver's Shuttle. It is in Length six Yards, and in the thickest Part at least three Yards over. This Magnet is sustained by a very strong Axle of Adamant passing through its Middle, upon which it plays, and is poized so exactly that the weakest Hand can turn it. It is hooped round with an hollow Cylinder of Adamant, four Foot deep, as many thick, and twelve Yards in Diameter, placed Horizontally, and supported by eight Adamantine Feet, each six Yards high. In the Middle of the Concave Side there is a Groove twelve Inches deep, in which the Extremities of the Axle are lodged, and turned round as there is Occasion.

The Stone cannot be moved from its Place by any Force, because the Hoop and its Feet are one continued Piece with that Body of Adamant, which constitutes the Bottom of the Island.

By Means of this Load-stone, the Island is made to rise and fall, and move from one Place to another. For, with Respect to that Part of the Earth over which the Monarch presides, the Stone is endued at one of its Sides with an attractive Power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the Magnet erect with its attracting End towards the Earth, the Island

descends ; but when the repelling Extremity points downwards, the Island mounts directly upwards. When the Position of the Stone is oblique, the Motion of the Island is so too. For in this Magnet the Forces always Act in Lines parallel to its Direction.

By this oblique Motion the Island is conveyed to different Parts of the Monarch's Dominions. To explain the manner of its Progress, let *A B* represent a Line drawn across the Dominions of *Balnibarbi*, let the Line *c d* represent the Load-stone, of which let *d* be the repelling End, and *c* the attracting End ; the Island being over *C*, let the Stone be placed in the Position *c d*, with its repelling End downwards, then the Island will be driven upwards obliquely towards *D*. When it is arrived at *D*, let the Stone be turned upon its Axle till its attracting End points towards *E*, and then the Island will be carried obliquely towards *E;* where, if the Stone be again turned upon its Axle till it stands in the Position *E F*, with its repelling Point downwards, the Island will rise obliquely towards *F;* where, by directing the attracting End towards *G*, the Island may be carried to *G*, and from *G* to *H*, by turning the Stone, so as to make its repelling Extremity point directly downwards. And thus by changing the Situation of the Stone as often as there is Occasion, the Island is made to rise and fall by Turns in an oblique Direction ; and by those alternate Risings and Fallings (the Obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one Part of the Dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this Island cannot move beyond the Extent of the Dominions below, nor can it rise above the Height of four Miles. For which the Astronomers (who have written large Systems concerning the Stone) assign the following Reason : That the magnetick Virtue does not extend beyond the Distance of four Miles, and that the Mineral which acts upon the Stone in the Bowels of the Earth, and in the Sea about six Leagues distant from the Shoar, is not diffused through the whole Globe, but terminated with the Limits of the King's Dominions ; and it was easy from the great Advantage of such a superior Situation, for a Prince to bring under his Obedience whatever Country lay within the Attraction of that Magnet.

When the Stone is put parallel to the Plane of the Horizon, the Island standeth still ; for in that Case, the Extremities of it being at equal Distance from the Earth, act with equal

Force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no Motion can ensue.

This Load-stone is under the Care of certain Astronomers, who from Time to Time give it such Positions as the Monarch directs. They spend the greatest Part of their Lives in observing the celestial Bodies, which they do by the Assistance of Glasses far excelling ours in Goodness. For this Advantage hath enabled them to extend the Discoveries much farther than our Astronomers in *Europe;* for they have made a Catalogue of ten thousand fixed Stars; whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third Part of that Number. They have likewise discovered two lesser Stars, or *Satellites*, which revolve about *Mars*, whereof the innermost is distant from the Center of the primary Planet exactly three of his Diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the Space of ten Hours, and the latter in twenty one and an half; so that the Squares of their periodical Times are very near in the same Proportion with the Cubes of their Distance from the Center of *Mars*, which evidently shews them to be governed by the same Law of Gravitation, that influences the other Heavenly Bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different Comets, and settled their Periods with great Exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great Confidence), it is much to be wished that their Observations were made publick, whereby the Theory of Comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same Perfection with other Parts of Astronomy.

The King would be the most absolute Prince in the Universe, if he could but prevail on a Ministry to join with him; but these having their Estates below on the Continent, and considering that the Office of a Favourite hath a very uncertain Tenure, would never consent to the enslaving their Country.

If any Town should engage in Rebellion or Mutiny, fall into violent Factions, or refuse to pay the usual Tribute, the King hath two Methods of reducing them to Obedience. The first and the mildest Course is by keeping the Island hovering over such a Town, and the Lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the Benefit of the Sun and the Rain, and consequently afflict the Inhabitants with Death and Diseases. And if the Crime deserve it, they are at the same Time pelted from above with great Stones, against which they have no Defence but by creeping into Cellars or Caves, while the Roofs of their

Houses are beaten to Pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise Insurrections, he proceeds to the last Remedy, by letting the Island drop directly upon their Heads, which makes a universal Destruction both of Houses and Men. However, this is an Extremity to which the Prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in Execution, nor dare his Ministers advise him to an Action, which, as it would render them odious to the People, so it would be a great Damage to their own Estates, which lie all below, for the Island is the King's Demesn.

But there is still indeed a more weighty Reason, why the Kings of this Country have been always averse from executing so terrible an Action, unless upon the utmost Necessity. For if the Town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall Rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger Cities, a Situation probably chosen at first with a View to prevent such a Catastrophe; or if it abound in high Spires or Pillars of Stone, a sudden Fall might endanger the Bottom or Under-surface of the Island, which, although it consists, as I have said, of one entire Adamant two hundred Yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a Choque, or burst by approaching too near the Fires from the Houses below, as the Backs both of Iron and Stone will often do in our Chimneys. Of all this the People are well apprized, and understand how far to carry their Obstinacy, where their Liberty or Property is concerned. And the King, when he is the highest provoked, and most determined to press a City to Rubbish, orders the Island to descend with great Gentleness, out of a Pretence of Tenderness to his People, but indeed for fear of breaking the Adamantine Bottom; in which Case, it is the Opinion of all their Philosophers, that the Load-stone could no longer hold it up, and the whole Mass would fall to the Ground.

By a fundamental Law of this Realm, neither the King, nor either of his two elder Sons, are permitted to leave the Island; nor the Queen, till she is past Child-bearing.

The Struldbrugs.

The *Luggnuggians* are a polite and generous People, and although they are not without some share of that Pride which is peculiar to all *Eastern* Countries, yet they shew themselves courteous to Strangers, especially such who are countenanced

by the Court. I had many Acquaintance among Persons of the best Fashion, and being always attended by my Interpreter, the Conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One Day in much good Company I was asked by a Person of Quality, whether I had seen any of their *Struldbrugs* or *Immortals*. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an Appellation applyed to a mortal Creature. He told me, that sometimes, though very rarely, a Child happened to be born in a Family with a red circular Spot in the Forehead, directly over the left Eyebrow, which was an infallible Mark that it should never dye. The Spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a Silver Threepence, but in the course of Time grew larger, and changed its Colour; for at twelve Years old it became Green, so continued till five and Twenty, then turned to a deep Blue; at Five and Forty it grew coal Black, and as large as an *English* Shilling, but never admitted any farther Alteration. He said these Births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above Eleven Hundred *Struldbrugs* of both Sexes in the whole Kingdom, of which he computed about fifty in the Metropolis, and among the rest a young Girl born about three Years ago. That these Productions were not peculiar to any Family but a meer effect of Chance, and the Children of the *Struldbruggs* themselves, were equally mortal with the rest of the People.

I freely own my self to have been struck with inexpressible Delight upon hearing this Account: And the Person who gave it me happening to understand the *Balnibarbian* Language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too Extravagant. I cryed out as in a Rapture; Happy Nation where every Child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy People who enjoy so many living Examples of ancient Virtue, and have Masters ready to instruct them in the Wisdom of all former Ages! But, happiest beyond all comparison are those excellent *Struldbruggs*, who born exempt from that universal Calamity of human Nature, have their Minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of Spirits caused by the continual Apprehension of Death. I discovered my Admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious Persons at Court: the black Spot on the Fore-head, being so remarkable a Distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: And it was impossible that his Majesty, a most Judicious Prince, should not pro-

vide himself with a good number of such wise and able Councellours. Yet perhaps the Virtue of those Reverend Sages was too strict for the Corrupt and Libertine Manners of a Court. And we often find by Experience that young Men are too opinionative and volatile to be guided by the sober Dictates of their Seniors. However, since the King was pleased to allow me Access to his Royal Person, I was resolved upon the very first occasion to deliver my Opinion to him on this Matter freely, and at large by the help of my Interpreter; and whether he would please to take my Advice or no, yet in one thing I was determined, that his Majesty having frequently offered me an Establishment in this Country, I would with great thankfulness accept the Favour, and pass my Life here in the Conversation of those superiour Beings the *Struldbruggs*, if they would please to admit me.

The Gentleman to whom I addressed my Discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the Language of *Balnibarbi*, said to me with a sort of a Smile, which usually ariseth from Pity to the Ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my Permission to explain to the Company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own Language, whereof I understood not a Syllable, neither could I observe by their Countenances what impression my Discourse had made on them. After a short Silence the same Person told me, that his Friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious Remarks I had made on the great Happiness and Advantages of immortal Life, and they were desirous to know in a particular manner, what Scheme of Living I should have formed to my self, if it had fallen to my Lot to have been born a *Struldbrugg*.

I answered, it was easy to be Eloquent on so copious and delightful a Subject, especially to me who have been often apt to amuse my self with Visions of what I should do if I were a King, a General, or a great Lord: And upon this very Case I had frequently run over the whole System how I should employ my self, and pass the time if I were sure to live for ever.

That, if it had been my good Fortune to come into the World a *Struldbrugg*, as soon as I could discover my own Happiness by understanding the difference between Life and Death, I would first resolve by all Arts and Methods whatsoever to procure my self Riches. In the pursuit of which by Thrift and

Management, I might reasonably expect in about two Hundred Years, to be the Wealthiest Man in the Kingdom. In the second place, I would from my earliest Youth apply myself to the study of Arts and Sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in Learning. Lastly I would carefully record every Action and Event of Consequence that happened in the Publick, impartially draw the Characters of the several Successions of Princes, and great Ministers of State, with my own Observations on every Point. I would exactly set down the several changes in Customs, Languages, Fashions, Dress, Dyet, and Diversions. By all which Acquirements, I should be a living Treasury of Knowledge and Wisdom, and certainly become the Oracle of the Nation.

I would never marry after threescore, but live in an hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the Minds of hopeful young Men, by convincing them from my own Remembrance, Experience and Observation, fortified by numerous Examples, of the usefulness of Virtue in publick and private Life. But, my Choice and constant Companions should be a sett of my own immortal Brother hood, among whom I would elect a dozen from the most Ancient down to my own Contemporaries. Where any of these wanted Fortunes, I would provide them with convenient Lodges round my own Estate, and have some of them always at my Table, only mingling a few of the most valuable among you Mortals, whom length of Time would harden me to lose with little or no Reluctance, and treat your Posterity after the same manner, just as a Man diverts himself with the Annual Succession of Pinks and Tulips in his Garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding Year.

These *Struldbruggs* and I would mutually communicate our Observations and Memorials through the Course of Time, remark the several Gradations by which Corruption steals into the World, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual Warning and Instruction to Mankind; which, added to the strong Influence of our own Example, would probably prevent that continual Degeneracy of Human Nature so justly complained of in all Ages.

Add to all this, the pleasure of seeing the various Revolutions of States and Empires, the Changes in the lower and upper World, antient Cities in Ruins, and obscure Villages become the Seats of Kings. Famous Rivers lessening into shal-

low Brooks, the Ocean leaving one Coast dry, and overwhelming another : The Discovery of many Countries yet unknown. Barbarity over-running the politest Nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the Discovery of the *Longitude*, the *perpetual Motion*, the *Universal Medicine*, and many other great Inventions brought to the utmost Perfection.

What wonderful Discoveries should we make in Astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own Predictions, by observing the Progress and Returns of Comets, with the changes of Motion in the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

I enlarged upon many other Topicks, which the natural desire of endless Life and sublunary Happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the Sum of my Discourse had been interpreted as before, to the rest of the Company, there was a good deal of Talk among them in the Language of the Country, not without some Laughter at my Expence. At last the same Gentleman who had been my Interpreter said he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few Mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common Imbecillity of human Nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That, this Breed of *Struldbruggs* was peculiar to their County, for there were no such People either in *Balnibarbi* or *Japan*, where he had the Honour to be Embassador from his Majesty, and found the Natives in both these Kingdoms very hard to believe that the Fact was possible, and it appeared from my Astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two Kingdoms above mentioned, where during his Residence he had converse very much, he observed long Life to be the universal Desire and Wish of Mankind. That whoever had one Foot in the Grave, was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the eldest had still hopes of living one Day longer, and looked on Death as the greatest Evil, from which Nature always prompted him to retreat ; only in this Island of *Luggnagg*, the Appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual Example of the *Struldbruggs* before their Eyes.

That the System of Living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust, because it supposed a Perpetuity of Youth, Health, and Vigour, which no Man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his Wishes. That the Ques-

tion therefore was not whether a Man would chuse to be always in the Prime of Youth, attended with Prosperity and Health, but how he would pass a perpetual Life under all the usual Disadvantages which old Age brings along with it. For although few Men will avow their Desires of being immortal upon such hard Conditions, yet in the two Kingdoms before-mentioned of *Balnibarbi* and *Japan*, he observed that every Man desired to put off Death for sometime longer, let it approach ever so late, and he rarely heard of any Man who died willingly, except he were incited by the Extremity of Grief or Torture. And he appealed to me whether in those Countries I had travelled as well as my own, I had not observed the same general Disposition.

After this Preface he gave me a particular Account of the *Struldbruggs* among them. He said they commonly acted like Mortals, till about thirty Years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, encreasing in both till they came to four-score. This he learned from their own Confession; for otherwise there not being above two or three of that Species born in an Age, were too few to form a general Observation by. When they came to four-score Years, which is reckoned the Extremity of living in this Country, they had not only all the Follies and Infirmities of other old Men, but many more which arose from the dreadful Prospects of never dying. They were not only Opinionative, Peevish, Covetous, Morose, Vain, Talkative, but uncapable of Friendship, and dead to all natural Affection, which never descended below their Grand-children. Envy and impotent Desires are their prevailing Passions. But those Objects against which their Envy seems principally directed, are the Vices of the younger sort, and the Deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of Pleasure; and whenever they see a Funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to an Harbour of Rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no Remembrance of any thing but what they learned and observed in their Youth and middle Age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the Truth or Particulars of any Fact, it is safer to depend on common Traditions than upon their best Recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to Dotage, and entirely lose their Memories; these meet with more Pity and Assistance, because they want many bad Qualities which abound in others.

If a *Struldbrugg* happen to marry one of his own kind, the Marriage is dissolved of course by the Courtesy of the Kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two come to be four-score. For the Law thinks it a reasonable Indulgence, that those who are condemned without any Fault of their own to a perpetual Continuance in the World, should not have their Misery doubled by the Load of a Wife.

As soon as they have compleated the term of eighty Years, they are look'd on as dead in Law; their Heirs immediately succeed to their Estates, only a small Pittance is reserved for their Support, and the poor ones are maintained at the publick Charge. After that Period they are held incapable of any Employment of Trust or Profit, they cannot purchase Lands or take Leases, neither are they allowed to be Witnesses in any Cause, either Civil or Criminal, not even for the Decision of Meers and Bounds.

At Ninety they lose their Teeth and Hair, they have at that age no Distinction of Taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without Relish or Appetite. The Diseases they were subject to still continuing without encreasing or diminishing. In talking they forgot the common Appellation of things, and the Names of Persons, even of those who are their nearest Friends and Relations. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their Memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a Sentence to the end; and by this Defect they are deprived of the only Entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The Language of this Country being always upon the Flux, the *Struldbruggs* of one Age do not understand those of another, neither are they able after two hundred Years to hold any Conversation (farther than by a few general Words) with their Neighbours the Mortals, and thus they lye under the Disadvantage of living like Foreigners in their own Country.

This was the Account given me of the *Struldbruggs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different Ages, the youngest not above two hundred Years old, who were brought me at several times by some of my Friends; but although they were told that I was a great Traveller, and had seen all the World, they had not the least Curiosity to ask me a Question; only desired I would give them *Slumskudask*, or a Token of Remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the Law that strictly forbids it, because they are pro-

vided for by the Publick, although indeed with a very scanty Allowance.

They are deprived and hated by all sort of People ; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their Birth is recorded very particularly ; so that you may know their Age by consulting the Registry, which however hath not been kept above a thousand Years past, or at least hath been destroyed by time or publick Disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what Kings or great Persons they can remember, and then consulting History, for infallibly the last Prince, in their Mind, did not begin his Reign after they were four-score Years old.

They were the most mortifying Sight I ever beheld, and the Women more horrible than the Men. Besides the usual Deformities in extreme old Age, they acquired an additional Ghastliness in Proportion to their Number of Years, which is not to be described, and among half a Dozen I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a Century or two between them.

The Reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen Appetite for Perpetuity of Life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing Visions I had formed, and thought no Tyrant could invent a Death into which I would not run with Pleasure from such a Life. The King heard of all that had passed between me and my Friends upon this Occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly, wishing I would send a couple of *Struldbruggs* to my own Country, to arm our People against the Fear of Death ; but this it seems is forbidden by the fundamental Laws of the Kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the Trouble and Expence of transporting them.

I could not but agree that the Laws of this Kingdom, relating to the *Struldbruggs*, were founded upon the strongest Reasons, and such as any other Country would be under the Necessity of enacting in the like Circumstances. Otherwise, as Avarice is the necessary Consequent of old Age, those Immortals would in time become Proprietors of the whole Nation, and engross the Civil Power, which, for want of Abilities to manage, must end in the Ruin of the Publick.

ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS.

By LE SAGE.

[Alain René Le Sage: French dramatist and author; born at Sarzeau in Brittany, May 8, 1668; died November 17, 1747. His fame as a dramatist may be said to rest upon "Turcaret" (1709), and as a novelist upon "Gil Blas" (4 vols., 1715, 1724, and 1735), the latter placing him in the front rank of novelists of all time. He borrowed freely from the Spanish, but his keen and striking originality cannot be questioned. His other works include: "Crispin Rival de Son Maître," a comedy (1707), "Le Diable Boiteux," a novel (1707), "L'Histoire de Guzman d'Alfarache" (1732), Estévanille Gonzalès" (1734), "Aventures du Flibustier Beauchêne" (1732), "Le Bachelier de Salamanque" (1736), and many translations from the Spanish. Scott said of him, "His muse moved with an unpolluted step, even where the path was somewhat miry."]

Gil Blas enters into Doctor Sangrado's Service, and becomes a Famous Practitioner.

I determined to throw myself in the way of Signor Arias de Londona, and to look out for a new birth in his register; but as I was on my way to No Thoroughfare, who should come across me but Doctor Sangrado, whom I had not seen since the day of my master's death. I took the liberty of touching my hat. He kenned me in a twinkling, though I had changed my dress; and with as much warmth as his temperament would allow him: "Heyday!" said he, "the very lad I wanted to see; you have never been out of my thought. I have occasion for a clever fellow about me, and pitched upon you as the very thing, if you can read and write." "Sir," replied I, "if that is all you require, I am your man." "In that case," rejoined he, "we need look no further. Come home with me; it will be all comfort: I shall behave to you like a brother. You will have no wages, but everything will be found you. You shall eat and drink according to the true faith, and be taught to cure all diseases. In a word, you shall rather be my young Sangrado than my footman."

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home on the spur of the occasion, to install me in my honorable employment, which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of

spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of book-keeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Doctor Sangrado had more practice than any other physician of his time in Valladolid. He had got into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cases, more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. He did not keep the best house in the world; we lived with some little attention to economy. The usual bill of fare consisted of peas, beans, boiled apples, or cheese. He considered this food as best suited to the human stomach, that is to say, as most amenable to the grinders, whence it was to encounter the process of digestion. Nevertheless, easy as was their passage, he was not for stopping the way with too much of them; and, to be sure, he was in the right. But though he cautioned the maid and me against repletion in respect of solids, it was made up by free permission to drink as much water as we liked. Far from prescribing us any limits there, he would tell us sometimes: "Drink, my children; health consists in the pliability and moisture of the parts. Drink water by pailfuls, it is an universal dissolvent; water liquefies all the salts. Is the course of the blood a little sluggish? this grand principle sets it forward; too rapid? its career is checked." Our doctor was so orthodox on this head, that he drank nothing himself but water, though advanced in years. He defined old age to be a natural consumption which dries us up and wastes us away; on this principle, he deplored the ignorance of those who call wine old men's milk. He maintained that wine wears them out and corrodes them, and pleaded with all the force of eloquence against that liquor, fatal in common both to the young and old, that friend with a serpent in its bosom, that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle.

In spite of these fine arguments, at the end of a week, a looseness ensued, with some twinges, which I was blasphemous enough to saddle on the universal dissolvent, and the new fashioned diet. I stated my symptoms to my master, in the hope he would relax the rigor of his regimen, and qualify my meals

with a little wine, but his hostility to that liquor was inflexible. "If you have not philosophy enough," said he, "for pure water, there are innocent infusions to strengthen the stomach against the nausea of aqueous quaffings. Sage, for example, has a very pretty flavor: and if you wish to heighten it into a debauch, it is only mixing rosemary, wild poppy, and other simples, but no compounds."

In vain did he crack off his water, and teach me the secret of composing delicious messes. I was so abstemious, that, remarking my moderation, he said, "In good sooth, Gil Blas, I marvel not that you are no better than you are; you do not drink enough, my friend. Water taken in a small quantity serves only to separate the particles of bile and set them in action; but our practice is to drown them in a copious drench. Fear not, my good lad, lest a superabundance of liquid should either weaken or chill your stomach; far from thy better judgment be that silly fear of unadulterated drink. I will insure you against all consequences; and if my authority will not serve your turn, read Celsus. That oracle of the ancients makes an admirable panegyric on water; in short, he says in plain terms that those who plead an inconstant stomach in favor of wine publish a libel on their own bowels, and make their organization a pretense for their sensuality."

As it would have been ungenteel in me to have run riot on my entrance into the career of practice, I affected thorough conviction, indeed I thought there was something in it. I therefore went on drinking water on the authority of Celsus, or, to speak in scientific terms, I began to drown the bile in copious drenches of that unadulterated liquor; and though I felt myself more out of order from day to day, prejudice won the cause against experience. It is evident, therefore, that I was in the right road to the practice of physic. Yet I could not always be insensible to the qualms which increased my frame, to that degree, as to determine me on quitting Doctor Sangrado. But he invested me with a new office which changed my tone. "Hark you, my child," said he to me one day, "I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you, and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other phy-

sicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles; the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles — namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning, and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left."

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and, by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. But that engagement was not to be taken to the letter. This tender attachment to water went against the grain, and I had a scheme for drinking wine every day snugly among the patients. I left off wearing my own suit a second time, to take up one of my master's, and look like an inveterate practitioner. After which I brought my medical theories into play, leaving them to look to the event whom it might concern. I began on an alguazil in a pleurisy; he was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. Next I made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry cook, who roared like a lion by reason of gouty spasms. I stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the alguazil, and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. My prescriptions brought me in twelve rials, — an incident so auspicious in my professional career, that I only wished for the plagues of

Egypt on all the hale subjects of Valladolid. As I was coming out of the pastry cook's, whom should I meet but Fabricio, a total stranger since the death of the licentiate Sédillo! He looked at me with astonishment for some seconds; then set up a laugh with all his might, and held his sides. He had no reason to be grave, for I had a cloak trailing on the ground, with a doublet and breeches of four times my natural dimensions. I was certainly a complete original. I suffered him to make merry as long as he liked, and could scarcely help joining in the ridicule; but I kept a guard on my muscles to preserve a becoming dignity in public and the better to enact the physician, whose part in society is not that of a buffoon. If the absurdity of my appearance excited Fabricio's merriment, my affected gravity added zest to it; and when he had nearly exhausted his lungs: "By all the powers, Gil Blas," quoth he, "thou art in complete masquerade. Who the devil has dressed you up in this manner?" "Fair and softly, my friend," replied I, "fair and softly; be a little on your good behavior with a modern Hippocrates. Understand me to be the substitute of Doctor Sangrado, the most eminent physician in Valladolid. I have lived with him these three weeks. He has bottomed me thoroughly in medicine; and, as he cannot perform the obsequies of all the patients who send for him, I visit a part of them to take the burden off his conscience. He does execution in great families, I among the vulgar." "Vastly well," replied Fabricio; "that is to say, he grants you a lease on the blood of the commonalty, but keeps to himself the fee simple of the fashionable world. I wish you joy of your lot; it is a pleasanter line of practice among the populace than among great folk. Long live a snug connection in the suburbs! a man's mistakes are easily buried, and his murders elude all but God's revenge. Yes, my brave boy, your destiny is truly enviable; in the language of Alexander, were I not Fabricio, I could wish to be Gil Blas."

To show the son of Nunez, the barber, that he was not much out in his reckoning on my present happiness, I chinked the fees of the alguazil and the pastry cook; and this was followed by an adjournment to a tavern, to drink to their perfect recovery. The wine was very fair, and my impatience for the well-known smack made me think it better than it was. I took some good long draughts, and without gainsaying the Latin oracle, in proportion as I poured it into its natural reservoir, I

felt my accommodating entrails to owe me no grudge for the hard service into which I pressed them. As for Fabricio and myself, we sat some time in the tavern, making merry at the expense of our masters, as servants are too much accustomed to do. At last, seeing the night approach, we parted, after engaging to meet at the same place on the following day after dinner.

Gil Blas goes on practicing Physic with Equal Success and Ability. Adventure of the Recovered Ring.

I was no sooner at home than Doctor Sangrado came in. I talked to him about the patients I had seen, and paid into his hands eight remaining rials of the twelve I had received for my prescriptions. "Eight rials!" said he, as he counted them, "mighty little for two visits! But we must take things as we find them." In the spirit of taking things as he found them, he laid violent hands on six, giving me the other two: "Here, Gil Blas," continued he, "see what a foundation to build upon. I make over to you the fourth of all you may bring me. You will soon feather your nest, my friend; for, by the blessing of Providence, there will be a great deal of ill health this year."

I had reason to be content with my dividend; since having determined to keep back the third part of what I received in my rounds, and afterwards touching another fourth of the remainder, half of the whole, if arithmetic is anything more than a deception, would become my perquisite. This inspired me with new zeal for my profession. The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia, and took the field once more. I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things went on under the rose, and no individual, thank heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation. I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little, black-looking physician, by name Doctor Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me. He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds: "Signor

Doctor," said he, "I beg pardon for being inquisitive, I thought I had been acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town." I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Doctor Sangrado. "I wish you joy," replied he, politely, "you are studying under a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practice, young as you appear to be." He spoke this with so easy an assurance, that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously, or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said: "Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art; have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand, and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health."

Thereupon the little pulse counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment. "I am of opinion," replied I, "that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow." At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me with a malicious simper, "And so you think such a course will save the patient?" "Never doubt it," exclaimed I, in a confident tone; "it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Signor Sangrado." "At that rate," retorted he, "Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst." "Oh! as for Celsus," interrupted I, "he is no oracle of mine, as fallible as the meanest of us; I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas." "I discover by your language," said Cuchillo, "the safe and sure method of practice Doctor Sangrado instills into his pupils. Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his direction. . . ." "No defamation!" interrupted I, with some acrimony; "a member of the faculty had better not begin throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pluck with Signor Sangrado, write against him, he will answer you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle."

"By all the saints in the calendar!" swore he, in a transport of passion, "you little know whom you are talking to. I have a tongue and a fist, my friend, and am not afraid of Sangrado, who, with all his arrogance and affectation, is but a ninny." The size of the little death dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought, till at last we came to cuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's heads before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they feed me for my attendance, and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skillful of the two.

Another adventure succeeded close on the heels of this. I went to see a huge chanter in a fever. As soon as he heard me talk of warm water, he showed himself so averse to this specific as to fall into a fit of swearing. He abused me in all possible shapes, and threatened to throw me out at window. I was in a greater hurry to get out of his house than to get in. I did not choose to see any more patients that day, and repaired to the inn where I had agreed to meet Fabricio. He was there first. As we found ourselves in a tippling humor, we drank hard, and returned to our employers in a pretty pickle, that is to say, so so in the upper story. Signor Sangrado was not aware of my being drunk, because he took the lively gestures which accompanied the relation of my quarrel with the little doctor for an effect of the agitation not yet subsided after the battle. Besides, he came in for his share in my report; and feeling himself nettled by Cuchillo: "You have done well, Gil Blas," said he, "to defend the character of our practice against this little abortion of the faculty. So he takes upon him to set his face against watery drenches in dropsical cases? An ignorant fellow! I maintain, I do, in my own person, that the use of them may be reconciled to the best theories. Yes, water is a cure for all sorts of dropsies, just as it is good for rheumatisms and the green sickness. It is excellent, too, in those fevers where the effect is at once to parch and to chill, and even miraculous in those disorders ascribed to cold, thin, phlegmatic, and pituitous humors. This opinion may appear strange to young practitioners like Cuchillo; but it is right orthodox in the best and soundest systems: so that if persons of that description were capable of taking a philosophical view, instead of crying me down, they would become my most zealous advocates."

In his rage, he never suspected me of drinking ; for, to exasperate him still more against the little doctor, I had thrown into my recital some circumstances of my own addition. Yet, engrossed as he was by what I had told him, he could not help taking notice that I drank more water than usual that evening.

In fact, the wine had made me very thirsty. Any one but Sangrado would have distrusted my being so very dry as to swallow down glass after glass ; but as for him, he took it for granted, in the simplicity of his heart, that I began to acquire a relish for aqueous potations. "Apparently, Gil Blas," said he, with a gracious smile, "you have no longer such a dislike to water. As heaven is my judge ! you quaff it off like nectar. It is no wonder, my friend, I was certain you would take a liking to that liquor. Sir," replied I, "there is a tide in the affairs of men : with my present lights, I would give all the wine in Valladolid for a pint of water." This answer delighted the doctor, who would not lose so fine an opportunity of expatiating on the excellence of water. He undertook to ring the changes once more in its praise, not like an hireling pleader, but as an enthusiast in the cause. "A thousand times," exclaimed he, "a thousand and a thousand times of greater value, as being more innocent than our modern taverns, were those baths of ages past, whither the people went not shamefully to squander their fortunes and expose their lives, by swilling themselves with wine, but assembled there for the decent and economical amusement of drinking warm water. It is difficult enough to admire the patriotic forecast of those ancient politicians who established places of public resort where water was dealt out gratis to all comers, and who confined wine to the shops of the apothecaries, that its use might be prohibited but under the direction of physicians. What a stroke of wisdom ! It is doubtless to preserve the seeds of that antique frugality, emblematic of the golden age, that persons are found to this day, like you and me, who drink nothing but water, and are persuaded they possess a prevention or a cure for every ailment, provided our warm water has never boiled ; for I have observed that water, when it has boiled, is heavier, and sits less easily on the stomach."

While he was holding forth thus eloquently, I was in danger more than once of splitting my sides with laughing. But I contrived to keep my countenance : nay, more, to chime in with the doctor's theory. I found fault with the use of

wine, and pitied mankind for having contracted an untoward relish to so pernicious a beverage. Then, finding my thirst not sufficiently allayed, I filled a large goblet with water, and after having swilled it like a horse: "Come, sir," said I to my master, "let us drink plentifully of this beneficial liquor. Let us make those early establishments of dilution you so much regret, to live again in your house." He clapped his hands in ecstasy at these words, and preached to me for a whole hour about suffering no liquid but water to pass my lips. To confirm the habit, I promised to drink a large quantity every evening: and, to keep my word with less violence to my private inclinations, I went to bed with a determined purpose of going to the tavern every day.

The trouble I had got into at the grocer's did not discourage me from phlebotomizing and prescribing warm water in the usual course. Coming out of a house where I had been visiting a poet in a frenzy, I was accosted in the street by an old woman, who came up and asked me if I was a physician. I said "yes." "As that is the case," replied she, "I entreat you with all humility to go along with me. My niece has been ill since yesterday, and I cannot conceive what is the matter with her." I followed the old lady to her house, where I was shown into a very decent room, occupied by a female who kept her bed. I went near, to consider her case. Her features struck me from the first; and I discovered beyond the possibility of a mistake, after having looked at her some little time, the she-adventurer who had played the part of Camilla so adroitly. For her part, she did not seem to recollect me at all, whether from the oppression of her disorder, or from my dress as a physician rendering me not easy to be known again. I took her by the hand, to feel her pulse, and saw my ring upon her finger. I was all in a twitter at the discovery of a valuable on which I had a claim both in law and equity. Great was my longing to make a snatch at it; but considering that these fair ones would set up a great scream, and that Don Raphael or some other defender of injured innocence might rush in to their rescue, I laid an embargo on my privateering. I thought it best to come by my own in an honest way, and to consult Fabricio about the means. To this last course I stuck. In the mean time the old woman urged me to inform her with what disease her niece was troubled. I was not fool enough to own my ignorance; on the contrary, I took upon myself as a man of science, and after my master's

example, pronounced solemnly that the disorder accrued to the patient from the defect of natural perspiration, that consequently she must lose blood as soon as possible, because if we could not open one pore, we always opened another; and I finished my prescription with warm water, to do the thing methodically.

I shortened my visit as much as possible, and ran to the son of Nunez, whom I met just as he was going out on an errand for his master. I told him my new adventure, and asked his advice about laying an information against Camilla. "Pooh! Nonsense!" replied he; "that would not be the way to get your ring again. Those gentry think restitution double trouble. Call to mind your imprisonment at Astorga; your horse, your money, your very clothes, did not they all center in the hands of justice? We must rather set our wits to work for the recovery of your diamond. I take on myself the charge of inventing some stratagem for that purpose. I will deliberate on it in my way to the hospital, where I have to say but two words from my master to the purveyor. Do you wait for me at our house of call, and do not be on the fret: I will be with you shortly."

I had waited, however, more than three hours at the appointed place, when he arrived. I did not know him again at first. Besides that he had changed his dress and platted his hair, a pair of false whiskers covered half his face. He wore an immense sword with a hilt of at least three feet in circumference, and marched at the head of five men of as swaggering an air as himself, with bushy whiskers and long rapiers. "Good day to you, Signor Gil Blas," said he by way of salutation; "behold an alguazil upon a new construction, and marshal men of like materials in these brave fellows my companions. We have only to be shown where the woman lodges who purloined the diamond, and we will obtain restitution, take my word for it." I hugged Fabricio at this discourse, which let me into the plot, and testified loudly my approval of the expedient. I paid my respects also to the masquerading marshal men. They were three servants and two journeymen barbers of his acquaintance, whom he had engaged to act this farce. I ordered wine to be served round to the detachment, and we all went together at nightfall to Camilla's residence. The door was shut, and we knocked. The old woman, taking my companions to be on the scent of justice, and knowing they would not come into that

neighborhood for nothing, was terribly frightened. "Cheer up again, good mother," said Fabricio; "we are only come here upon a little business which will be soon settled." At these words we made our entry, and found our way to the sick chamber, under the guidance of the old dowager, who walked before us, and by favor of a wax taper which she carried in a silver candlestick. I took the light, went to the bedside, and, making Camilla take particular notice of my features: "Traitress," said I, "call to mind the too credulous Gil Blas whom you have deceived. Ah! thou wickedness personified, at last I have caught thee. The corregidor has taken down my deposition, and ordered this alguazil to arrest you. Come, officer," said I to Fabricio, "do your duty." "There is no need," replied he, swelling his voice to inflame my severity. "The face of that wretch is not new to me: she has long been marked with red letters in my pocketbook. Get up, my princess, dress your royal person with all possible dispatch. I will be your squire, and lodge you in durance vile, if you have no objection."

At these words, Camilla, ill as she was, observing two marshal men with large whiskers ready to drag her out of bed by main force, sat up of herself, clasped her hands in an attitude of supplication, and looking at me ruefully said: "Signor Gil Blas, have compassion on me: I call as a witness to my entreaties the chaste mother whose virtues you inherit. Guilty as I am, my misfortunes are greater than my crimes. I will give you back your diamond, so do not be my ruin." Speaking to this effect, she drew my ring from her finger, and gave it me back. But I told her my diamond was not enough, and that she must refund the thousand ducats they had embezzled in the ready-furnished lodging. "Oh! as for your ducats," replied she, "ask me not about them. That false-hearted deceiver, Don Raphael, whom I have not seen from that time to this, carried them off the very same night." "O ho! my little darling," said Fabricio, in his turn, "that will not do; you had a hand in the robbery, whether you went snacks in the profit or no. You will not come off so cheaply. Your having been accessory to Don Raphael's maneuvers is enough to render you liable to an examination. Your past life is very equivocal; and you must have a good deal upon your conscience. You will have the goodness, if you please, just to step into the town jail, and there unburden yourself by a general confession. This good old lady shall keep you company; it is hard if she cannot tell

a world of curious stories, such as Mr. Corregidor will be delighted to hear."

The two women, at these words, brought every engine of pity into play to soften us. They filled the air with cries, complaints, and lamentations. While the old woman on her knees, sometimes to the alguazil and sometimes to his attendants, endeavored to melt their stubborn hearts, Camilla implored me, in the most touching terms, to save her from the hands of justice. I pretended to relent. "Officer," said I to the son of Nunez, "since I have got my diamond, I do not much care about anything else. It would be no pleasure to me to be the means of pain to that poor woman; I want not the death of a sinner." "Out upon you," answered he, "you set up for humanity! you would make a bad tipstaff. I must do my errand. My positive orders are to arrest these virgins of the sun; his honor the corregidor means to make an example of them." "Nay! for mercy's sake," replied I, "pay some little deference to my wishes, and slacken a little of your severity, on the ground of the present these ladies are on the point of offering to your acceptance." "Oh! that is another matter," rejoined he; "that is what you may call a figure of rhetoric suited to all capacities and all occasions. Well, then, let us see, what have they to give me?" "I have a pearl necklace," said Camilla, "and drop earrings of considerable value." "Yes; but," interrupted he, roughly, "if these articles are the produce of the Philippine Isles, I will have none of them." "You may take them in perfect safety," replied she; "I warrant them real." At the same time she made the old woman bring a little box, whence she took out the necklace and earrings, which she put within the grasp of this incorruptible minister. Though he was much such a judge of jewelry as myself, he had no doubt of the drops being real, as well as the pearls. "These trinkets," said he, after having looked at them minutely, "seem to be of good quality and fashion: and if the silver candlestick is thrown into the bargain, I would not answer for my own honesty." "You had better not," said I in my turn to Camilla, "for a trifle reject so moderate and fair a composition." While uttering these words, I returned the taper to the old woman, and handed the candlestick over to Fabricio, who, stopping there because perhaps he espied nothing else that was portable in the room, said to the two women: "Farewell, my dainty misses, set your hearts at

rest, I will report you to his worship the corregidor as purer than unsmutched snow. We can turn him round our finger, and never tell him the truth but when we are not paid for our lies."

Gil Blas becomes the Archbishop's Favorite, and the Channel of All His Favors.

I had been after dinner to get together my baggage, and take my horse from the inn where I had put up, and afterwards returned to supper at the archbishop's palace, where a neatly furnished room was got ready for me, and such a bed as was more likely to pamper than to mortify the flesh. The day following, his grace sent for me quite as soon as I was ready to go to him. It was to give me a homily to transcribe. He made a point of having it copied with all possible accuracy. It was done to please him; for I omitted neither accent, nor comma, nor the minutest tittle of all he had marked down. His satisfaction at observing this was heightened by its being unexpected. "Eternal Father!" exclaimed he, in a holy rapture, when he had glanced his eye over all the folios of my copy, "was ever anything seen so correct! You are too good a transcriber not to have some little smattering of the grammarian. Now tell me with the freedom of a friend: in writing it over, have you been struck with nothing that grated upon your feelings? Some little careless idiom, or some word used in an improper sense?" "Oh! may it please your grace," answered I, with a modest air, "it is not for me, with my confined education and coarse taste, to aim at making critical remarks. And though ever so well qualified, I am satisfied that your grace's works would come out pure from the essay." The successor of the apostles smiled at my answer. He made no observation on it; but it was easy to see through all his piety, that he was an arrant author at the bottom: there is something in that dye, that not heaven itself can wash out.

I seemed to have purchased the fee simple of his good graces by my flattery. Day after day did I get a step further in his esteem; and Don Ferdinand, who came to see him very often, told me my footing was so firm, that there could not be a doubt but my fortune was made. Of this my master himself gave me a proof some little time afterwards, and the occasion was as follows: One evening in his closet he rehearsed before me,

with appropriate emphasis and action, a homily which he was to deliver the next day in the cathedral. He did not content himself with asking me what I thought of it in the gross, but insisted on my telling him what passages struck me most. I had the good fortune to pick out those which were nearest to his own taste, his favorite commonplaces. Thus, as luck would have it, I passed in his estimation for a man who had a quick and natural relish of the real and less obvious beauties in a work. "This, indeed," exclaimed he, "is what you may call having discernment and feeling in perfection! Well, well, my friend! it cannot be said of you,

"Bæotum in crasso jujares aëre matum."

In a word, he was so highly pleased with me, as to add in a tone of extraordinary emotion: "Never mind, Gil Blas! henceforward take no care about hereafter: I shall make it my business to place you among the favored children of my bounty. You have my best wishes; and to prove to you that you have them, I shall take you into my inmost confidence."

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than I fell at his grace's feet, quite overwhelmed with gratitude. I embraced his elliptical legs with almost pagan idolatry and considered myself as a man on the highroad to a very handsome fortune. "Yes, my child," resumed the archbishop, whose speech had been cut short by the rapidity of my prostration, "I mean to make you the receiver general of all my inmost ruminations. Hearken attentively to what I am going to say. I have a great pleasure in preaching. The Lord sheds a blessing on my homilies; they sink deep into the hearts of sinners; set up a glass in which vice sees its own image, and bring back many from the paths of error into the highroad of repentance. What a heavenly sight, when a miser, scared at the hideous picture drawn by my eloquence of his avarice, opens his coffers to the poor and needy, and dispenses the accumulated store with a liberal hand! The voluptuary, too, is snatched from the pleasures of the table; ambition flies at my command to the wholesome discipline of the monastic cell; while female frailty, tottering on the brink of ruin, with one ear open to the siren voice of the seducer, and the other to my saintly correctives, is restored to domestic happiness and the approving smile of heaven, by the timely warnings of the pulpit. These miraculous conversions, which

happen almost every Sunday, ought of themselves to goad me on in the career of saving souls. Nevertheless, to conceal no part of my weakness from my monitor, there is another reward on which my heart is intent, a reward which the seraphic scrupulousness of my virtue to little purpose condemns as too carnal; a literary reputation for a sublime and elegant style. The honor of being handed down to posterity as a perfect pulpit orator has its irresistible attractions. My compositions are generally thought to be equally powerful and persuasive; but I could wish of all things to steer clear of the rock on which good authors split, who are too long before the public, and to retire from professional life with my reputation in undiminished luster.

"To this end, my dear Gil Blas," continued the prelate, "there is one thing requisite from your zeal and friendship. Whenever it shall strike you that my pen begins to contract, as it were, the ossification of old age, whenever you see my genius in its climacteric, do not fail to give me a hint. There is no trusting to one's self in such a case; pride and conceit were the original sin of man. The probe of criticism must be intrusted to an impartial stander-by, of fine talents and unshaken probity. Both those requisites center in you: you are my choice, and I give myself up to your direction." "Heaven be praised, my lord," said I, "there is no need to trouble yourself with any such thoughts yet. Besides, an understanding of your grace's mold and caliber will last out double the time of a common genius; or to speak with more certainty and truth, it will never be the worse for wear, if you live to the age of Methusalem. I consider you as a second Cardinal Ximenes, whose powers, superior to decay, instead of flagging with years, seemed to derive new vigor from their approximation with the heavenly regions." "No flattery, my friend!" interrupted he. "I know myself to be in danger of failing all at once. At my age one begins to be sensible of infirmities, and those of the body communicate with the mind. I repeat it to you, Gil Blas, as soon as you shall be of opinion that my head is not so clear as usual, give me warning of it instantly. Do not be afraid of offending by frankness and sincerity; to put me in mind of my own frailty will be the strongest proof of your affection for me. Besides, your very interest is concerned in it, for if it should, by any spite of chance towards you, come to my ears that the people say in town, 'His grace's sermons produce no

longer their accustomed impression, it is time for him to abandon his pulpit to younger candidates,' I do assure you most seriously and solemnly, you will lose not only my friendship, but the provision for life that I have promised you. Such will be the result of your silly tampering with truth."

Here my patron left off to wait for my answer, which was an echo of his speech, and a promise of obeying him in all things. From that moment there were no secrets from me; I became the prime favorite. All the household, except Melchior de la Ronda, looked at me with an eye of envy. It was curious to observe the manner in which the whole establishment, from the highest to the lowest, thought it necessary to demean themselves towards his grace's confidential secretary; there was no meanness to which they would not stoop to curry favor with me; I could scarcely believe they were Spaniards. I left no stone unturned to be of service to them, without being taken in by their interested assiduities. My lord archbishop, at my entreaty, took them by the hand. He got a company for one, and fitted him out so as to make a handsome figure in the army. Another he sent to Mexico, with a considerable appointment which he procured him; and I obtained a good slice of his bounty for my friend Melchior. It was evident from these facts, that if the prelate was not particularly active in good works, at least he rarely gave a churlish refusal, when any one had the courage to importune him for his benevolence.

But what I did for a priest seems to deserve being noticed more at large. One day a certain licentiate, by name Lewis Garcias, a well-looking man still in the prime of life, was presented to me by our steward, who said: "Signor Gil Blas, in this honest ecclesiastic you behold one of my best friends. He was formerly chaplain to a nunnery. Scandal has taken a few liberties with his chastity. Malicious stories have been trumped up to hurt him in my lord archbishop's opinion, wh has suspended him, and unfortunately is so strongly prejudiced by his enemies, as to be deaf to any petition in his favor. In vain have we interested the first people in Grenada to get him re-established; our master will not hear of it."

"These first people in Grenada," said I, "have gone the wrong way to work. It would have been much better if no interest at all had been made for the reverend licentiate. People have only done him a mischief by endeavoring to serve him. I know my lord archbishop thoroughly: entreaties and

importunate recommendations do but aggravate the ill condition of a clergyman who lies under his displeasure: it is but a very short time ago since I heard him mutter the following sentiment to himself: 'The more persons a priest, who has been guilty of any misconduct, engages to speak to me in his behalf, the more widely is the scandal of the church disseminated, and the more severe is my treatment of the offender.'" "That is very unlucky," replied the steward; "and my friend would be put to his last shifts if he did not write a good hand. But, happily, he has the pen of a ready scribe and keeps his head above water by the exercise of that talent." I was curious to see whether this boasted handwriting was so much better than my own. The licentiate, who had a specimen in his pocket, showed me a sheet which I admired very much: it had all the regularity of a writing master's copy. In looking over this model of penmanship, an idea occurred to me. I begged Garcias to leave this paper in my hands, saying that I might be able to do something with it which should turn out to his advantage; that I could not explain myself at that moment, but would tell him more the next day. The licentiate, to whom the steward had evidently talked big about my capacity to serve him, withdrew in as good spirits as if he had already been restored to his functions.

I was in earnest in my endeavor that he should be so, and lost no time in setting to work. Happening to be alone with the archbishop, I produced the specimen. My patron was delighted with it. Seizing on this favorable opportunity, "May it please your grace," said I, "since you are determined not to put your homilies to the press, I should very much like them at least to be transcribed in this masterly manner."

"I am very well satisfied with your performance," answered the prelate, "but yet I own that it would be a pleasant thing enough to have a copy of my works in that hand." "Your grace," replied I, "has only to signify your wishes. The man who copies so well is a licentiate of my acquaintance. It will give him so much the more pleasure to gratify you, as it may be the means of interesting your goodness to extricate him from the melancholy situation to which he has the misfortune at present to be reduced."

The prelate could not do otherwise than inquire the name of this licentiate. I told him it was Lewis Garcias. "He is in despair at having drawn down your censure upon him." "That

Garcias," interrupted he, "if I am not mistaken, was chaplain in a convent of nuns, and has been brought into the ecclesiastical court as a delinquent. I recollect some very heavy charges which have been sent me against him. His morals are not the most exemplary." "May it please your grace," interrupted I, in my turn, "it is not for me to justify him in all points; but I know that he has enemies. He maintains that the authors of the informations you have received are more bent on doing him an ill office than on vindicating the purity of religion." "That very possibly may be the case," replied the archbishop; "there are a great many firebrands in the world. Besides, though we should take it for granted that his conduct has not always been above suspicion, he may have repented of his sins; in short, the mercies of heaven are infinite, however heinous our transgressions. Bring that licentiate before me; I take off his suspension."

Thus it is that men of the most austere character descend from their altitudes, when interest or a favorite whim reduces them to the level of the frail. The archbishop granted, without a struggle, to the empty vanity of having his works well copied, what he had refused to the most respectable applications. I carried the news with all possible expedition to the steward, who communicated it to his friend Garcias. That licentiate, on the following day, came to return me thanks commensurate with the favor obtained. I presented him to my master, who contented himself with giving him a slight reprimand, and put the homilies into his hand, to copy them out fair. Garcias performed the task so satisfactorily, that he was reinstated in the cure of souls, and was afterwards preferred to the living of Gabia, a large market town in the neighborhood of Grenada.

The Archbishop is afflicted with a Stroke of Apoplexy. How Gil Blas gets into a Dilemma, and how he gets out.

While I was thus rendering myself a blessing first to one and then to the other, Don Ferdinand de Leyva was making his arrangements for leaving Grenada. I called on that nobleman before his departure, to thank him once more for the advantageous post he had procured me. My expressions of satisfaction were so lively, that he said, "My dear Gil Blas, I



GIL BLAS IS DISMISSED

am delighted to find you in such good humor with my uncle the archbishop." "I am absolutely in love with him," answered I. "His goodness to me has been such as I can never sufficiently acknowledge. Less than my present happiness could never have made me amends for being at so great a distance from Don Cæsar and his son." "I am persuaded," replied he, "that they are both of them equally chagrined at having lost you. But possibly you are not separated forever; fortune may some day bring you together again." I could not hear such an idea started without being moved by it. My sighs would find vent; and I felt at that moment so strong an affection for Don Alphonso, that I could willingly have turned my back on the archbishop and all the fine prospects that were opening to me, and have gone back to the castle of Leyva, had but a mortification taken place in the back of the scarecrow which had frightened me away. Don Ferdinand was not insensible to the emotions that agitated me, and felt himself so much obliged by them, that he took his leave with the assurance of the whole family always taking an anxious interest in my fate.

Two months after this worthy gentleman had left us, in the luxuriant harvest of my highest favor, a lowering storm came suddenly over the episcopal palace; the archbishop had a stroke of apoplexy. By dint of immediate applications and good nursing, in a few days there was no bodily appearance of disease remaining. But his reverend intellects did not so easily recover from their lethargy. I could not help observing it to myself in the very first discourse that he composed. Yet there was not such a wide gap between the merits of the present and the former ones, as to warrant the inference that the sun of oratory was many degrees advanced in its post-meridian course. A second homily was worth waiting for; because that would clearly determine the line of my conduct. Alas, and well a day! when that second homily came, it was a knockdown argument. Sometimes the good prelate moved forward, and sometimes he moved backwards; sometimes he mounted up into the garret, and sometimes dipped down into the cellar. It was a composition of more sound than meaning, something like a superannuated schoolmaster's theme, when he attempts to give his boys more sense than he possesses of his own, or like a capuchin's sermon, which only scatters a few artificial flowers of paltry rhetoric over a barren desert of doctrine.

I was not the only person whom the alteration struck. The

audience at large, when he delivered it, as if they too had been pledged to watch the advances of dotage, said to one another in a whisper all round the church, "Here is a sermon, with symptoms of apoplexy in every paragraph." "Come, my good Coryphæus of the public taste in homilies," said I then to myself, "prepare to do your office. You see that my lord archbishop is going very fast — you ought to warn him of it, not only as his bosom friend, on whose sincerity he relies, but lest some blunt fellow should anticipate you, and bolt out the truth in an offensive manner. In that case you know the consequence; you would be struck out of his will, where no doubt you have a more convertible bequest than the licentiate Sedillo's library."

But as reason, like Janus, looks at things with two faces, I began to consider the other side of the question; the hint seemed difficult to wrap up so as to make it palatable. Authors in general are stark mad on the subject of their own works, and such an author might be more testy than the common herd of the irritable race; but that suspicion seemed illiberal on my part, for it was impossible that my freedom should be taken amiss, when it had been forced upon me by so positive an injunction. Add to this that I reckoned upon handling the subject skillfully, and cramming discretion down his throat like a high-seasoned epicurean dish. After all my pro and con, finding that I risked more by keeping silence than by breaking it, I determined to venture on the delicate duty of speaking my mind.

Now there was but one difficulty; a difficulty indeed! how to open the business. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that embarrassment, by asking what they said of him in the world at large, and whether people were tolerably well pleased with his last discourse. I answered that there could be but one opinion about his homilies; but that it should seem as if the last had not quite struck home to the hearts of the audience, like those which had gone before. "Do you really mean what you say, my friend?" replied he, with a sort of wriggling surprise. "Then my congregation are more in the temper of Aristarchus than of Longinus!" "No, may it please your grace," rejoined I, "quite the contrary. Performances of that order are above the reach of vulgar criticism: there is not a soul but expects to be saved by their influence. Nevertheless, since you have made it my duty to be sincere and unreserved, I shall take the liberty of just stating that your last discourse is

not written with quite the overpowering eloquence and conclusive argument of your former ones. Does not your grace feel just as I do on the subject?"

This ignorant and stupid frankness of mine completely blanched my master's cheek; but he forced a fretful smile, and said, "Then, good Master Gil Blas, that piece does not exactly hit your fancy?" "I did not mean to say that, your grace," interrupted I, looking very foolish. "It is far superior to what any one else could produce, though a little below par with respect to your own works in general." "I know what you mean," replied he. "You think I am going downhill, do not you? Out with it at once. It is your opinion that it is time for me to think of retiring?" "I should never have had the presumption," said I, "to deliver myself with so little reserve, if it had not been your grace's express command. I act in entire obedience to your grace's orders; and I most obsequiously implore your grace not to take offense at my boldness." "I were unfit to live in a Christian land!" interrupted he, with stammering impatience, "I were unfit to live in a Christian land if I liked you the less for such a Christian virtue as sincerity. A man who does not love sincerity sets his face against the distinguishing mark between a friend and a flatterer. I should have given you infinite credit for speaking what you thought, if you had thought anything that deserved to be spoken. I have been finely taken in by your outside show of cleverness, without any solid foundation of sober judgment!"

Though completely unhorsed, and at the enemy's mercy, I wanted to make terms of decent capitulation, and to go unmolested into winter quarters; but let those who think to appease an exasperated author, and especially an author whose ear has been long attuned to the music of his own praises, take warning by my fate. "Let us talk no more on the subject, my very young friend," said he. "You are as yet scarcely in the rudiments of good taste, and utterly incompetent to distinguish between gold and tinsel. You are yet to learn that I never in all my life composed a finer homily than that unfortunate one which had not the honor of your approbation. The immortal part of me, by the blessing of heaven on me and my congregation, is less weighed down by human infirmity than when the flesh was stronger. We all grow wiser as we grow older, and I shall in future select the people about me with more caution; nor submit the castigation of my works but to a much abler

critic than yourself. Get about your business!" pursued he, giving me an angry shove by the shoulders out of his closet; "go and tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and take my priestly blessing in addition to that sum. God speed you, good Gil Blas! I heartily pray that you may do well in the world! There is nothing to stand in your way, but the want of a little better taste."

PLEASURE IS VANITY.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

(From "Solomon.")

[MATTHEW PRIOR, English poet and diplomatist, was born at Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire, England, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18, 1721. He was graduated at St. John's College in 1686; became intimate with Charles Montagu, and with him wrote "The Hind and the Panther, transvers'd to the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse," (1687), a parody on Dryden, who was deeply annoyed. Prior was secretary to Lord Dursley, ambassador to the Hague, 1690–1697; secretary to the Earl of Portland's embassy to France in 1698. He was afterward a member of Parliament and an ambassador to Paris, and in 1715 was impeached and imprisoned two years in his own house. His poems are not great, but are graceful, polished, and witty. Among the best known are: "Carmen Seculare" (1700), and "Alma, or the Progress of the Mind" (1715).]

I COMMUNED thus: the power of wealth I tried,
And all the various luxe of costly pride,
Artists and plans relieved my solemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers.
Birds, fishes, beasts of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confined.
To trees transferred I gave a second birth,
And bade a foreign shade grace Judah's earth.
Fish ponds were made, where former forests grew,
And hills were leveled to extend the view.
Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in pleasing tumult rolled,
Or rose through figured stone, or breathing gold.
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars' long extended rows,
On which the planted grove, and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obeyed the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar that an age had stood,
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carved, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruined honor mourns.
A thousand artists show their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the Murex is no more;
Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decayed, and want of Elephant.
My full design with vast expense achieved,
I came, beheld, admired, reflected, grieved;
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.
To my new courts sad thought did still repair;
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on silken beds I sought repose,
And restless oft from purple couches rose;
Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confined;
Haunted my nights, and terrified my days;
Stalked through my gardens, and pursued my ways,
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding maze.
Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense
Indulge; add music to magnificence:
Essay if harmony may grief control;
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul.
Often our seers and poets have confessed,
That music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested main,
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else music sure may human cares appease.
I spake my purpose; and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre

Softened the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
Provoked the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mixed); the fife the viol's notes refined,
And every strength with every grace was joined.
Each morn they waked me with a sprightly lay;
Of opening Heaven they sung, and gladsome day
Each evening their repeated skill expressed
Scenes of repose, and images of rest:
Yet still in vain; for music gathered thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly received, were easily forgot:
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloyed,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoyed.
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound,
Condemned eternal changes to pursue,
Tired with the last, and eager of the new.
I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic motions seem;
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, performed too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And vexed I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
I drank; I liked it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noise;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disordered rest;
And, as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I asked my soul, what done;
How flowed our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charmed the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion owed its poor pretense,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,

Offense and torture to the sober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault:
From topics which good nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
Add yet unnumbered ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanced must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate,
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoverished, and the course
Of health suppressed, by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees,
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught:
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.
Remains their aught untried, that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom? — Love,
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious power.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

Celia and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say

That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humor drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labors less than I.
Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make;
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

AN ODE.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
 But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
 I sung and gazed: I played and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
 Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

By JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

[JOHN ARBUTHNOT, Scotch physician and wit, was born at Arbuthnot, Scotland, April 29, 1667. He was physician to Queen Anne from 1705 until her death in 1714, and enjoyed the friendship of Pope, Swift, Lord Bolingbroke, and other distinguished literary men. He contributed to the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," first published in Swift's works (1741), and wrote the witty political allegory, "The History of John Bull" (1712). He died at London, February 27, 1735.]

THE OCCASION OF THE LAWSUIT.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels that happened in our neighborhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt [Charles II. of Spain]; how the parson [Cardinal Portocarrero] and a cunning attorney [Marshal Harcourt] got him to settle his estate [Spain] upon his cousin Philip Baboon [Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.], to the great disappointment of his cousin Esquire South [Archduke of Austria]. Some stick not to say that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is a matter of fact, that the honor and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, etc., all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants,

which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors. It is credibly reported that the butcher's and baker's bill of a Lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom. The two chief were John Bull [the English], the clothier, and Nic. Frog [the Dutch], the linen draper: they told him that the Bulls and Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the Lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty; that they would use them as kindly as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honorable maxims of his predecessors.

How Bull and Frog grew Jealous that the Lord Strutt intended to give All his Custom to his Grandfather, Lewis Baboon [Louis XIV.].

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighborhood that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) a false loon, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades: sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather [a famous toy man] could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe buckles; when shop was shut up, he would go about his neighborhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maidens to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at backsword, quarterstaff, and cudgel play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. "It is impossible," says Frog to Bull, "but this

old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands ; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families ; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon : therefore, neighbor, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

A Copy of Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt.

My Lord, — I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery ware time out of mind ; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon ; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself ; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

John Bull,
Nic. Frog.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord ; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter ; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail : he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation ; and promised upon his sword of honor that he would not change his drapers : but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

How Bull and Frog went to Law with Lord Strutt about the Premises, and were joined by the Rest of the Tradesmen.

All endeavors of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain ; jealousies increased, and indeed it was

rumored abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up man, rouse thyself! I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, the chimney sweeper of Savoy [the Duke], and Tom, the Portugal dustman [the King], put in their claims; and the cause [the war of the Spanish Succession] was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus, the attorney [Duke of Marlborough].

A declaration was drawn up to show "that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel play;" and abundance more to this purpose.

The True Character of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest,

plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain: no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and, though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbors reported that he was hen-pecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

Of the Various Success of the Lawsuit.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address, was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve

his cause; there wanted not yellow boys [gold pieces] to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favor [won no battles]; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but, alas! That final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared [fresh securities exacted from France]; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyer's pockets; then John began to borrow money upon Bank stock and East India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot; at last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes; now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shirt, though he had as many as any other; his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and barefooted; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck beef, and bullock's liver; in short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his Success that he was going to leave off his Trade and turn Lawyer.

It is wisely observed by a great philosopher that habit is a second nature; this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner: "How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature! It is

plain I was intended for a man of law; how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter! Bless me, what immense estates these fellows raise by the law! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause, to swagger at the bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woolen trade, for a lawyer I was born and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to battle indifferently in all companies, especially at coffeehouses; so that his neighbor tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs at Blackwell Hall [woolen-goods market], and price of broadcloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeases, certioraris, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes, and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that, if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice [hold the balance of power]: as for the advice of honest friends and neighbors, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics; John reckoned it more honor to have got one favorable verdict than to have sold a bale of broadcloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for, though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

The Character of John Bull's Mother [the Church of England].

John had a mother, whom he loved and honored extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct and telling scandalous stories of their neighbors, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the

contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbors, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her headdress, furbelow scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer cases, pocket glasses, and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holy days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancied, with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offense in an elbow chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms, and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behavior, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected courtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: "We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbor such a one's birthday;" she looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birthday, her wedding day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavored to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out

of doors [the Civil War]; to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: our rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers, and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher of chastity and conjugal fidelity in wives [passive obedience], and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom [right of rebellion]. Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, "This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it." It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

The Character of John Bull's Sister Peg [Scotland], with the Quarrels that happened between Master and Miss in their Childhood.

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; Miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor Miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shriveled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and

spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but, even when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bedpost [attempt of Henry VIII. to unite the crowns by marriage], for which affront Miss aimed a penknife at his heart [war]. In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames: she called him gundy guts, and he called her lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight, clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humors, and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?" "What's that to you," quoth Peg, "everybody's to choose their own music." Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her Paternoster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter [Roman Church], Martin [Luther], and Jack [Calvin], Jack had of late her inclinations: Lord Peter she detested, nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue.

THE GOOD-HUMORED CLUB.

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

[Sir Richard Steele, Irish essayist, dramatist, and politician, was a native of Dublin, where his father, an English barrister, was secretary to the Duke of Ormonde. He was born March, 1672, and attended Merton College, Oxford,

where he became the firm friend of Addison. Leaving college without taking a degree, he entered the Horse Guards, and subsequently rose to the rank of captain. He was a gazetteer (1707–1710); a member of Parliament, from which he was expelled for seditious language in "The Crisis," a political pamphlet; and was knighted by George I. He founded and edited the *Tatler*, under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaffe," and next to Addison was chief contributor to the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. The last years of his life were spent in retirement in Wales, and his death occurred at Carmarthen, September 1, 1729. Beside the treatise, "The Christian Hero," and several pamphlets, Steele wrote the comedies: "The Funeral," "The Lying Lover," "The Tender Husband," and "The Conscious Lovers."]

I AM gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed, which was barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country; how uneasy we grow to ourselves and to one another when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson on good humor, a family piece which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some influence upon us.

After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations: from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill humor or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts anything which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved till, by his manner of submission and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures

are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or anything that betrays inattention or dishumor, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods it is expected that, if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill humor of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time for the public good.

On Monday the assembly was in very good humor, having received some recruits of French claret that morning; when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion and the insult it had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day: this was a gentleman who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies, about town. This you will say is a strange character; but, what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him here to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president, observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner

that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

On Tuesday we had no sooner sat down, but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there, then. This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take them both from the table and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us he knew, by a pain in his shoulder, that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather glass in the apartment above mentioned.

On Wednesday a gentleman, having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing color twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent by finding fault with every dish that was served up and refusing to laugh at anything that was said, the president told him that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner, a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbor cried out, "To the infirmary!" at the same time pretending to be sick at it, having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted, and his neighbor sent off.

On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water gruel till he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

On Friday there passed but little remarkable, saving only that several petitions were read of the persons in custody,

desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behavior for the future.

On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was, indeed, never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you that all the members of our college, as well those who are under confinement as those who are at liberty, are your very humble servants.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

By JOHN GAY.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard: —
"Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.



CHARLES READE

Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word:
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed; she sighed; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

THE RESTORATION OF A HUSBAND.

By CHARLES READE.

(From "Peg Woffington.")

[Charles Reade: A distinguished English novelist, born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died at London, April 11, 1884. He graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford (1835); was elected to a Vinerian fellowship (1842); and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn (1847). He made his début as a novelist with "Peg Woffington" (1852), which had an immediate success. His subsequent works include: "Christie Johnstone"; "It is Never Too Late to Mend"; "Love me Little, Love me Long"; "The Cloister and the Hearth," a powerful historical novel; "Hard Cash"; "Griffith Gaunt"; "Foul Play";

"Put Yourself in his Place." Among his plays are: "Masks and Faces" (with Tom Taylor); "Drink," an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and dramatizations of some of his own novels.]

MRS. WOFFINGTON sat in Triplet's apartment; and Triplet, palette in hand, painted away upon her portrait.

Mrs. Woffington was in that languid state which comes to women after their hearts have received a blow. She felt as if life was ended, and but the dregs of existence remained; but at times a flood of bitterness rolled over her, and she resigned all hope of perfect happiness in this world, — all hope of loving and respecting the same creature; and at these moments she had but one idea, — to use her own power, and bind her lover to her by chains never to be broken; and to close her eyes, and glide down the precipice of the future.

"I think you are master of this art," said she, very languidly, to Triplet, "you paint so rapidly."

"Yes, madam," said Triplet, gloomily; and painted on. "Confound this shadow!" added he; and painted on.

His soul, too, was clouded. Mrs. Woffington, yawning in his face, had told him she had invited all Mr. Vane's company to come and praise his work; and ever since that he had been *morne et silencieux.*

"You are fortunate," continued Mrs. Woffington, not caring what she said; "it is so difficult to make execution keep pace with conception."

"Yes, ma'am;" and he painted on.

"You are satisfied with it?"

"Anything but, ma'am;" and he painted on.

"Cheerful soul! — then I presume it is like?"

"Not a bit, ma'am;" and he painted on.

Mrs. Woffington stretched.

"You can't yawn, ma'am, — you can't yawn."

"O yes, I can. You are such good company;" and she stretched again.

"I was just about to catch the turn of the lip," remonstrated Triplet.

"Well, catch it, — it won't run away."

"I'll try, ma'am. A pleasant half-hour it will be for me, when they all come here like cits at a shilling ordinary, — each for his cut."

"At a sensitive goose!"

"That is as may be, madam. Those critics flay us alive!"

"You should not hold so many doors open to censure."

"No, ma'am. Head a little more that way. I suppose you *can't* sit quiet, ma'am? — then never mind!" (This resignation was intended as a stinging reproach.) "Mr. Cibber, with his sneering snuff box! Mr. Quin, with his humorous bludgeon! Mrs. Clive, with her tongue! Mr. Snarl, with his abuse! And Mr. Soaper, with his praise! — arsenic in treacle I call it! But there, I deserve it all! For look on this picture, and on this!"

"Meaning, I am painted as well as my picture!"

"O no, no, no! But to turn from your face, madam, — on which the lightning of expression plays continually, — to this stony, detestable, dead daub! — I could — And I will, too! Imposture! dead caricature of life and beauty, take that!" and he dashed his palette knife through the canvas. "Libelous lie against nature and Mrs. Woffington, take that!" and he stabbed the canvas again; then, with sudden humility: "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "for this apparent outrage, which I trust you will set down to the excitement attendant upon failure. The fact is, I am an incapable ass, and no painter! Others have often hinted as much; but I never observed it myself till now!"

"Right through my pet dimple!" said Mrs. Woffington, with perfect *nonchalance*. "Well, now I suppose I may yawn, or do what I like?"

"You may, madam," said Triplet, gravely. "I have forfeited what little control I had over you, madam."

So they sat opposite each other, in mournful silence. At length the actress suddenly rose. She struggled fiercely against her depression, and vowed that melancholy should not benumb her spirits and her power.

"He ought to have been here by this time," said she to herself. "Well, I will not mope for him: I must do something. Triplet," said she.

"Madam."

"Nothing."

"No, madam."

She sat gently down again, and leaned her head on her hand, and thought. She was beautiful as she thought! — her body seemed bristling with mind! At last her thoughtful gravity was illumined by a smile: she had thought out something *excogitaverat*.

"Triplet, the picture is quite ruined!"

"Yes, madam. And a coach load of criticism coming!"

"Triplet, we actors and actresses have often bright ideas."

"Yes, ma'am."

"When we take other people's!"

"He, he!" went Triplet. "Those are our best, madam!"

"Well, sir, I have got a bright idea."

"You don't say so, ma'am!"

"Don't be a brute, dear!" said the lady, gravely.

Triplet stared!

"When I was in France, taking lessons of Dumesnil, one of the actors of the Théâtre Français had his portrait painted by a rising artist. The others were to come and see it. They determined, beforehand, to mortify the painter and the sitter, by abusing the work in good set terms. But somehow this got wind, and the patients resolved to be the physicians. They put their heads together, and contrived that the living face should be in the canvas, surrounded by the accessories: these, of course, were painted. Enter the actors, who played their little prearranged farce; and, when they had each given the picture a slap, the picture rose and laughed in their faces, and discomfited them! By the bye, the painter did not stop there: he was not content with a short laugh, he laughed at them five hundred years!"

"Good gracious, Mrs. Woffington!"

"He painted a picture of the whole thing; and as his work is immortal, ours an April snowflake, he has got tremendously the better of those rash little satirists. Well, Trip, what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose; so give me the sharpest knife in the house."

Triplet gave her a knife, and looked confused, while she cut away the face of the picture, and by dint of scraping, cutting, and measuring, got her face two parts through the canvas. She then made him take his brush and paint all round her face, so that the transition might not be too abrupt. Several yards of green baize were also produced. This was to be disposed behind the easel, so as to conceal her.

Triplet painted here, and touched and retouched there. Whilst thus occupied, he said, in his calm, resigned way: "It won't do, madam. I suppose you know that?"

"I know nothing," was the reply. "Life is a guess. I don't think we could deceive Roxalana and Lucy this way, because their eyes are without colored spectacles; but, when peo-

ple have once begun to see by prejudices and judge by jargon, what can't be done with them? Who knows? do you? I don't; so let us try."

"I beg your pardon, madam; my brush touched your face."

"No offense, sir; I am used to that. And I beg, if you can't tone the rest of the picture up to me, that you will instantly tone me down to the rest. Let us be in tune, whatever it costs, sir."

"I will avail myself of the privilege, madam, but sparingly. Failure, which is certain, madam, will cover us with disgrace."

"Nothing is certain in this life, sir, except that you are a goose. It succeeded in France; and England can match all Europe for fools. Besides, it will be well done. They say Davy Garrick can turn his eyes into bottled gooseberries. Well, Peg Woffington will turn hers into black currants. Haven't you done? I wonder they have not come. Make haste!"

"They will know by its beauty I never did it."

"That is a sensible remark, Trip. But I think they will rather argue backwards; that, as you did it, it cannot be beautiful, and so cannot be me. Your reputation will be our shield."

"Well, madam, now you mention it, they are like enough to take that ground. They despise all I do; if they did not——"

"You would despise them."

At this moment the pair were startled by the sound of a coach. Triplet turned as pale as ashes. Mrs. Woffington had her misgivings; but, not choosing to increase the difficulty, she would not let Triplet, whose self-possession she doubted, see any sign of emotion in her.

"Lock the door," said she, firmly, "and don't be silly. Now hold up my green-baize petticoat, and let me be in a half-light. Now put that table and those chairs before me, so that they can't come right up to me; and, Triplet, don't let them come within six yards, if you can help it. Say it is unfinished, and so must be seen from a focus."

"A focus! I don't know what you mean."

"No more do I; no more will they, perhaps; and, if they don't, they will swallow it directly. Unlock the door: are they coming?"

"They are only at the first stair."

"Mr. Triplet, your face is a book, where one may read strange matters. For Heaven's sake, compose yourself: let all the risk lie in one countenance. Look at me, sir. Make your

face like the Book of Daniel in a Jew's back parlor. Volto Sciolto is your cue."

"Madam, madam, how your tongue goes! I hear them on the stairs: pray don't speak!"

"Do you know what we are going to do?" continued the tormenting Peggy. "We are going to weigh goose's feathers! to criticise criticism, Trip——"

"Hush! hush!"

A grampus was heard outside the door, and Triplet opened it. There was Quin leading the band.

"Have a care, sir," cried Triplet; "there is a hiatus the third step from the door."

"A *gradus ad Parnassum* a wanting," said Mr. Cibber.

Triplet's heart sank. The hole had been there six months, and he had found nothing witty to say about it, and at first sight Mr. Cibber had done its business. And on such men he and his portrait were to attempt a preposterous delusion. Then there was Snarl, who wrote critiques on painting, and guided the national taste. The unlucky exhibitor was in a cold sweat. He led the way like a thief going to the gallows.

"The picture being unfinished, gentlemen," said he, "must, if you would do me justice, be seen from a — a focus: must be judged from here, I mean."

"Where, sir?" said Mr. Cibber.

"About here, sir, if you please," said poor Triplet, faintly.

"It looks like a finished picture from here," said Mrs. Clive.

"Yes, madam," groaned Triplet.

They all took up a position, and Triplet timidly raised his eyes along with the rest: he was a little surprised. The actress had flattened her face! She had done all that could be done, and more than he had conceived possible, in the way of extracting life and the atmosphere of expression from her countenance. She was "dead still"!

There was a pause.

Triplet fluttered. At last some of them spoke as follows: —

Soaper — "Ah!"

Quin — "Ho!"

Clive — "Eh!"

Cibber — "Humph!"

These interjections are small on paper, but as the good creatures uttered them they were eloquent; there was a cheerful variety of dispraise skillfully thrown into each of them.



PEG WOFFINGTON

"Well," continued Soaper, with his everlasting smile.

Then the fun began.

"May I be permitted to ask whose portrait this is?" said Mr. Cibber, slyly.

"I distinctly told you, it was to be Peg Woffington's," said Mrs. Clive. "I think you might take my word."

"Do you act as truly as you paint?" said Quin.

"Your fame runs no risk from me, sir!" replied Triplet.

"It is not like Peggy's beauty! Eh?" rejoined Quin.

"I can't agree with you," cried Kitty Clive. "I think it a very pretty face; and not at all like Peg Woffington's."

"Compare paint with paint," said Quin. "Are you sure you ever saw down to Peggy's real face?"

Triplet had seen with alarm that Mr. Snarl spoke not; many satirical expressions crossed his face, but he said nothing. Triplet gathered from this that he had at once detected the trick. "Ah!" thought Triplet, "he means to quiz them, as well as expose me. He is hanging back; and, in point of fact, a mighty satirist like Snarl would naturally choose to quiz six people rather than two."

"Now I call it beautiful!" said the traitor Soaper. "So calm and reposeful; no particular expression."

"None whatever," said Snarl.

"Gentlemen," said Triplet, "does it never occur to you that the fine arts are tender violets, and cannot blow when the north winds ——"

"Blow!" inserted Quin.

"Are so cursed cutting?" continued Triplet.

"My good sir, I am never cutting!" smirked Soaper. "My dear Snarl," whined he, "give us the benefit of your practiced judgment. Do justice to this ad-mirable work of art," drawled the traitor.

"I will!" said Mr. Snarl; and placed himself before the picture.

"What on earth will he say?" thought Triplet. "I can see by his face, he has found us out."

Mr. Snarl delivered a short critique. Mr. Snarl's intelligence was not confined to his phrases; all critics use intelligent phrases and philosophical truths. But this gentleman's manner was very intelligent; it was pleasant, quiet, assured, and very convincing. Had the reader or I been there, he

would have carried us with him, as he did his hearers; and as his successors carry the public with them now.

"Your brush is by no means destitute of talent, Mr. Triplet," said Mr. Snarl. "But you are somewhat deficient, at present, in the great principles of your art; the first of which is a loyal adherence to truth. Beauty itself is but one of the forms of truth, and nature is our finite exponent of infinite truth."

His auditors gave him a marked attention. They could not but acknowledge, that men who go to the bottom of things like this should be the best instructors.

"Now, in nature, a woman's face at this distance — aye, even at this short distance — melts into the air. There is none of that sharpness; but, on the contrary, a softness of outline." He made a lorgnette of his two hands; the others did so too, and found they saw much better — oh, ever so much better! "Whereas yours," resumed Snarl, "is hard; and, forgive me, rather tea-board-like. Then your *chiaroscuro*, my good sir, is very defective; for instance, in nature, the nose, intercepting the light on one side the face, throws, of necessity, a shadow under the eye. Caravaggio, Venetians generally, and the Bolognese masters do particular justice to this. No such shade appears in this portrait."

"'Tis so, stop my vitals!" observed Colley Cibber. And they all looked, and, having looked, wagged their heads in assent, — as the fat, white lords at Christie's waggle fifty pounds more out for a copy of Rembrandt, a brown levitical Dutchman, visible in the pitch dark by some sleight of sun Newton had not wit to discover.

Soaper dissented from the mass.

"But, my dear Snarl, if there are no shades, there are lights, loads of lights."

"There are," replied Snarl; "only they are impossible, that is all. You have, however," concluded he, with a manner slightly supercilious, "succeeded in the mechanical parts; the hair and the dress are well, Mr. Triplet; but *your* Woffington is not a woman, nor nature."

They all nodded and waggled assent; but this sagacious motion was arrested as by an earthquake.

The picture rang out, in the voice of a clarion, an answer that outlived the speaker: "She's a woman! for she has taken four men in! She's nature! for a fluent dunce doesn't know her when he sees her!"

Imagine the tableau! It was charming! Such opening of eyes and mouths! Cibber fell by second nature into an attitude of the old comedy. And all were rooted where they stood, with surprise and incipient mortification, except Quin, who slapped his knee, and took the trick at its value.

Peg Woffington slipped out of the green baize, and, coming round from the back of the late picture, stood in person before them; while they looked alternately at her and at the hole in the canvas. She then came at each of them in turn, *more dramatico*.

"A pretty face, and not like Woffington. I owe you two, Kate Clive."

"Who ever saw Peggy's real face? Look at it now if you can without blushing, Mr. Quin."

Quin, a good-humored fellow, took the wisest view of his predicament, and burst into a hearty laugh.

"For all this," said Mr. Snarl, peevishly, "I maintain, upon the unalterable principles of art—" At this they all burst into a roar, not sorry to shift the ridicule. "Goths!" cried Snarl, fiercely. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," cried Mr. Snarl, *avec intention*, "I have a criticism to write of last night's performance." The laugh died away to a quaver. "I shall sit on your pictures one day, Mr. Brush."

"Don't sit on them with your head downwards, or you'll addle them," said Mr. Brush, fiercely. This was the first time Triplet had ever answered a foe. Mrs. Woffington gave him an eloquent glance of encouragement. He nodded his head in infantine exultation at what he had done.

"Come, Soaper," said Mr. Snarl.

Mr. Soaper lingered one moment to say: "You shall always have my good word, Mr. Triplet."

"I will try—and not deserve it, Mr. Soaper," was the prompt reply.

"Serve 'em right," said Mr. Cibber, as soon as the door had closed upon them; "for a couple of serpents, or rather one boa-constrictor. Soaper slavers, for Snarl to crush. But we were all a little too hard on Triplet here; and, if he will accept my apology——"

"Why, sir," said Triplet, half trembling, but driven on by looks from Mrs. Woffington, "'Cibber's Apology' is found to be a trifle wearisome."

"Confound his impertinence!" cried the astounded laureate. "Come along, Jemmy."

"O sir," said Quin, good-humoredly, "we must give a joke and take a joke. And when he paints my portrait, — which he shall do ——"

"The bear from Hockley Hole shall sit for the head!"

"Curse his impudence!" roared Quin. "I'm at your service, Mr. Cibber," added he, in huge dudgeon.

Away went the two old boys.

"Mighty well!" said waspish Mrs. Clive. "I did intend you should have painted Mrs. Clive. But after this impertinence ——"

"You will continue to do it yourself, ma'am!"

This was Triplet's hour of triumph. His exultation was undignified, and such as is said to precede a fall. He inquired gravely of Mrs. Woffington, whether he had or had not shown a spirit. Whether he had or had not fired into each a parting shot, as they sheered off. To repair which, it might be advisable for them to put into friendly ports.

"Tremendous!" was the reply. "And when Snarl and Soaper sit on your next play, they won't forget the lesson you have given them."

"I'll be sworn they won't!" chuckled Triplet. But, reconsidering her words, he looked blank, and muttered: "Then perhaps it would have been more prudent to let them alone!"

"Incalculably more prudent!" was the reply.

"Then why did you set me on, madam?" said Triplet, reproachfully.

"Because I wanted amusement, and my head ached," was the cool answer, somewhat languidly given.

"I defy the coxcombs!" cried Triplet, with reviving spirit. "But real criticism I respect, honor, and bow to. Such as yours, madam; or such as that sweet lady's at Mr. Vane's would have been; or, in fact, anybody's who appreciates me. O madam, I wanted to ask you, was it not strange your not being at Mr. Vane's, after all, to-day?"

"I was at Mr. Vane's, Triplet."

"You were? Why, I came with my verses, and she said you were not there! I will go fetch the verses."

"No, no! Who said I was not there?"

"Did I not tell you? The charming young lady who helped me with her own hand to everything on the table. What wine that gentleman possesses!"

"Was it a young lady, Triplet?"

"Not more than two and twenty, I should say."

"In a traveling dress?"

"I could not see her dress, madam, for her beauty, — brown hair, blue eyes, charming in conversation ——"

"Ah! What did she tell you?"

"She told me, madam — Ahem!"

"Well, what did you tell her? And what did she answer?"

"I told her that I came with verses for you, ordered by Mr. Vane. That he admired you. I descanted, madam, on your virtues, which had made him your slave."

"Go on," said Mrs. Woffington, encouraging him with a deceitful smile. "Tell me all you told her."

"That you were sitting to me for your portrait, the destination of which was not doubtful. That I lived at 10 Hercules Buildings."

"You told that lady all this?"

"I give my honor. She was so kind, I opened my heart to her. But tell me now, madam," said Triplet, joyously dancing round the Woffington volcano, "do you know this charming lady?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you, madam. An acquaintance worthy even of you; and there are not many such. Who is she, madam?" continued Triplet, lively with curiosity.

"Mrs. Vane," was the quiet, grim answer.

"Mrs. Vane? His mother? No — am I mad? His sister! O, I see, his ——"

"His wife!"

"His wife! Why, then Mr. Vane's married?"

"Yes."

"O, look there! — O, look here, now! Well, but, good Heavens! she wasn't to know you were there, perhaps?"

"No."

"But then I let the cat out of the bag?"

"Yes."

"But, good gracious! there will be some serious mischief!"

"No doubt of it."

"And it is all my fault?"

"Yes."

"I've played the deuce with their married happiness?"

"Probably."

"And ten to one if you are not incensed against me too?"

Mrs. Woffington replied by looking him in the face, and turning her back upon him. She walked hastily to the window, threw it open, and looked out of it, leaving poor Triplet to very unpleasant reflections. She was so angry with him she dared not trust herself to speak.

"Just my luck," thought he. "I had a patron and a benefactress; I have betrayed them both." Suddenly an idea struck him. "Madam," said he, timorously, "see what these fine gentlemen are! What business had he, with a wife at home, to come and fall in love with you? I do it forever in my plays — I am obliged — they would be so dull else; but in *real* life to do it is abominable."

"You forget, sir," replied Mrs. Woffington, without moving, "that I am an actress, — a plaything for the impertinence of puppies and the treachery of hypocrites. Fool! to think there was an honest man in the world, and that he had shone on me!"

With these words she turned, and Triplet was shocked to see the change in her face. She was pale, and her black, lowering brows were gloomy and terrible. She walked like a tigress to and fro, and Triplet dared not speak to her: indeed she seemed but half conscious of his presence. He went for nobody with her. How little we know the people we eat and go to church and flirt with! Triplet had imagined this creature an incarnation of gayety, a sportive being, the daughter of smiles, the bride of mirth; needed but a look at her now to see that her heart was a volcano, her bosom a boiling gulf of fiery lava. She walked like some wild creature; she flung her hands up to heaven with a passionate despair, before which the feeble spirit of her companion shrank and cowered; and, with quivering lips and blazing eyes, she burst into a torrent of passionate bitterness.

"But who is Margaret Woffington," she cried, "that she should pretend to honest love, or feel insulted by the proffer of a stolen regard? And what have we to do with homes, or hearts, or firesides? Have we not the playhouse, its paste diamonds, its paste feelings, and the loud applause of tops and sots — hearts? — beneath loads of tinsel and paint? Nonsense! The love that can go with souls to heaven, — such love for us? Nonsense! These men applaud us, cajole us, swear to us, flatter us; and yet, forsooth, we would have them respect us too."

"My dear benefactress," said Triplet, "they are not worthy of you."

"I thought this man was not all dross; from the first I never felt his passion an insult. O Triplet! I could have loved this man, — really loved him! and I longed so to be good. O God! O God!"

"Thank Heaven, you don't love him!" cried Triplet, hastily. "Thank Heaven for that!"

"Love him? Love a man who comes to me with a silly second-hand affection from his insipid baby face, and offers me half, or two thirds, or a third of his worthless heart? I hate him! — and her! — and all the world!"

"That is what I call a very proper feeling," said poor Triplet, with a weak attempt to soothe her. "Then break with him at once, and all will be well."

"Break with him? Are you mad? No! Since he plays with the tools of my trade I shall fool him worse than he has me. I will feed his passion full, tempt him, torture him, play with him, as the angler plays a fish upon his hook. And, when his very life depends on me, then by degrees he shall see me cool, and cool, and freeze into bitter aversion. Then he shall rue the hour he fought with the Devil against my soul, and played false with a brain and heart like mine!"

"But his poor wife? You will have pity on her?"

"His wife! Are wives' hearts the only hearts that throb, and burn, and break? His wife must defend herself. It is not from me that mercy can come to her, nor from her to me. I loathe her, and I shall not forget that you took her part. Only, if you are her friend, take my advice, don't you assist her. I shall defeat her without that. Let her fight *her* battle, and *I* mine."

"Ah, madam! she cannot fight; she is a dove."

"You are a fool! What do you know about women? You were with her five minutes, and she turned you inside out. My life on it, whilst I have been fooling my time here, she is in the field, with all the arts of our sex, simplicity at the head of them."

Triplet was making a futile endeavor to convert her to his view of her rival, when a knock suddenly came to his door. A slovenly girl, one of his own neighbors, brought him a bit of paper, with a line written in pencil.

"'Tis from a lady, who waits below," said the girl.

Mrs. Woffington went again to the window, and there she saw getting out of a coach, and attended by James Burdock, Mabel Vane, who had sent up her name on the back of an old letter.

"What shall I do?" said Triplet, as soon as he recovered the first stunning effects of this *contretemps*. To his astonishment, Mrs. Woffington bade the girl show the lady upstairs. The girl went down on this errand.

"But *you* are here," remonstrated Triplet. "O, to be sure, you can go into the other room. There is plenty of time to avoid her," said Triplet, in a very natural tremor. "This way, madam!"

Mrs. Woffington stood in the middle of the room like a statue.

"What does she come here for?" said she, sternly. "You have not told me all."

"I don't know," cried poor Triplet, in dismay; "and I think the Devil brings her here to confound me. For Heaven's sake, retire! What will become of us all? There will be murder, I know there will!"

To his horror, Mrs. Woffington would not move. "You are on her side," said she, slowly, with a concentration of spite and suspicion. She looked frightful at this moment. "All the better for me," added she, with a world of female malignity.

Triplet could not make head against this blow; he gasped, and pointed piteously to the inner door. "No; I will know two things: the course she means to take, and the terms you two are upon."

By this time Mrs. Vane's light foot was heard on the stair, and Triplet sank into a chair. "They will tear one another to pieces," said he.

A tap came to the door.

He looked fearfully round for the woman whom jealousy had so speedily turned from an angel to a fiend; and saw with dismay that she had actually had the hardihood to slip round and enter the picture again. She had not quite arranged herself when her rival knocked.

Triplet dragged himself to the door. Before he opened it, he looked fearfully over his shoulder, and received a glance of cool, bitter, deadly hostility, that boded ill both for him and his visitor. Triplet's apprehensions were not unreasonable. His benefactress and this sweet lady were rivals!

Jealousy is a dreadful passion, it makes us tigers. The jealous always thirst for blood. At any moment when reason is a little weaker than usual, they are ready to kill the thing they hate or the thing they love.

Any open collision between these ladies would scatter ill consequences all round. Under such circumstances, we are pretty sure to say or do something wicked, silly, or unreasonable. But what tortured Triplet more than anything was his own particular notion that fate doomed him to witness a formal encounter between these two women, and of course an encounter of such a nature as we in our day illustrate by "Kilkenny cats."

To be sure, Mrs. Vane had appeared a dove, but doves can peck on certain occasions, and no doubt she had a spirit at bottom. Her coming to him proved it. And had not the other been a dove all the morning and afternoon? Yet jealousy had turned her to a fiend before his eyes. Then if (which was not probable) no collision took place, what a situation was his! Mrs. Woffington (his buckler from starvation) suspected him, and would distort every word that came from Mrs. Vane's lips.

Triplet's situation was, in fact, that of Æneas in the storm.

> Olim et hæc meminisse juvabit—
> But, while present, such things don't please any one a bit.

It was the sort of situation we can laugh at, and see the fun of it six months after, if not shipwrecked on it at the time.

With a ghastly smile the poor quaking hypocrite welcomed Mrs. Vane, and professed a world of innocent delight that she had so honored his humble roof.

She interrupted his compliments, and begged him to see whether she was followed by a gentleman in a cloak.

Triplet looked out of the window.

"Sir Charles Pomander!" gasped he.

Sir Charles was at the very door. If, however, he had intended to mount the stairs he changed his mind, for he suddenly went off round the corner with a businesslike air, real or fictitious.

"He is gone, madam," said Triplet.

Mrs. Vane, the better to escape detection or observation, wore a thick mantle and a hood that concealed her features. Of these Triplet debarrassed her.

"Sit down, madam;" and he hastily drew a chair so that her back was to the picture.

She was pale, and trembled a little. She hid her face in her hands a moment, then, recovering her courage, "she begged Mr. Triplet to pardon her for coming to him. He had inspired her with confidence," she said; "he had offered her his services, and so she had come to him, for she had no other friend to aid her in her sore distress." She might have added, that with the tact of her sex she had read Triplet to the bottom, and came to him as she would to a benevolent, muscular old woman.

Triplet's natural impulse was to repeat most warmly his offers of service. He did so; and then, conscious of the picture, had a misgiving.

"Dear Mr. Triplet," began Mrs. Vane, "you know this person, Mrs. Woffington?"

"Yes, madam," replied Triplet, lowering his eyes, "I am honored by her acquaintance."

"You will take me to the theater where she acts?"

"Yes, madam: to the boxes, I presume?"

"No! O no! How could I bear that? To the place where the actors and actresses are."

Triplet demurred. This would be courting that very collision, the dread of which even now oppressed him.

At the first faint sign of resistance she began to supplicate him, as if he was some great, stern tyrant.

"O, you must not, you cannot refuse me. You do not know what I risk to obtain this. I have risen from my bed to come to you. I have a fire here!" She pressed her hand to her brow. "O, take me to her!"

"Madam, I will do anything for you. But be advised; trust to my knowledge of human nature. What you require is madness. Gracious Heavens! you two are rivals, and when rivals meet there's murder or deadly mischief."

"Ah! if you knew my sorrow, you would not thwart me. O Mr. Triplet! little did I think you were as cruel as the rest." So then this cruel monster whimpered out that he should do any folly she insisted upon. "Good, kind Mr. Triplet!" said Mrs. Vane. "Let me look in your face? Yes, I see you are honest and true. I will tell you all." Then she poured in his ear her simple tale, unadorned and touching as Judah's speech to Joseph. She told him how she loved her husband; how he had loved her; how happy they were for the first six months; how her heart sank when he left her; how he had promised she should join him, and on that hope she lived.

"But for two months he had ceased to speak of this, and I grew heartsick waiting for the summons that never came. At last I felt I should die if I did not see him; so I plucked up courage and wrote that I must come to him. He did not forbid me, so I left our country home. O sir! I cannot make you know how my heart burned to be by his side. I counted the hours of the journey; I counted the miles. At last I reached his house; I found a gay company there. I was a little sorry, but I said: 'His friends shall be welcome, right welcome. He has asked them to welcome his wife.'"

"Poor thing!" muttered Triplet.

"O Mr. Triplet! they were there to do honor to ——, and the wife was neither expected nor desired. There lay my letters with their seals unbroken. I know all *his* letters by heart, Mr. Triplet. The seals unbroken — unbroken! Mr. Triplet."

"It is abominable!" cried Triplet, fiercely.

"And she who sat in my seat — in his house, and in his heart — was this lady, the actress you so praised to me."

"That lady, ma'am," said Triplet, "has been deceived as well as you."

"I am convinced of it," said Mabel.

"And it is my painful duty to tell you, madam, that, with all her talents and sweetness, she has a fiery temper; yes, a very fiery temper," continued Triplet, stoutly, though with an uneasy glance in a certain direction; "and I have reason to believe she is angry, and thinks more of her own ill usage than yours. Don't you go near her. Trust to my knowledge of the sex, madam; I am a dramatic writer. Did you ever read the 'Rival Queens'?"

"No."

"I thought not. Well, madam, one stabs the other, and the one that is stabbed says things to the other that are more biting than steel. The prudent course for you is to keep apart, and be always cheerful, and welcome him with a smile — and — have you read 'The Way to keep him'?"

"No, Mr. Triplet," said Mabel, firmly, "I cannot feign. Were I to attempt talent and deceit, I should be weaker than I am now. Honesty and right are all my strength. I will cry to her for justice and mercy. And if I cry in vain, I shall die, Mr. Triplet, that is all."

"Don't cry, dear lady," said Triplet, in a broken voice.

"It is impossible!" cried she, suddenly. "I am not learned,

but I can read faces. I always could, and so could my Aunt Deborah before me. I read you right, Mr. Triplet, and I have read her too. Did not my heart warm to her amongst them all? There *is* a heart at the bottom of all her acting, and that heart is good and noble."

"She is, madam! she is! and charitable too. I know a family she saved from starvation and despair. O yes! she has a heart — to feel for the *poor* at all events."

"And am I not the poorest of the poor?" cried Mrs. Vane. "I have no father nor mother, Mr. Triplet; my husband is all I have in the world, — all I *had*, I mean."

Triplet, deeply affected himself, stole a look at Mrs. Woffington. She was pale; but her face was composed into a sort of dogged obstinacy. He was disgusted with her. "Madam," said he, sternly, "there is a wild beast more cruel and savage than wolves and bears; it is called 'a rival,' and don't you get in its way."

At this moment, in spite of Triplet's precaution, Mrs. Vane, casting her eye accidentally round, caught sight of the picture, and instantly started up, crying, "She is there!" Triplet was thunderstruck. "What a likeness!" cried she, and moved towards the supposed picture.

"Don't go to it!" cried Triplet, aghast; "the color is wet."

She stopped; but her eye and her very soul dwelt upon the supposed picture; and Triplet stood quaking. "How like! It seems to breathe. You are a great painter, sir. A glass is not truer."

Triplet, hardly knowing what he said, muttered something about "critics and lights and shades."

"Then they are blind!" cried Mabel, never for a moment removing her eye from the object. "Tell me not of lights and shades. The pictures I see have a look of paint; but yours looks like life. O that she were here, as this *wonderful* image of hers is. I would speak to her. I am not wise or learned; but orators never pleaded as I would plead to her for my Ernest's heart." Still her eye glanced upon the picture; and I suppose her heart realized an actual presence, though her judgment did not; for by some irresistible impulse she sank slowly down and stretched her clasped hands towards it, while sobs and words seemed to break direct from her bursting heart. "O yes! you are beautiful, you are gifted, and the eyes of thousands wait upon your very word and look. What wonder

that he, ardent, refined, and genial, should lay his heart at your feet? And I have nothing but my love to make him love me. I cannot take him from you. O, be generous to the weak! O, give him back to me! What is one heart more to you? You are so rich, and I am so poor, that without his love I have nothing, and can do nothing but sit me down and cry till my heart breaks. Give him back to me, beautiful, terrible woman! for, with all your gifts, you cannot love him as his poor Mabel does; and I will love you longer perhaps than men can love. I will kiss your feet, and Heaven above will bless you; and I will bless you and pray for you to my dying day. Ah! it is alive! I am frightened! I am frightened!" She ran to Triplet and seized his arm. "No!" cried she, quivering close to him; "I'm not frightened, for it was for me she — O Mrs. Woffington!" and, hiding her face on Mr. Triplet's shoulder, she blushed, and wept, and trembled.

What was it had betrayed Mrs. Woffington? *A tear!*

During the whole of this interview (which had taken a turn so unlooked for by the listener) she might have said with Beatrice, "What fire is in mine ears?" and what self-reproach and chill misgiving in her heart too. She had passed through a hundred emotions, as the young innocent wife told her sad and simple story. But anxious now above all things to escape without being recognized, — for she had long repented having listened at all, or placed herself in her present position, — she fiercely mastered her countenance; but, though she ruled her features, she could not rule her heart. And when the young wife, instead of inveighing against her, came to her as a supplicant, with faith in her goodness, and sobbed to her for pity, a big tear rolled down her cheek, and proved her something more than a picture or an actress.

Mrs. Vane, as we have related, screamed and ran to Triplet.

Mrs. Woffington came instantly from her frame, and stood before them in a despairing attitude, with one hand upon her brow. For a single moment her impulse was to fly from the apartment, so ashamed was she of having listened, and of meeting her rival in this way; but she conquered this feeling, and, as soon as she saw Mrs. Vane too had recovered some composure, she said to Triplet, in a low but firm voice: —

"Leave us, sir. No living creature must hear what I say to this lady!"

Triplet remonstrated, but Mrs. Vane said faintly: —

"O yes, good Mr. Triplet, I would rather you left me."

Triplet, full of misgivings, was obliged to retire.

"Be composed, ladies," said he, piteously. "Neither of you could help it;" and so he entered his inner room, where he sat and listened nervously, for he could not shake off all apprehension of a personal encounter.

In the room he had left there was a long, uneasy silence. Both ladies were greatly embarrassed. It was the actress who spoke first. All trace of emotion, except a certain pallor, was driven from her face. She spoke with very marked courtesy, but in tones that seemed to freeze as they dropped one by one from her mouth.

"I trust, madam, you will do me the justice to believe I did not know Mr. Vane was married?"

"I am sure of it!" said Mabel, warmly. "I feel you are as good as you are gifted."

"Mrs. Vane, I am not!" said the other, almost sternly. "You are deceived!"

"Then Heaven have mercy on me! No! I am not deceived, you pitied me. You speak coldly now; but I know your face and your heart, — you pity me!"

"I do respect, admire, and pity you," said Mrs. Woffington, sadly; "and I could consent nevermore to communicate with your — with Mr. Vane."

"Ah!" cried Mabel; "Heaven will bless you! But will you give me back his heart?"

"How can I do that?" said Mrs. Woffington, uneasily; she had not bargained for this.

"The magnet can repel as well as attract. Can you not break your own spell? What will his presence be to me, if his heart remain behind?"

"You ask much of me."

"Alas! I do."

"But I could do even this." She paused for breath. "And perhaps if you, who have not only touched my heart, but won my respect, were to say to me, 'Do so,' I should do it." Again she paused, and spoke with difficulty; for the bitter struggle took away her breath. "Mr. Vane thinks better of me than I deserve. I have — only — to make him believe me — worthless — worse than I am — and he will drop me like an adder — and love you better, far better — for having known — admired — and despised Margaret Woffington."

"Oh!" cried Mabel, "I shall bless you every hour of my life." Her countenance brightened into rapture at the picture, and Mrs. Woffington's darkened with bitterness as she watched her.

But Mabel reflected. "Rob you of your good name?" said this pure creature. "Ah, Mabel Vane! you think but of yourself!"

"I thank you, madam," said Mrs. Woffington, a little touched by this unexpected trait; "but some one must suffer here, and ——"

Mabel Vane interrupted her. "This would be cruel and base," said she, firmly. "No woman's forehead shall be soiled by me. O madam! beauty is admired, talent is adored; but virtue is a woman's crown. With it, the poor are rich; without it, the rich are poor. It walks through life upright, and never hides its head for high or low."

Her face was as the face of an angel now; and the actress, conquered by her beauty and her goodness, actually bowed her head and gently kissed the hand of the country wife whom she had quizzed a few hours ago.

Frailty paid this homage to virtue!

Mabel Vane hardly noticed it; her eye was lifted to heaven, and her heart was gone there for help in a sore struggle.

"This would be to assassinate you; no less. And so, madam," she sighed, "with God's help, I do refuse your offer; choosing rather, if needs be, to live desolate, but innocent, — many a better than I hath lived so, — aye! if God wills it, to die, with my hopes and my heart crushed, but my hands unstained; for so my humble life has passed."

How beautiful, great, and pure goodness is! It paints heaven on the face that has it; it wakens the sleeping souls that meet it.

At the bottom of Margaret Woffington's heart lay a soul, unknown to the world, scarce known to herself, — a heavenly harp, on which ill airs of passion had been played, — but still it was there, in tune with all that is true, pure, really great and good. And now the flush that a great heart sends to the brow, to herald great actions, came to her cheek and brow.

"Humble!" she cried. "Such as you are the diamonds of our race. You angel of truth and goodness, you have conquered!"

"O yes! yes! Thank God, yes!"

"What a fiend I must be could I injure you! The poor

heart we have both overrated shall be yours again, and yours forever. In my hands it is painted glass; in the luster of a love like yours it may become a priceless jewel." She turned her head away and pondered a moment, then suddenly offered to Mrs. Vane her hand with nobleness and majesty: "Can you trust me?" The actress too was divinely beautiful now, for her good angel shone through her.

"I could trust you with my life!" was the reply.

"Ah! if I might call you friend, dear lady, what would I not do — suffer — resign — to be worthy that title!"

"No, not friend!" cried the warm, innocent Mabel; "sister! I will call you sister. I have no sister."

"Sister!" said Mrs. Woffington. "O, do not mock me! Alas! you do not know what you say. That sacred name to me, from lips so pure as yours; Mrs. Vane," said she, timidly, "would you think me presumptuous if I begged you to — to let me kiss you?"

The words were scarce spoken before Mrs. Vane's arms were wreathed round her neck, and that innocent cheek laid sweetly to hers.

Mrs. Woffington strained her to her bosom, and two great hearts, whose grandeur the world, worshiper of charlatans, never discovered, had found each other out and beat against each other. A great heart is as quick to find another out as the world is slow.

Mrs. Woffington burst into a passion of tears and clasped Mabel tighter and tighter, in a half-despairing way. Mabel mistook the cause, but she kissed her tears away.

"Dear sister," said she, "be comforted. I love you. My heart warmed to you the first moment I saw you. A woman's love and gratitude are something. Ah! you will never find me change. This is for life, look you."

"God grant it!" cried the other poor woman. "O, it is not that, it is not that; it is because I am so little worthy of this. It is a sin to deceive you. I am not good like you. You do not know me!"

"You do not know yourself if you say so!" cried Mabel; and to her hearer the words seemed to come from heaven. "I read faces," said Mabel. "I read yours at sight, and you are what I set you down; and nobody must breathe a word against you, not even yourself. Do you think I am blind? You are beautiful, you are good, you are my sister, and I love you!"



VALLEY OF THE DOONES

"Heaven forgive me!" thought the other. "How can I resign this angel's good opinion? Surely Heaven sends this blessed dew to my parched heart!" And now she burned to make good her promise, and earn this virtuous wife's love. She folded her once more in her arms, and then, taking her by the hand, led her tenderly into Triplet's inner room. She made her lie down on the bed, and placed pillows high for her like a mother, and leaned over her as she lay, and pressed her lips gently to her forehead. Her fertile brain had already digested a plan, but she had resolved that this pure and candid soul should take no lessons of deceit. "Lie there," said she, "till I open the door, and then join us. Do you know what I am going to do? I am not going to restore you your husband's heart, but to show you it never really left you."

JOHN RIDD AND THE DOONES.

By RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

(From "Lorna Doone.")

[Richard Doddridge Blackmore: This well-known English novelist was born at Longworth, Berkshire, June 9, 1825. He received his education at Tiverton and Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1847. At first a conveyancer, he has mainly devoted himself to literature. His reputation is founded principally upon "Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor" (1869), one of the most interesting historical novels of the century. He has also written: "Craddock Nowell," "The Maid of Sker," "Cripps the Carrier," "Mary Anerley," "Sir Thomas Upmore," "Springhaven," "Kit and Kitty," "Perlycross," "Dariel," "Slain by the Doones, and Other Stories." Among his poetical works are: a translation of Virgil's "Georgics," "Fate of Franklin," and "Fringilla."]

When I was turned fourteen years old, and put into good smallclothes, buckled at the knee, and strong blue worsted hosen, knitted by my mother, it happened to me without choice, I may say, to explore the Bagworthy water. And it came about in this wise: —

My mother had long been ailing, and not well able to eat much; and there is nothing that frightens us so much as for people to have no love of their victuals. Now I chanced to remember that once at the time of the holidays I had brought

dear mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches, caught by myself in the Lowman River, and baked in the kitchen oven, with vinegar, a few leaves of bay, and about a dozen peppercorns. And mother had said that in all her life she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. Whether she said so good a thing out of compliment to my skill in catching the fish and cooking them, or whether she really meant it, is more than I can tell, though I quite believe the latter, and so would most people who tasted them; at any rate, I now resolved to get some loaches for her, and do them in the self-same manner, just to make her eat a bit.

There are many people, even now, who have not come to a right knowledge what a loach is, and where he lives, and how to catch and pickle him. And I will not tell them all about it, because if I did, very likely there would be no loaches left ten or twenty years after the appearance of this book. A pickled minnow is very good, if you catch him in a stickle, with the scarlet fingers upon him; but I count him no more than the ropes in beer compared with a loach done properly.

Being resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth without a word to any one, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's day, 1675–6, I think it must have been. Annie should not come with me, because the water was too cold; for the winter had been long, and snow lay here and there in patches in the hollow of the banks, like a lady's gloves forgotten. And yet the spring was breaking forth, as it always does in Devonshire, when the turn of the days is over; and though there was little to see of it, the air was full of feeling.

It puzzles me now that I remember all those young impressions so, because I took no heed of them at the time whatever; and yet they come upon me bright, when nothing else is evident in the gray fog of experience. I am like an old man gazing at the outside of his spectacles, and seeing, as he rubs the dust, the image of his grandson playing at bopeep with him.

But let me be of any age, I never could forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was. For I doffed my shoes and hose, and put them into a bag about my neck, and left my little coat at home, and tied my shirt sleeves back to my shoulders. Then I took a three-pronged fork firmly bound to a rod with cord, and a piece of canvas kerchief with a lump of bread inside it; and so went into the pebbly water, trying to think how warm it was. For more than a mile all down the Lynn

stream, scarcely a stone I left unturned, being thoroughly skilled in the tricks of the loach, and knowing how he hides himself. For, being gray-spotted, and clear to see through, and something like a cuttlefish, only more substantial, he will stay quite still where a streak of weed is in the rapid water, hoping to be overlooked, not caring even to wag his tail. Then, being disturbed, he flips away, like whalebone from the finger, and hies to a shelf of stone, and lies with his sharp head poked in under it; or sometimes he bellies him into the mud, and only shows his back ridge. And that is the time to spear him nicely, holding the fork very gingerly, and allowing for the bent of it, which comes to pass, I know not how, at the tickle of air and water.

Or, if your loach should not be abroad when first you come to look for him, but keeping snug in his little home, then you may see him come forth amazed at the quivering of the shingles and oar himself and look at you, and then dart upstream, like a little gray streak; and then you must try to mark him in, and follow very daintily. So after that, in a sandy place, you steal up behind his tail to him, so that he cannot set eyes on you, for his head is upstream always, and there you see him abiding still, clear, and mild and affable. Then, as he looks so innocent, you make full sure to prog him well, in spite of the wry of the water, and the sun making elbows to everything, and the trembling of your fingers. But when you gird at him lovingly, and have as good as gotten him, lo! in the go by of the river he is gone as a shadow goes, and only a little cloud of mud curls away from the points of the fork.

A long way down that limpid water, chill and bright as an iceberg, went my little self that day on man's choice errand — destruction. All the young fish seemed to know that I was one who had taken out God's certificate, and meant to have the value of it; every one of them was aware that we desolate more than replenish the earth. For a cow might come and look into the water, and put her yellow lips down; a kingfisher, like a blue arrow, might shoot through the dark alleys over the channel, or sit on a dipping withy bough, with his beak sunk into his breast feathers; even an otter might float downstream, likening himself to a log of wood, with his flat head flush with the water top, and his oily eyes peering quietly; and yet no panic would seize other life, as it does when a sample of man comes.

Now let not any one suppose that I thought of these things when I was young, for I knew not the way to do it. And proud enough in truth I was at the universal fear I spread in all those lonely places, where I myself must have been afraid, if anything had come up to me. It is all very pretty to see the trees big with their hopes of another year, though dumb as yet on the subject, and the waters murmuring gayety, and the banks spread out with comfort; but a boy takes none of this to heart, unless he be meant for a poet (which God can never charge upon me), and he would liefer have a good apple, or even a bad one if he stole it.

When I had traveled two miles or so, conquered now and then with cold, and coming out to rub my legs into a lively friction, and only fishing here and there because of the tumbling water, suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. And it brought, so far as I could guess by the sweep of it under my kneecaps, a larger power of clear water than the Lynn itself had; only it came more quietly down, not being troubled with stairs and steps, as the fortune of the Lynn is, but gliding smoothly and forcibly, as if upon some set purpose.

Hereupon I drew up and thought, and reason was much inside me: because the water was bitter cold, and my little toes were aching. So on the bank I rubbed them well with a sprout of young sting nettle, and having skipped about awhile, was kindly inclined to eat a bit.

Now all the turn of my life hung upon that moment. But as I sat there munching a crust of Betty Muxworthy's sweet brown bread, and a bit of cold bacon along with it, and kicking my little red heels against the dry loam to keep them warm, I knew no more than fish under the fork what was going on over me. It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture, where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy water. And please to recollect that I was only a boy in those days, fond enough of anything new, but not like a man to meet it.

However, as I ate more and more, my spirit arose within me, and I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times never to be a coward. And then I grew warm, and my little heart was ashamed of its pitapat-

ing, and I said to myself, "Now, if father looks, he shall see that I obey him." So I put the bag round my neck again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hang so dark on the Bagworthy river.

I found it strongly overwoven, turned, and torn with thicket wood, but not so rocky as the Lynn, and more inclined to go evenly. There were bars of chafed stakes stretched from the sides halfway across the current, and light outriders of pithy weed, and blades of last year's water grass trembling in the quiet places, like a spider's threads, on the transparent stillness, with a tint of olive moving it. And here and there the sun came in, as if his light was sifted, making dance upon the waves, and shadowing the pebbles.

Here, although affrighted often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had very comely sport of loaches, trout, and minnows, forking some, and tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we called a big fish at Tiverton); and in sooth there were very fine loaches here, having more lie and harborage than in the rough Lynn stream, though not quite so large as in the Lowman, where I have even taken them to the weight of half a pound.

But in answer to all my shouts there never was any sound at all, except of a rocky echo, or a scared bird hustling away, or the sudden dive of a water vole; and the place grew thicker and thicker, and the covert grew darker above me, until I thought that the fishes might have good chance of eating me, instead of my eating the fishes.

For now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hilltops; and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And every moment, as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam froth.

Now, though I could swim with great ease and comfort, and

feared no depth of water, when I could fairly come to it, yet I had no desire to go over head and ears into this great pool, being so cramped and weary, and cold enough in all conscience, though wet only up to the middle, not counting my arms and shoulders. And the look of this black pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day, with sunshine on the water; I mean, if the sun ever shone there. As it was, I shuddered and drew back; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping of white threads upon it in stripy circles round and round; and the center still as jet.

But soon I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For skirting round one side, with very little comfort, because the rocks were high and steep, and the ledge at the foot so narrow, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hindrance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase. However, there was no side rail, nor any place to walk upon, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, Watch, sniffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing; that I had long found out; and it only made one the less inclined to work without white feather. So I laid the case before me in a little council; not for loss of time, but only that I wanted rest, and to see things truly.

Then says I to myself, "John Ridd, these trees, and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting of the sunlight, are making a grewsome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Nevertheless, I am free to own that it was not any fine sense of shame which settled my decision; for indeed there was nearly as much of danger in going back as in going on, and perhaps even more of labor, the journey being so roundabout. But that

which saved me from turning back was a strange, inquisitive desire, very unbecoming in a boy of little years; in a word, I would risk a great deal to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

And here I had reckoned without my host, although (as I thought) so clever; and it was much but that I went down into the great black pool, and had never been heard of more; and this must have been the end of me, except for my trusty loach fork. For the green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie, and knock my head very sadly, which made it go round so that brains were no good, even if I had any. But all in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it. I felt nothing except that here was another matter to begin upon; and it might be worth while, or again it might not, to have another fight for it. But presently the dash of the water upon my face revived me, and my mind grew used to the roar of it; and meseemed I had been worse off than this when first flung into the Lowman.

Therefore I gathered my legs back slowly, as if they were fish to be landed, stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shin bones, and coming along without sticking out to let the wave get hold of me. And in this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught horse, and balancing on my strength, as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came, the better it will be for you." But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me, except that I must climb somehow up that

hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around it till it drowned me. For there was no chance of fetching back by the way I had gone down into it, and further up was a hedge of rock on either side of the water way, rising a hundred yards in height, and for all I could tell five hundred, and no place to set a foot in.

Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand, and so with a sigh of despair began my course up the fearful torrent way. To me it seemed half a mile, at least, of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterward. It would have been a hard ascent even without the slippery slime and the force of the river over it, and I had scanty hope indeed of ever winning the summit. Nevertheless my terror left me, now I was face to face with it and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best with a vigor and hardiness which did not then surprise me, but have done so ever since.

The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found resting place, to hold on by the cliff and pant awhile. And gradually as I went on, a warmth of courage breathed in me, to think that perhaps no other had dared to try that pass before me, and to wonder what mother would say to it. And then came thought of my father also, and the pain of my feet abated.

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly, or even like now to think of, because it makes me dream of it. Only I must acknowledge that the greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my kneecap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a vile knotting of cramp disabled me, and for a while I could only roar, till my mouth was full of water, and all of my body was sliding. But the fright of that brought me to again, and my elbow caught in a rock hole; and so I managed to start again, with the help of more humility.

Now, being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms going like a mill, and grunting. At last the rush of forked water, where first it came over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck awhile with my toe balls on the slippery links of the pop weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it; then suddenly I felt fresh air and fell into it headlong.

When I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mold, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose. Perhaps she liked my countenance, and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterward; although at the time she was too young to know what made her take to me. Not that I had any beauty, or ever pretended to have any, only a solid, healthy face, which many girls have laughed at.

Thereupon I sat upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a trifling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right

to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied, "I shall put some goose grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless, I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do. But she touched my heart with a sudden delight, like a cowslip blossom (although there were none to be seen yet) and the sweetest flowers of spring.

She gave me no encouragement, as my mother in her place would have done; nay, she even wiped her lips (which methought was rather rude of her), and drew away, and smoothed

her dress as if I had used a freedom. Then I felt my cheeks grow burning red, and I gazed at my legs and was sorry. For although she was not at all a proud child (at any rate in her countenance), yet I knew that she was by birth a thousand years in front of me. They might have taken and trained me, or (which would be more to the purpose) my sisters, until it was time for us to die, and then have trained our children after us, for many generations, yet never could we have gotten that look upon our faces which Lorna Doone had naturally, as if she had been born to it.

Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me, even where I was naked; and there was she, a lady born, and thoroughly aware of it, and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty and set it to advantage. For though her hair was fallen down by reason of her wildness, and some of her frock was touched with wet where she had tended me so, behold her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! The colors were bright and rich indeed, and the substance very sumptuous, yet simple and free from tinsel stuff, and matching most harmoniously. All from her waist to her neck was white, plaited in close like a curtain, and the dark soft weeping of her hair, and the shadowy light of her eyes (like a wood rayed through with sunset), made it seem yet whiter, as if it were done on purpose. As for the rest, she knew what it was a great deal better than I did; for I never could look far away from her eyes when they were opened upon me.

Now, seeing how I heeded her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabouts, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it, to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what they would do to us, if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury us here by the water; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go; oh, please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much" — for I was teasing her to say it — "very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you to see me; and I will bring you such lots of things — there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies and ——"

"Oh, dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things ——"

"Only put your hand in mine — what little things they are, Lorna — and I will bring you the loveliest dog, I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrank to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind to save her or to die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up. "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look, look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water and then at me, and she cried, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And then she began to sob aloud, being so young and unready. But I drew her behind the withy bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet and shelving deep, ere it came to the lip of the chasm. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad with their summer clothes. Luckily, I had picked up my fish and taken my three-pronged fork away.

Crouching in that hollow nest, as children get together in ever so little compass, I saw a dozen fierce men come down, on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearm, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding and a dinner taken hungrily. "Queen, queen!" they were shouting, here and there, and now and then; "where the pest is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me, and her soft cheek on my rough one, and her little heart beating against me; "oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist, hiding her white front from me, "only I shall sometimes — oh, here they are; Madonna!"

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood drift combing over me. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river; but I, being in the channel of it, could see every ripple, and twig, and rush, and glazing of twilight above it, as bright as in a picture,

so that to my ignorance there seemed no chance at all but what the men must find me. For all this time they were shouting, and swearing, and keeping such a hullabaloo, that the rocks all round the valley rang, and my heart quaked, so (what with this and the cold) that the water began to gurgle round me, and to lap upon the pebbles.

Neither, in truth, did I try to stop it, being now so desperate, between the fear and the wretchedness, till I caught a glimpse of the little maid, whose beauty and whose kindliness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully, and her hair drawn over her.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen; here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep, by God, and hearty! Now I have first claim to her; and no one else shall touch the child. Back to the bottle, all of you!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her. This way of her going vexed me so, that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them, but for their haste to the wine bottle. Of their little queen they took small notice, being in this urgency — although they had thought to find her drowned — but trooped away one after another with kindly challenge to gambling, so far as I could make them out; and I kept sharp watch, I assure you.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall of her age and healthy); and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was so different from

all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

* * * * * * *

The time was now come round again to the high day of St. Valentine, when all our maids were full of lovers, and all the lads looked foolish. And none of them more sheepish or innocent than I myself, albeit twenty-one years old, and not afraid of men much, but terrified of women, at least if they were comely. And what of all things scared me most was the thought of my own size, and knowledge of my strength, which came, like knots, upon me daily. In honest truth I tell this thing (which often since hath puzzled me, when I came to mix with men more), I was to that degree ashamed of my thickness and my stature in the presence of a woman, that I would not put a trunk of wood on the fire in the kitchen, but let Annie scold me well, with a smile to follow, and with her own plump hands lift up a little log and fuel it. Many a time I longed to be no bigger than John Fry was; whom now (when insolent) I took with my left hand by the waist stuff and set him on my hat, and gave him little chance to tread it, until he spoke of his family, and requested to come down again.

Now, taking for good omen this, that I was a seven-year Valentine, though much too big for a Cupidon, I chose a seven-foot staff of ash, and fixed a loach fork in it, to look as I had looked before; and leaving word upon matters of business, out of the back door I went, and so through the little orchard, and down the brawling Lynn brook. Not being now so much afraid, I struck across the thicket land between the meeting waters, and came upon the Bagworthy stream near the great black whirlpool. Nothing amazed me so much as to find how shallow the stream now looked to me, although the pool was still as black and greedy as it used to be. And still the great rocky slide was dark and difficult to climb; though the water, which once had taken my knees, was satisfied now with my ankles. After some labor, I reached the top, and halted to look about me well, before trusting to broad daylight.

The winter (as I said before) had been a very mild one; and now the spring was toward, so that bank and bush were touched with it. The valley into which I gazed was fair with early promise, having shelter from the wind, and taking all the

sunshine. The willow bushes over the stream hung as if they were angling with tasseled floats of gold and silver, bursting like a bean pod. Between them came the water laughing, like a maid at her own dancing, and spread with that young blue which never lives beyond April. And on either bank the meadow ruffled as the breeze came by, opening (through new tufts of green) daisy bud or celandine, or a shy glimpse now and then of the lovelorn primrose.

Though I am so blank of wit, or perhaps for that same reason, these little things come and dwell with me, and I am happy about them and long for nothing better. I feel with every blade of grass, as if it had a history, and make a child of every bud, as though it knew and loved me. And being so, they seem to tell me of my own delusions, how I am no more than they, except in self-importance.

While I was forgetting much of many things that harm one, and letting of my thoughts go wild to sounds and sights of nature, a sweeter note than thrush or ousel ever wooed a mate in floated on the valley breeze at the quiet turn of sundown. The words were of an ancient song, fit to cry or laugh at: —

Love, and if there be one,
 Come my love to be;
My love is for the one
 Loving unto me.

Not for me the show, love,
 Of a gilded bliss;
Only thou must know, love,
 What my value is.

If, in all the earth, love,
 Thou hast none but me,
This shall be my worth, love,
 To be cheap to thee.

But if so thou ever
 Strivest to be free,
'Twill be my endeavor
 To be dear to thee.

Hence may I ensue, love,
 All a woman's due;
Comforting my true love
 With a love as true.

All this I took in with great eagerness, not for the sake of the meaning (which is no doubt an allegory), but for the power and richness and softness of the singing, which seemed to me better than we ever had even in Oare Church. But all the time I kept myself in a black niche of the rock, where the fall of the water began, lest the sweet singer (espying me) should be alarmed, and flee away. But presently I ventured to look forth where a bush was, and then I beheld the loveliest sight — one glimpse of which was enough to make me kneel in the coldest water.

By the side of the stream she was coming to me, even among the primroses, as if she loved them all; and every flower looked the brighter, as her eyes were on them. I could not see what her face was, my heart so awoke and trembled; only that her hair was flowing from a wreath of white violets, and the grace of her coming was like the appearance of the first windflower. The pale gleam over the western cliffs threw a shadow of light behind her, as if the sun were lingering. Never do I see that light from the closing of the west, even in these my aged days, without thinking of her. Ah, me, if it comes to that, what do I see of earth or heaven without thinking of her?

The tremulous thrill of her song was hanging on her open lips: and she glanced around, as if the birds were accustomed to make answer. To me it was a thing of terror to behold such beauty, and feel myself the while to be so very low and common. But scarcely knowing what I did, as if a rope were drawing me, I came from the dark mouth of the chasm, and stood, afraid to look at her.

She was turning to fly, not knowing me, and frightened, perhaps, at my stature, when I fell on the grass (as I fell before her seven years agone that day), and I just said, "Lorna Doone!"

She knew me at once, from my manner and ways, and a smile broke through her trembling, as sunshine comes through aspen leaves: and being so clever, she saw of course that she needed not to fear me!

"Oh, indeed!" she cried, with a feint of anger (because she had shown her cowardice, and yet in her heart she was laughing): "oh, if you please, who are you, sir, and how do you know my name?"

"I am John Ridd," I answered; "the boy who gave you those beautiful fish, when you were only a little thing, seven years ago to-day."

"Yes, the poor boy who was frightened so, and obliged to hide here in the water."

"And do you remember how kind you were, and saved my life by your quickness, and went away riding upon a great man's shoulder, as if you had never seen me, and yet looked back through the willow trees?"

"Oh, yes, I remember everything; because it was so rare to see any except — I mean because I happen to remember. But you seem not to remember, sir, how perilous this place is."

For she had kept her eyes upon me; large eyes of a softness, a brightness, and a dignity which made me feel as if I must forever love, and yet forever know myself unworthy — unless themselves should fill with love, which is the spring of all things. And so I could not answer her, but was overcome with thinking, and feeling, and confusion. Neither could I look again; only waited for the melody which made every word like a poem to me — the melody of her voice. But she had not the least idea of what was going on with me, any more than I myself had.

"I think, Master Ridd, you cannot know," she said, with her eyes taken from me, "what the dangers of this place are, and the nature of the people."

"Yes, I know enough of that; and I am frightened greatly, all the time, when I do not look at you."

She was too young to answer me in the style some maidens would have used; the manner, I mean, which now we call from a foreign word "coquettish." And more than that, she was trembling from real fear of violence, lest strong hands might be laid on me, and a miserable end of it. And to tell the truth, I grew afraid — perhaps from a kind of sympathy, and because I knew that evil comes more readily than good to us.

Therefore, without more ado, or taking any advantage, — although I would have been glad at heart, if needs had been, to kiss her (without any thought of rudeness), — it struck me that I had better go, and have no more to say to her until next time of coming. So would she look the more for me and think the more about me, and not grow weary of my words and the want of change there is in me. For, of course, I knew what a churl I was compared to her birth and appearance: but meanwhile I might improve myself, and learn a musical instrument. "The wind hath a draw after flying straw" is a saying we

have in Devonshire, made, peradventure, by somebody who had seen the ways of women.

"Mistress Lorna, I will depart" — mark you, I thought that a powerful word — "in fear of causing disquiet. If any rogue shot me, it would grieve you; I make bold to say it; and it would be the death of mother. Few mothers have such a son as me. Try to think of me now and then, and I will bring you some new-laid eggs, for our young blue hen is beginning."

"I thank you heartily," said Lorna; "but you need not come to see me. You can put them in my little bower, where I am almost always — I mean whither daily I repair to read and to be away from them."

"Only show me where it is. Thrice a day I will come and stop ——"

"Nay, Master Ridd, I would never show thee — never, because of peril — only that so happens it thou hast found the way already."

And she smiled with a light that made me care to cry out for no other way, except to her dear heart. But only to myself I cried for anything at all, having enough of man in me to be bashful with young maidens. So I touched her white hand softly when she gave it to me, and (fancying that she had sighed) was touched at heart about it, and resolved to yield her all my goods, although my mother was living; and then grew angry with myself (for a mile or more of walking) to think she would condescend so; and then, for the rest of the homeward road, was mad with every man in the world who would dare to think of having her.

* * * * * * *

The full moon rose as bright behind me as a paten of pure silver, casting on the snow long shadows of the few things left above, burdened rock, and shaggy foreland, and the laboring trees. In the great wide desolation, distance was a mocking vision: hills looked nigh, and valleys far; when hills were far and valleys nigh. And the misty breath of frost, piercing through the ribs of rock, striking to the pith of trees, creeping to the heart of man, lay along the hollow places like a serpent sloughing. Even as my own gaunt shadow — travestied as if I were the moonlight's daddy longlegs — went before me down the slope; even I, the shadow's master, who had tried in vain to cough, when coughing brought good licorice, felt a pressure on my bosom, and a husking in my throat.

However, I went on quietly, and at a very tiny speed, being only too thankful that the snow had ceased, and no wind as yet arisen. And from the ring of low white vapor girding all the verge of sky, and from the rosy blue above, and the shaft of starlight set upon a quivering bow, as well as from the moon itself and the light behind it, having learned the signs of frost from its bitter twinges, I knew that we should have a night as keen as ever England felt. Nevertheless, I had work enough to keep me warm if I managed it. The question was, could I contrive to save my darling from it?

Daring not to risk my sled by any fall from the valley cliffs, I dragged it very carefully up the steep incline of ice, through the narrow chasm, and so to the very brink and verge, where first I had seen my Lorna, in the fishing days of boyhood. As then I had a trident fork, for sticking of the loaches, so now I had a strong ash stake to lay across from rock to rock, and break the speed of descending. With this I moored the sled quite safe, at the very lip of the chasm, where all was now substantial ice, green and black in the moonlight; and then I set off up the valley, skirting along one side of it.

The stack fire still was burning strongly, but with more of heat than blaze, and many of the younger Doones were playing on the verge of it, the children making rings of fire, and their mothers watching them. All the grave and reverend warriors, having heard of rheumatism, were inside of log and stone, in the two lowest houses, with enough of candles burning to make our list of sheep come short.

All these I passed without the smallest risk or difficulty, walking up the channel of drift which I spoke of once before. And then I crossed with more of care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snowshoes off.

But no one came as I expected, neither could I espy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint, low sound, like the moaning of the snow wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart; and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door. In a moment it flew inward, and I glided along the passage, with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond sense.

Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in the corner with her

hands up, and a crucifix, or something that looked like it. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand clutching the ankle of a struggling man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the chair away. In a moment I had him round the waist, and he went out of the window with a mighty crash of glass; luckily for him that window had no bars like some of them. Then I took the other man by the neck; and he could not plead for mercy. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight, I saw that I carried Marwood de Whichehalse. For his father's sake I spared him, and because he had been my schoolfellow; but with every muscle of my body strung with indignation, I cast him, like a skittle, from me into a snowdrift, which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window: and found him lying stunned and bleeding, neither able to groan yet. Charleworth Doone, if his gushing blood did not much mislead me.

It was no time to linger now; I fastened my shoes in a moment, and caught up my darling, with her head upon my shoulder, where she whispered faintly; and telling Gwenny to follow me, or else I would come back for her if she could not walk the snow, I ran the whole distance to my sled, caring not who might follow me. Then by the time I had set up Lorna, beautiful and smiling, with the sealskin cloak all over her, sturdy Gwenny came along, having trudged in the track of my snowshoes, although with two bags on her back. I set her in beside her mistress, to support her, and keep warm; and then with one look back at the glen, which had been so long my home of heart, I hung behind the sled, and launched it down the steep and dangerous way.

Though the cliffs were black above us, and the road unseen in front, and a great white grave of snow might at a single word come down, Lorna was as calm and happy as an infant in its bed. She knew that I was with her, and when I told her not to speak, she touched my hand in silence. Gwenny was in a much greater fright, having never seen such a thing before, neither knowing what it is to yield to pure love's confidence. I could hardly keep her quiet, without making a noise myself. With my staff from rock to rock, and my weight thrown backward, I broke the sled's too rapid way, and brought my grown

love safely out, by the selfsame road which first had led me to her girlish fancy, and my boyish slavery.

* * * * * * *

There was hardly a man among us who had not suffered bitterly from the miscreants now before us. One had lost his wife perhaps, another had lost a daughter — according to their ages, another had lost his favorite cow; in a word, there was scarcely any one who had not to complain of a hayrick; and what surprised me then, not now, was that the men least injured made the greatest push concerning it. But be the wrong too great to speak of, or too small to swear about, from poor Kit Badcock to rich Master Huckaback, there was not one but went heart and soul for stamping out these firebrands.

The moon was lifting well above the shoulder of the uplands when we, the chosen band, set forth, having the short cut along the valleys to the foot of the Bagworthy water, and therefore having allowed the rest an hour to fetch round the moors and hills; we were not to begin our climb until we heard a musket fired from the heights on the left-hand side, where John Fry himself was stationed, upon his own and his wife's request, so as to keep out of action. And that was the place where I had been used to sit and to watch for Lorna. And John Fry was to fire his gun, with a ball of wool inside it, so soon as he heard the hurly-burly at the Doone gate beginning; which we, by reason of waterfall, could not hear down in the meadows there.

We waited a very long time, with the moon marching up heaven steadfastly, and the white fog trembling in chords and columns, like a silver harp of the meadows. And then the moon drew up the fogs, and scarfed herself in white with them; and so being proud, gleamed upon the water like a bride at her looking-glass; and yet there was no sound of either John Fry or his blunderbuss.

I began to think that the worthy John, being out of all danger, and having brought a counterpane (according to his wife's directions, because one of the children had a cold), must veritably have gone to sleep, leaving other people to kill, or be killed, as might be the will of God, so that he were comfortable. But herein I did wrong to John, and am ready to acknowledge it; for suddenly the most awful noise that anything short of thunder could make came down among the rocks, and went and hung upon the corners.

"The signal, my lads!" I cried, leaping up and rubbing my eyes; for even now, while condemning John unjustly, I was giving him right to be hard upon me. "Now hold on by the rope, and lay your quarterstaffs across, my lads, and keep your guns pointing to heaven, lest haply we shoot one another."

"Us sha'n't never shutt one anoothar, wi' our goons at that mark, I reckon," said an oldish chap, but as tough as leather, and esteemed a wit for his dryness.

"You come next to me, old Ike; you be enough to dry up the waters; now, remember, all lean well forward. If any man throws his weight back, down he goes, and perhaps he may never get up again; and most likely he will shoot himself."

I was still more afraid of their shooting me; for my chief alarm in this steep ascent was neither of the water nor of the rocks, but of the loaded guns we bore. If any man slipped, off might go his gun; and however good his meaning, I being first was most likely to take far more than I fain would apprehend.

For this cause I had debated with Uncle Ben and with Cousin Tom as to the expediency of our climbing with guns unloaded. But they, not being in the way themselves, assured me that there was nothing to fear, except through uncommon clumsiness; and that as for charging our guns at the top, even veteran troops could scarce be trusted to perform it properly in a hurry, and the darkness and the noise of fighting before them.

However, thank God, though a gun went off, no one was any the worse for it, neither did the Doones notice it, in the thick of the firing in front of them. For the orders to those of the sham attack, conducted by Tom Faggus, were to make the greatest possible noise, without exposure to themselves, until we in the rear had fallen to, which John Fry was again to give signal of.

Therefore we of the chosen band stole up the meadow quietly, keeping in the blots of shade, and hollow of the water-course. And the earliest notice the Counselor had or any one else, of our presence, was the blazing of the logwood house where lived that villain Carver. It was my especial privilege to set this house on fire; upon which I had insisted, exclusively, and conclusively. No other hand but mine should lay a brand, or strike steel on flint for it; I had made all prepara-

tions carefully for a goodly blaze. And I must confess that I rubbed my hands with a strong delight and comfort when I saw the home of that man, who had fired so many houses, having its turn of smoke, and blaze, and of crackling fury.

We took good care, however, to burn no innocent women or children in that most righteous destruction. For we brought them all out beforehand; some were glad, and some were sorry, according to their dispositions. For Carver had ten or a dozen wives; and perhaps that had something to do with his taking the loss of Lorna so easily. One child I noticed, as I saved him; a fair and handsome little fellow, whom (if Carver Doone could love anything on earth beside his wretched self) he did love. The boy climbed on my back and rode; and much as I hated his father, it was not in my heart to say or do a thing to vex him.

Leaving these poor injured people to behold their burning home, we drew aside, by my directions, into the covert beneath the cliff. But not before we had laid our brands to three other houses, after calling the women forth, and bidding them go for their husbands to come and fight a hundred of us. In the smoke, and rush, and fire, they believed that we were a hundred; and away they ran in consternation, to the battle at the Doone gate.

"All Doone town is on fire, on fire!" we heard them shrieking as they went: "a hundred soldiers are burning it, with a dreadful great man at the head of them!"

Presently, just as I expected, back came the warriors of the Doones, leaving but two or three at the gate, and burning with wrath to crush under foot the presumptuous clowns in their valley. Just then the waxing fire leaped above the red crest of the cliffs, and danced on the pillars of the forest, and lapped like a tide on the stones of the slope. All the valley flowed with light, and the limpid waters reddened, and the fair young women shone, and the naked children glistened.

But the finest sight of all was to see those haughty men striding down the causeway darkly, reckless of their end, but resolute to have two lives for every one. A finer dozen of young men could not have been found in the world, perhaps, nor a braver, nor a viler one.

Seeing how few there were of them, I was very loath to fire, although I covered the leader, who appeared to be dashing Charlie; for they were at easy distance now, brightly shown

by the firelight, yet ignorant where to look for us. I thought that we might take them prisoners — though what good that would be God knows, as they must have been hanged thereafter — anyhow, I was loath to shoot, or to give the word to my followers.

But my followers waited for no word; they saw a fair shot at the men they abhorred, the men who had robbed them of home or of love; and the chance was too much for their charity. At a signal from old Ikey, who leveled his own gun first, a dozen muskets were discharged, and half the Doones dropped lifeless, like so many logs of firewood, or chopping blocks rolled over.

Although I had seen a great battle before, and a hundred times the carnage, this appeared to me to be horrible; and I was at first inclined to fall upon our men for behaving so. But one instant showed me that they were right; for while the valley was filled with howling, and with shrieks of women, and the beams of the blazing houses fell and hissed in the bubbling river, all the rest of the Doones leaped at us like so many demons. They fired wildly, not seeing us well among the hazel bushes; and then they clubbed their muskets, or drew their swords, as might be, and furiously drove at us.

For a moment, although we were twice their number, we fell back before their valorous fame, and the power of their onset. For my part, admiring their courage greatly, and counting it slur upon manliness that two should be down upon one so, I withheld my hand awhile, for I cared to meet none but Carver; and he was not among them. The whirl and hurry of this fight, and the hard blows raining down — for now all guns were empty — took away my power of seeing, or reasoning upon anything. Yet one thing I saw which dwelt long with me; and that was Christopher Badcock spending his life to get Charlie's.

How he had found out, none may tell, both being dead so long ago; but, at any rate, he had found out that Charlie was the man who had robbed him of his wife and honor. It was Carver Doone who took her away, but Charleworth Doone was beside him; and, according to cast of dice, she fell to Charlie's share. All this Kit Badcock (who was mad according to our measures) had discovered and treasured up; and now was his revenge time.

He had come into the conflict without a weapon of any kind,

only begging me to let him be in the very thick of it. For him, he said, life was no matter, after the loss of his wife and child; but death was matter to him, and he meant to make the most of it. Such a face I never saw, and never hope to see again, as when poor Kit Badcock spied Charlie coming toward us.

We had thought this man a patient fool, a philosopher of a little sort, or one who could feel nothing. And his quiet manner of going about, and the gentleness of his answers — when some brutes asked him where his wife was, and whether his baby had been well trussed — these had misled us to think that the man would turn the mild cheek to everything. But I, in the loneliness of our barn, had listened, and had wept with him.

Therefore was I not surprised, so much as all the rest of us, when, in the foremost of red light, Kit went up to Charleworth Doone as if to some inheritance, and took his seisin of right upon him, being himself a powerful man, and begged a word aside with him. What they said aside I know not; all I know is that, without weapon, each man killed the other. And Margery Badcock came, and wept, and hung upon her poor husband, and died that summer of heart disease.

Now for these and other things — whereof I could tell a thousand — was the reckoning come that night: and not a line we missed of it, soon as our bad blood was up. I like not to tell of slaughter, though it might be of wolves and tigers; and that was a night of fire and slaughter, and of very long-harbored revenge. Enough that ere the daylight broke upon that wan March morning, the only Doones still left alive were the Counselor and Carver. And of all the dwellings of the Doones — inhabited with luxury, and luscious taste, and licentiousness — not even one was left, but all made potash in the river.

This may seem a violent and unholy revenge upon them. And I — who led the heart of it — have in these, my latter years, doubted how I shall be judged, not of men — for God only knows the errors of man's judgment — but by that great God Himself, the front of whose forehead is mercy.



DR. A. CONAN DOYLE

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

By EDMUND WALLER.

[1605–1687.]

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;—
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

MICAH CLARKE.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[Arthur Conan Doyle, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar";

"Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

Monmouth's Volunteers fight with the Regulars.

Some little distance from us a branch road ran into that along which we and our motley assemblage of companions in arms were traveling. This road curved down the side of a well-wooded hill, and then over the level for a quarter of a mile or so before opening on the other. Just at the brow of the rising ground there stood a thick bristle of trees, amid the trunks of which there came and went a bright shimmer of sparkling steel, which proclaimed the presence of armed men. Farther back, where the road took a sudden turn and ran along the ridge of the hill, several horsemen could be plainly seen outlined against the evening sky. So peaceful, however, was the long sweep of countryside, mellowed by the golden light of the setting sun, with a score of village steeples and manor houses peeping out from among the woods, that it was hard to think that the thundercloud of war was really lowering over that fair valley, and that at any instant the lightning might break from it.

The country folk, however, appeared to have no difficulty at all in understanding the danger to which they were exposed. The fugitives from the west gave a yell of consternation, and ran wildly down the road or whipped up their beasts of burden in the endeavor to place as safe a distance as possible between themselves and the threatened attack. The chorus of shrill cries and shouts, with the cracking of whips, creaking of wheels, and the occasional crash when some cart load of goods came to grief, made up a most deafening uproar, above which our leader's voice resounded in sharp, eager exhortation and command. When, however, the loud brazen shriek from a bugle broke from the wood, and the head of a troop of horse began to descend the slope, the panic became greater still, and it was difficult for us to preserve any order at all amid the wild rush of the terrified fugitives.

"Stop that cart, Clarke," cried Saxon, vehemently, pointing with his sword to an old wagon, piled high with furniture and bedding, which was lumbering along drawn by two raw-boned colts. At the same moment I saw him drive his horse

into the crowd and catch at the reins of another similar one. Giving Covenant's bridle a shake, I was soon abreast of the cart which he had indicated, and managed to bring the furious young horses to a standstill.

"Bring it up!" cried our leader, working with the coolness which only a long apprenticeship to war can give. "Now, friends, cut the traces!" A dozen knives were at work in a moment, and the kicking, struggling animals scampered off, leaving their burdens behind them. Saxon sprang off his horse and set the example in dragging the wagon across the roadway, while some of the peasants, under the direction of Reuben Lockarby and of Master Joshua Pettigrue, arranged a couple of other carts to block the way fifty yards farther down. The latter precaution was to guard against the chance of the royal horse riding through the fields and attacking us from behind. So speedily was the scheme conceived and carried out, that within a very few minutes of the first alarm we found ourselves protected front and rear by a lofty barricade, while within this improvised fortress was a garrison of a hundred and fifty men.

"What firearms have we among us?" asked Saxon, hurriedly.

"A dozen pistols at the most," replied the elderly Puritan, who was addressed by his companions as Hope-above Williams. "John Rodway, the coachman, hath his blunderbuss. There are also two godly men from Hungerford, who are keepers of game, and who have brought their pieces with them."

"They are here, sir," cried another, pointing to two stout, bearded fellows, who were ramming charges into their long-barreled muskets. "Their names are Wat and Nat Millman."

"Two who can hit their mark are worth a battalion who shoot wide," our leader remarked. "Get under the wagon, my friends, and rest your pieces upon the spokes. Never draw trigger until the sons of Belial are within three pikes' length of ye."

"My brother and I," quoth one of them, "can hit a running doe at two hundred paces. Our lives are in the hands of the Lord, but two, at least, of these hired butchers we shall send before us."

"As gladly as ever we slew stoat or wild cat," cried the other, slipping under the wagon. "We are keeping the Lord's

preserves now, brother Wat, and truly these are some of the vermin that infest them."

"Let all who have pistols line the wagon," said Saxon, tying his mare to the hedge — an example which we all followed. "Clarke, do you take charge upon the right with Sir Gervas, while Lockarby assists Master Pettigrue upon the left. Ye others shall stand behind with stones. Should they break through our barricade, slash at the horses with your scythes. Once down, the riders are no match for ye."

A low, sullen murmur of determined resolution rose from the peasants, mingled with pious ejaculations and little scraps of hymn or of prayer. They had all produced from under their smocks rustic weapons of some sort. Ten or twelve had petronels, which, from their antique look and rusty condition, threatened to be more dangerous to their possessors than to the enemy. Others had sickles, scythe blades, flails, half-pikes, or hammers, while the remainder carried long knives and oaken clubs. Simple as were these weapons, history has proved that in the hands of men who are deeply stirred by religious fanaticism they are by no means to be despised. One had but to look at the stern, set faces of our followers, and the gleam of exultation and expectancy which shone from their eyes, to see that they were not the men to quail, either from superior numbers or equipment.

"By the mass!" whispered Sir Gervas, "it is magnificent! An hour of this is worth a year in the Mall. The old Puritan bull is fairly at bay. Let us see what sort of sport the bull pups make in the baiting of him! I'll lay five pieces to four on the chaw bacons!"

"Nay, it's no matter for idle betting," said I, shortly, for his light-hearted chatter annoyed me at so solemn a moment.

"Five to four on the soldiers, then!" he persisted. "It is too good a match not to have a stake on it one way or the other."

"Our lives are the stake," said I.

"Faith, I had forgot it!" he replied, still mumbling his toothpick. "'To be or not to be?' as Will of Stratford says. Kynaston was great on the passage. But here is the bell that rings the curtain up."

While we had been making our dispositions, the troop of horse — for there appeared to be but one — had trotted down the crossroad, and had drawn up across the main highway.

They numbered, as far as I could judge, about ninety troopers, and it was evident from their three-cornered hats, steel plates, red sleeves, and bandoliers that they were dragoons of the regular army. The main body halted a quarter of a mile from us, while their officers rode to the front and held a short consultation, which ended in one of them setting spurs to his horse and cantering down in our direction. A bugler followed a few paces behind him, waving a white kerchief and blowing an occasional blast upon his trumpet.

"Here comes an envoy," cried Saxon, who was standing up in the wagon. "Now, my brethren, we have neither kettledrum nor tinkling brass, but we have the instrument wherewith Providence hath endowed us. Let us show the redcoats that we know how to use it.

"Who, then, dreads the violent,
Or fears the man of pride?
Or shall I flee from two or three
If He be by my side?"

Sevenscore voices broke in, in a hoarse roar, upon the chorus.

"Who, then, fears to draw the sword,
And fight the battle of the Lord?"

I could well believe at that moment that the Spartans had found the lame singer Tyrtæus the most successful of their generals, for the sound of their own voices increased the confidence of the country folk, while the martial words of the old hymn roused the dogged spirit in their breasts. So high did their courage run that they broke off their song with a loud warlike shout, waving their weapons above their heads, and ready, I verily believe, to march out from their barricades and make straight for the horsemen. In the midst of this clamor and turmoil the young dragoon officer, a handsome olive-faced lad, rode fearlessly up to the barrier, and pulling up his beautiful roan steed, held up his hand with an imperious gesture which demanded silence.

"Who is the leader of this conventicle?" he asked.

"Address your message to me, sir," said our leader, from the top of the wagon, "but understand that your white flag will only protect you while you use such language as may come from one courteous adversary to another. Say your say or retire."

"Courtesy and honor," said the officer, with a sneer, "are not extended to rebels who are in arms against their lawful sovereign. If you are the leader of this rabble, I warn you if they are not dispersed within five minutes by this watch" — he pulled out an elegant gold timepiece — "we shall ride down upon them and cut them to pieces."

"The Lord can protect His own," Saxon answered, amid a fierce hum of approval from the crowd. "Is this all thy message?"

"It is all, and you will find it enough, you Presbyterian traitor," cried the dragoon cornet. "Listen to me, misguided fools," he continued, standing up upon his stirrups and speaking to the peasants at the other side of the wagon. "What chance have ye with your whittles and cheese scrapers? Ye may yet save your skins if ye will but deliver up your leaders, throw down what ye are pleased to call your arms, and trust to the King's mercy."

"This exceedeth the limitations of your privileges," said Saxon, drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it. "If you say another word to seduce these people from their allegiance, I fire."

"Hope not to benefit Monmouth," cried the young officer, disregarding the threat and still addressing his words to the peasants. "The whole royal army is drawing round him, and ——"

"Have a care!" shouted our leader, in a deep, harsh voice.

"His head within a month shall roll upon the scaffold."

"But you shall never live to see it," said Saxon, and stooping over he fired straight at the cornet's head. At the flash of the pistol the trumpeter wheeled round and galloped for his life, while the roan horse turned and followed, with its master still seated firmly in the saddle.

"Verily you have missed the Midianite!" cried Hope-above Williams.

"He is dead," said our leader, pouring a fresh charge into his pistol. "It is the law of war, Clarke," he added, looking round at me. "He hath chosen to break it and he must pay forfeit."

As he spoke I saw the young officer lean gradually over in his saddle, until, when about halfway back to his friends, he lost his balance, and fell heavily in the roadway, turning over two or three times with the force of his fall, and lying at last

still and motionless, a dust-colored heap. A loud yell of rage broke from the troopers at the sight, which was answered by a shout of defiance from the Puritan peasantry.

"Down on your faces!" cried Saxon. "They are about to fire."

The crackle of musketry and a storm of bullets, pinging on the hard ground, or cutting twigs from the hedges on either side of us, lent emphasis to our leader's order. Many of the peasants crouched behind the feather beds and tables which had been pulled out of the cart. Some lay in the wagon itself, and some sheltered themselves behind or underneath it. Others again lined the ditches on either side or lay flat upon the roadway, while a few showed their belief in the workings of Providence by standing upright without flinching from the bullets. Among these latter were Saxon and Sir Gervas, the former to set an example to his raw troops, and the latter out of pure laziness and indifference. Reuben and I sat together in the ditch, and I can assure you, my dear grandchildren, that we felt very much inclined to bob our heads when we heard the bullets piping all around them. If any soldier ever told you that he did not the first time that he was under fire, then that soldier is not a man to trust. After sitting rigid and silent, however, as if we both had stiff necks, for a very few minutes, the feeling passed completely away, and from that day to this it has never returned to me. You see familiarity breeds contempt with bullets as with other things, and though it is no easy matter to come to like them, like the King of Sweden or my Lord Cutts, it is not so very hard to become indifferent to them.

The cornet's death did not remain long unavenged. A little old man with a sickle, who had been standing near Sir Gervas, gave a sudden sharp cry, and springing up into the air with a loud "Glory to God!" fell flat upon his face dead. A bullet had struck him just over the right eye. Almost at the same moment one of the peasants in the wagon was shot through the chest, and set up coughing blood all over the wheel. I saw Master Joshua Pettigrue catch him in his long arms and settle some bedding under his head, so that he lay breathing heavily and pattering forth prayers. The minister showed himself a man that day, for amid the fierce carbine fire he walked boldly up and down, with a drawn rapier in his left hand — for he was a left-handed man — and his Bible in the

other. "This is what you are dying for, dear brothers," he cried continually, holding the brown volume up in the air; "are ye not ready to die for this?" And every time he asked the question a low eager murmur of assent rose from the ditches, the wagon, and the road.

"They aim like yokels at a wappin-schaw," said Saxon, seating himself on the side of the wagon. "Like all young soldiers, they fire too high. When I was an adjutant, it was my custom to press down the barrels of the muskets until my eye told me they were level. These rogues think that they have done their part if they do but let the gun off, though they are as like to hit the plovers above us as ourselves."

"Five of the faithful have fallen," said Hope-above Williams. "Shall we not sally forth and do battle with the children of Antichrist? Are we to lie here like so many popinjays at a fair for the troopers to practice upon?"

"There is a stone barn over yonder on the hillside," I remarked. "If we who have horses, and a few others, were to keep the dragoons in play, the people might be able to reach it, and so be sheltered from the fire."

"At least let my brother and me have a shot or two back at them," cried one of the marksmen beside the wheel.

To all our entreaties and suggestions, however, our leader only replied by a shake of the head, and continued to swing his long legs over the side of the wagon, with his eyes fixed intently upon the horsemen, many of whom had dismounted and were leaning their carbines over the cruppers of their chargers.

"This cannot go on, sir," said the pastor, in a low, earnest voice; "two more men have just been hit."

"If fifty more men are hit we must wait until they charge," Saxon answered. "What would you do, man? If you leave this shelter, you will be cut off and utterly destroyed. When you have seen as much of war as I have done, you will learn to put up quietly with what is not to be avoided. I remember on such another occasion when the rear guard or nachhut of the Imperial troops was followed by Croats, who were in the pay of the Grand Turk, I lost half my company before the mercenary renegades came to close fighting. Ha, my brave boys, they are mounting! We shall not have to wait long now."

The dragoons were indeed climbing into their saddles again, and forming across the road, with the evident intention of charging down upon us. At the same time, about thirty

men detached themselves from the main body, and trotted away into the fields upon our right. Saxon growled a hearty oath under his breath as he observed them.

"They have some knowledge of warfare after all," said he. "They mean to charge us flank and front. Master Joshua, see that your scythesmen line the quickset hedge upon the right. Stand well up, my brothers, and flinch not from the horses. You men with the sickles, lie in the ditch there, and cut at the legs of the brutes. A line of stone-throwers behind that. A heavy stone is as sure as a bullet at close quarters. If ye would see your wives and children, make that hedge good against the horsemen. Now for the front attack. Let the men who carry petronels come into the wagon. Two of yours, Clarke, and two of yours, Lockarby. I can spare one also. That makes five. Now here are ten others of a sort and three muskets. Twenty shots in all. Have you no pistols, Sir Gervas?"

"No, but I can get a pair," said our companion, and springing upon his horse he forced his way through the ditch, past the barrier, and so down the road in the direction of the dragoons.

The movement was so sudden and so unexpected that there was a dead silence for a few seconds, which was broken by a general howl of hatred and execration from the peasants. "Shoot upon him! Shoot down the false Amalekite!" they shrieked. "He hath gone to join his kind! He hath delivered us up into the hands of the enemy! Judas! Judas!" As to the horsemen, who were still forming up for a charge and waiting for the flanking party to get into position, they sat still and silent, not knowing what to make of the gayly dressed cavalier who was speeding towards them.

We were not left long in doubt, however. He had no sooner reached the spot where the cornet had fallen, than he sprang from his horse and helped himself to the dead man's pistols, and to the belt which contained his powder and ball. Mounting at his leisure, amid a shower of bullets which puffed up the white dust all around him, he rode onward towards the dragoons and discharged one of his pistols at them. Wheeling round, he politely raised his cap, and galloped back to us, none the worse for his adventure, though a ball had grazed his horse's fetlock and another had left a hole in the skirt of his riding coat. The peasants raised a shout of jubilation as he rode in, and from

that day forward our friend was permitted to wear his gay trappings and to bear himself as he would, without being suspected of having mounted the livery of Satan or of being wanting in zeal for the cause of the saints.

"They are coming," cried Saxon. "Let no man draw trigger until he sees me shoot. If any does, I shall send a bullet through him, though it were my last shot and the troopers were among us."

As our leader uttered this threat, and looked grimly round upon us with an evident intention of executing it, a shrill blare of a bugle burst from the horsemen in front of us, and was answered by those upon our flank. At the signal both bodies set spurs to their horses and dashed down upon us at the top of their speed. Those in the field were delayed for a few moments, and thrown into some disorder, by finding that the ground immediately in front of them was soft and boggy; but having made their way through it, they reformed upon the other side and rode gallantly at the hedge. Our own opponents, having a clear course before them, never slackened for an instant, but came thundering down with a jingling of harness and a tempest of oaths upon our rude barricade.

Ah, my children! when a man in his age tries to describe such things as these, and to make others see what he has seen, it is only then that he understands what a small stock of language a plain man keeps by him for his ordinary use in the world, and how unfit it is to meet any call upon it. For though at this very moment I can myself see that white Somersetshire road, with the wild whirling charge of the horsemen, the red angry faces of the men, and the gaping nostrils of the horses all wreathed and framed in clouds of dust, I cannot hope to make it clear to your young eyes, which never have looked, and, I trust, never shall look, upon such a scene. When, too, I think of the sound, a mere rattle and jingle at first, but growing in strength and volume with every step, until it came upon us with a thunderous rush and roar which gave the impression of irresistible power, I feel that that too is beyond the power of my feeble words to express. To inexperienced soldiers like ourselves, it seemed impossible that our frail defense and our feeble weapons could check for an instant the impetus and weight of the dragoons. To right and left I saw white set faces, open-eyed and rigid, unflinching, with a stubbornness which rose less from hope than from despair. All round rose exclamations

and prayers. "Lord, save Thy people!" "Mercy, Lord, mercy!" "Be with us this day!" "Receive our souls, O merciful Father!" Saxon lay across the wagon with his eyes glinting like diamonds and his petronel presented at the full length of his rigid arm. Following his example, we all took aim as steadily as possible at the first rank of the enemy. Our only hope of safety lay in making that one discharge so deadly that our opponents should be too much shaken to continue their attack.

Would the man never fire? They could not be more than ten paces from us. I could see the buckles of the men's plates and the powder charges in their bandoliers. One more stride yet, and at last our leader's pistol flashed and we poured in a close volley, supported by a shower of heavy stones from the sturdy peasants behind. I could hear them splintering against casque and cuirass like hail upon a casement. The cloud of smoke veiling for an instant the line of galloping steeds and gallant riders drifted slowly aside to show a very different scene. A dozen men and horses were rolling in one wild blood-spurting heap, the unwounded falling over those whom our balls and stones had just brought down. Struggling, snorting chargers, iron-shod feet, staggering figures rising and falling, wild, hatless, bewildered men half stunned by a fall and not knowing which way to turn. That was the foreground of the picture, while behind them the remainder of the troop were riding furiously back, wounded and hale, all driven by the one desire of getting to a place of safety where they might rally their shattered formation. A great shout of praise and thanksgiving rose from the delighted peasants, and surging over the barricade, they struck down or secured the few uninjured troopers who had been unable or unwilling to join their companions in their flight. The carbines, swords, and bandoliers were eagerly pounced upon by the victors, some of whom had served in the militia and knew well how to handle the different weapons which they had won.

The victory, however, was by no means completed. The flanking squadron had ridden boldly at the hedge, and a dozen or more had forced their way through, in spite of the showers of stones and the desperate thrusts of the pikemen and scythesmen. Once among the peasants, the long swords and the armor of the dragoons gave them a great advantage, and though the sickles brought several of the horses to the ground,

the soldiers continued to lay about them freely, and to beat back the fierce but ill-armed resistance of their opponents. A dragoon sergeant, a man of great resolution and of prodigious strength, appeared to be the leader of the party, and encouraged his followers both by word and example. A stab from a half-pike brought his horse to the ground, but he sprang from the saddle as it fell, and avenged its death by a sweeping backhanded cut from his broadsword. Waving his hat in his left hand, he continued to rally his men, and to strike down every Puritan who came against him, until a blow from a hatchet brought him on his knees, and a flail stroke broke his sword close by the hilt. At the fall of their leader his comrades turned and fled through the hedge, but the gallant fellow, wounded and bleeding, still showed fight, and would assuredly have been knocked upon the head for his pains had I not picked him up and thrown him into a wagon, where he had the good sense to lie quiet until the skirmish was at an end. Of the dozen who broke through, not more than four escaped, and several others lay dead or wounded upon the other side of the hedge, impaled by scythe blades or knocked off their horses by stones. Altogether, nine of the dragoons were slain and fourteen wounded, while we retained seven unscathed prisoners, ten horses fit for service, and a score or so of carbines, with good store of match, powder, and ball. The remainder of the troop fired a single, straggling, irregular volley, and then galloped away down the crossroad, disappearing among the trees from which they had emerged.

All this, however, had not been accomplished without severe loss upon our side. Three men had been killed and six wounded, one of them very seriously, by the musketry fire. Five had been cut down when the flanking party broke their way in, and only one of these could be expected to recover. In addition to this, one man had lost his life through the bursting of an ancient petronel, and another had his arm broken by the kick of a horse. Our total losses, therefore, were eight killed and the same wounded, which could not but be regarded as a very moderate number, when we consider the fierceness of the skirmish, and the superiority of our enemy both in discipline and in equipment.

So elated were the peasants by their victory that those who had secured horses were clamorous to be allowed to follow the dragoons, the more so as Sir Gervas Jerome and Reuben were

both eager to lead them. Decimus Saxon refused, however, to listen to any such scheme, nor did he show more favor to the Rev. Joshua Pettigrue's proposal that he should, in his capacity as pastor, mount immediately upon the wagon, and improve the occasion by a few words of healing and unction.

"It is true, good Master Pettigrue, that we owe much praise and much outpouring, and much sweet and holy contending, for this blessing which hath come upon Israel," said he, "but the time hath not yet arrived. There is an hour for prayer and an hour for labor. Hark ye, friend," — to one of the prisoners, — "to what regiment do you belong?"

"It is not for me to reply to your questions," the man answered sulkily.

"Nay, then, we'll try if a string round your scalp and a few twists of a drumstick will make you find your tongue," said Saxon, pushing his face up to that of the prisoner, and staring into his eyes with so savage an expression that the man shrank away affrighted.

"It is a troop of the second dragoon regiment," he said.

"Where is the regiment itself?"

"We left it on the Ilchester and Langport road."

"You hear," said our leader. "We have not a moment to spare, or we may have the whole crew about our ears. Put our dead and wounded in the carts, and we can harness two of these chargers to them. We shall not be in safety until we are in Taunton town."

Even Master Joshua saw that the matter was too pressing to permit of any spiritual exercises. The wounded men were lifted into the wagon and laid upon the bedding, while our dead were placed in the cart which had defended our rear. The peasants who owned these, far from making any objection to this disposal of their property, assisted us in every way, tightening girths and buckling traces. Within an hour of the ending of the skirmish we found ourselves pursuing our way once more, and looking back through the twilight at the scattered black dots upon the white road, where the bodies of the dragoons marked the scene of our victory.

The Trial of Strength.

King Monmouth had called a council meeting for the evening, and summoned Colonel Decimus Saxon to attend it, with

whom I went, bearing with me the small package which Sir Jacob Clancing had given over to my keeping. On arriving at the castle, we found that the king had not yet come out from his chamber, but we were shown into the great hall to await him, a fine room with lofty windows and a noble ceiling of carved woodwork. At the farther end, the royal arms had been erected without the bar sinister which Monmouth had formerly worn. Here were assembled the principal chiefs of the army, with many of the inferior commanders, town officers, and others who had petitions to offer. Lord Grey, of Wark, stood silently by the window, looking out over the countryside with a gloomy face. Wade and Holmes shook their heads and whispered in a corner. Ferguson strode about with his wig awry, shouting out exhortations and prayers in a broad Scottish accent. A few of the more gayly dressed gathered around the empty fireplace, and listened to a tale from one of their number which appeared to be shrouded in many oaths, and which was greeted with shouts of laughter. In another corner a numerous group of zealots, clad in black or russet gowns, with broad white bands and hanging mantles, stood around some favorite preacher, and discussed in an undertone Calvinistic philosophy and its relation to statecraft. A few plain homely soldiers, who were neither sectaries nor courtiers, wandered up and down, or stared out through the windows at the busy encampment upon the Castle Green. To one of these, remarkable for his great size and breadth of shoulders, Saxon led me, and, touching him on the sleeve, he held out his hand as to an old friend.

"Mein Gott!" cried the German soldier of fortune, for it was the same man whom my companion had pointed out in the morning, "I thought it was you, Saxon, when I saw you by the gate, though you are even thinner than of old. How a man could suck up so much good Bavarian beer as you have done, and yet make so little flesh upon it, is more than I can verstehen. How have all things gone with you?"

"As of old," said Saxon. "More blows than thalers, and greater need of a surgeon than of a strong box. When did I see you last, friend? Was it not at the onfall at Nürnberg, when I led the right and you the left wing of the heavy horse?"

"Nay," said Buyse. "I have met you in the way of business since then. Have you forgot the skirmish on the Rhine bank, when you did flash your snapphahn at me? Sapperment!

Had some rascally schelm not stabbed my horse, I should have swept your head off as a boy cuts thistles mit a stick."

"Ay, ay," Saxon answered composedly. "I had forgot it. You were taken, if I remember aright, but did afterwards brain the sentry with your fetters, and swam the Rhine under the fire of a regiment. Yet I think that we did offer you the same terms that you were having with the others."

"Some such base offer was indeed made to me," said the German, sternly. "To which I answered that, though I sold my sword, I did not sell my honor. It is well that cavaliers of fortune should show that an engagement is with them — how do ye say it? — unbreakable until the war is over. Then by all means let him change his paymaster. Warum nicht?"

"True, friend, true!" replied Saxon. "These beggarly Italians and Swiss have made such a trade of the matter, and sold themselves so freely, body and soul, to the longest purse, that it is well that we should be nice upon points of honor. But you remember the old hand gripe which no man in the Palatinate could exchange with you? Here is my captain, Micah Clarke. Let him see how warm a North German welcome may be."

The Brandenburger showed his white teeth in a grin as he held out his broad white hand to me. The instant that mine was inclosed in it, he suddenly bent his whole strength upon it, and squeezed my fingers together until the blood tingled in the nails, and the whole hand was limp and powerless.

"Donnerwetter!" he cried, laughing heartily at my start of pain and surprise. "It is a rough Prussian game, and the English lads have not much stomach for it."

"Truly, sir," said I, "it is the first time that I have seen the pastime, and I would fain practice it under so able a master."

"What, another!" he cried. "Why, you must be still pringling from the first. Nay, if you will I shall not refuse you, though I fear it may weaken your hold upon your sword hilt."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and I grasped it firmly, thumb to thumb, keeping my elbow high, so as to bear all my force upon it. His own trick was, as I observed, to gain command of the other hand by a great output of strength at the onset. This I prevented by myself putting out all my power. For a minute or two we stood motionless, gazing into each other's faces. Then I saw a bead of sweat trickle down his

forehead, and I knew that he was beaten. Slowly his gripe relaxed, and his hand grew limp and slack while my own tightened ever upon it, until he was forced, in a surly, muttering voice, to request that I should unhand him.

"Teufel und hexerei!" he cried, wiping away the blood which oozed from under his nails. "I might as well put my fingers in a rat trap. You are the first man that ever yet exchanged fair hand gripes with Anthony Buyse."

"We breed brawn in England as well as in Brandenburg," said Saxon, who was shaking with laughter over the German soldier's discomfiture. "Why, I have seen that lad pick up a full-size sergeant of dragoons and throw him into a cart as though he had been a clod of earth."

"Strong he is," grumbled Buyse, still wringing his injured hand, "strong as old Götz mit de iron gripe. But what good is strength alone in the handling of a weapon? It is not the force of a blow, but the way in which it is geschlagen, that makes the effect. Your sword now is heavier than mine, by the look of it, and yet my blade would bite deeper. Eh? Is not that a more soldierly sport than kinderspiel such as hand grasping and the like?"

"He is a modest youth," said Saxon. "Yet I would match his stroke against yours."

"For what?" snarled the German.

"For as much wine as we can take at a sitting."

"No small amount, either," said Buyse; "a brace of gallons at the least. Well, be it so. Do you accept the contest?"

"I shall do what I may," I answered, "though I can scarce hope to strike as heavy a blow as so old and tried a soldier."

"Henker take your compliments," he cried gruffly. "It was with sweet words that you did coax my fingers into that fool catcher of yours. Now, here is my old headpiece of Spanish steel. It has, as you can see, one or two dints of blows, and a fresh one will not hurt it. I place it here upon this oaken stool high enough to be within fair sword sweep. Have at it, Junker, and let us see if you can leave your mark upon it!"

"Do you strike first, sir," said I, "since the challenge is yours."

"I must bruise my own headpiece to regain my soldierly credit," he grumbled. "Well, well, it has stood a cut or two in its day."

Drawing his broadsword, he waved back the crowd who had gathered around us, while he swung the great weapon with tremendous force round his head, and brought it down with a full clean sweep on to the smooth cap of steel. The headpiece sprang high into the air and then clattered down upon the oaken floor with a long deep line bitten into the solid metal.

"Well struck!" "A brave stroke!" cried the spectators. "It is proof steel thrice welded, and warranted to turn a sword blade," one remarked, raising up the helmet to examine it, and then replacing it upon the stool.

"I have seen my father cut through proof steel with this very sword," said I, drawing the fifty-year-old weapon. "He put rather more of his weight into it than you have done. I have heard him say that a good stroke should come from the back and loins rather than from the mere muscles of the arm."

"It is not a lecture we want, but a beispiel or example," sneered the German. "It is with your stroke that we have to do, and not with the teaching of your father."

"My stroke," said I, "is in accordance with his teaching;" and, whistling round the sword, I brought it down with all my might and strength upon the German's helmet. The good old Commonwealth blade shore through the plate of steel, cut the stool asunder, and buried its point two inches deep in the oaken floor. "It is but a trick," I explained. "I have practiced it in the winter evenings at home."

"It is not a trick that I should care to have played upon me," said Lord Grey, amid a general murmur of applause and surprise. "Od's bud, man, you have lived two centuries too late. What would not your thews have been worth before gunpowder put all men upon a level!"

"Wunderbar!" growled Buyse, "wunderbar! I am past my prime, young sir, and may well resign the palm of strength to you. It was a right noble stroke. It hath cost me a runlet or two of canary, and a good old helmet; but I grudge it not, for it was fairly done. I am thankful that my head was not darin. Saxon, here, used to show us some brave schwertspielerei, but he hath not the weight for such smashing blows as this."

"My eye is still true and my hand firm, though both are perhaps a trifle the worse for want of use," said Saxon, only too glad at the chance of drawing the eyes of the chief upon him. "At backsword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single

falchion, and case of falchions mine old challenge still holds good against any comer, save only my brother Quartus, who plays as well as I do, but hath an extra half-inch in reach, which gives him the vantage."

"I studied swordplay under Signor Contarini of Paris," then said Lord Grey. "Who was your master?"

"I have studied, my lord, under Signor Stern Necessity of Europe," quoth Saxon. "For five and thirty years my life has depended from day to day upon being able to cover myself with this slip of steel. Here is a small trick which showeth some nicety of eye: to throw this ring to the ceiling and catch it upon the rapier point. It seems simple, perchance, and yet is only to be attained by some practice."

"Simple!" cried Wade the lawyer, a square-faced, bold-eyed man. "Why, the ring is but the girth of your little finger. A man might do it once by good luck, but none could insure it."

"I will lay a guinea a thrust on it," said Saxon; and, tossing the little gold circlet up into the air, he flashed out his rapier and made a pass at it. The ring rasped down the steel blade and tinkled against the hilt, fairly impaled. By a sharp motion of the wrist he shot it up to the ceiling again, where it struck a carved rafter and altered its course; but again with a quick step forward, he got beneath it and received it on his sword point. "Surely there is some cavalier present who is as apt at the trick as I am," he said, replacing the ring upon his finger.

"I think, colonel, that I could venture upon it," said a voice; and, looking around, we found that Monmouth had entered the room and was standing quietly on the outskirts of the throng, unperceived in the general interest which our contention had excited. "Nay, nay, gentlemen," he continued pleasantly, as we uncovered and bowed with some little embarrassment; "how could my faithful followers be better employed than by breathing themselves in a little swordplay? I prithee lend me your rapier, colonel." He drew a diamond ring from his finger, and, spinning it up into the air, he transfixed it as deftly as Saxon had done. "I practiced the trick at the Hague, where, by my faith, I had only too many hours to devote to such trifles."



G. Kneller pinxt.

The R.t Hon.ble Sr George Jeffreys Kn.t & Bar.t

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

And one of his Majestys most Hon.ble Privy Council Anno Dñi 1684.

Published as the Act directs August 1st 1793 by Wm Richardson Castle Street Leicester Square

Chief Justice Jeffreys.

Late in August the judges started from London upon that wicked journey which blighted the lives and the homes of so many, and hath left a memory in the counties through which they passed which shall never fade while a father can speak to a son. We heard reports of them from day to day, for the guards took pleasure in detailing them with many coarse and foul jests, that we might know what was in store for us, and lose none of what they called the pleasures of anticipation. At Winchester the sainted and honored Lady Alice Lisle was sentenced by Chief Justice Jeffreys to be burned alive, and the exertions and prayers of her friends could scarce prevail upon him to allow her the small boon of the ax instead of the fagot. Her graceful head was hewn from her body amid the groans and the cries of a weeping multitude in the market place of the town. At Dorchester the slaughter was wholesale. Three hundred were condemned to death, and seventy-four were actually executed, until the most loyal and Tory of the country squires had to complain of the universal presence of the dangling bodies. Thence the judges proceeded to Exeter, and thence to Taunton, which they reached in the first week of September, more like furious and ravenous beasts which have tasted blood, and cannot quench their cravings for slaughter, than just-minded men, trained to distinguish the various degrees of guilt, or to pick out the innocent and screen him from injustice. A rare field was open for their cruelty, for in Taunton alone there lay a thousand hapless prisoners, many of whom were so little trained to express their thoughts, and so hampered by the strange dialect in which they spoke, that they might have been born dumb for all the chance they had of making either judge or counsel understand the pleadings which they wished to lay before them.

It was on Monday evening that the Lord Chief Justice made his entry. From one of the windows of the room in which we were confined I saw him pass. First rode the dragoons with their standards and kettledrums, then the javelin men with their halberds, and behind them the line of coaches full of the high dignitaries of the law. Last of all, drawn by six long-tailed Flemish mares, came a great open coach, thickly crusted with gold, in which, reclining amid velvet cushions, sat the infamous judge, wrapped in a cloak of crimson plush,

with a heavy white periwig upon his head, which was so long that it dropped down over his shoulders. They say that he wore scarlet in order to strike terror into the hearts of the people, and that his courts were, for the same reason, draped in the color of blood. As for himself, it hath ever been the custom, since his wickedness hath come to be known to all men, to picture him as a man whose expression and features were as monstrous and as hideous as was the mind behind them. This is by no means the case. On the contrary, he was a man who, in his younger days, must have been remarkable for his extreme beauty. He was not, it is true, very old, as years go, when I saw him, but debauchery and low living had left their traces upon his countenance, without, however, entirely destroying the regularity and the beauty of his features. He was dark, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman, with black eyes and olive complexion. His expression was lofty and noble, but his temper was so easily aflame that the slightest cross or annoyance would set him raving like a madman, with blazing eyes and foaming mouth. I have seen him myself with the froth upon his lips and his whole face twitching with passion, like one who hath the falling sickness. Yet his other emotions were under as little control, for I have heard say that a very little would cause him to sob and to weep, more especially when he had himself been slighted by those who were above him. He was, I believe, a man who had great powers either for good or for evil, but by pandering to the darker side of his nature, and neglecting the other, he brought himself to be as near a fiend as it is possible for a man to be. It must indeed have been an evil government where so vile and foul-mouthed a wretch was chosen out to hold the scales of justice. As he drove past, a Tory gentleman riding by the side of his coach drew his attention to the faces of the prisoners looking out at him. He glanced up at them with a quick malicious gleam of his white teeth, then settled down again among the cushions. I observed that as he passed not a hat was raised among the crowd, and that even the rude soldiers appeared to look upon him half in terror, half in disgust, as a lion might look upon some foul blood-sucking bat, which battened upon the prey which he had himself struck down.

Micah's Trial and Sentence.

There was no delay in the work of slaughter. That very night the great gallows was erected outside the White Hart Inn. Hour after hour we could hear the blows of mallets and the sawing of beams, mingled with the shoutings and the ribald choruses of the Chief Justice's suite, who were carousing with the officers of the Tangiers regiment in the front room, which overlooked the gibbet. Among the prisoners the night was passed in prayer and meditation, the stout-hearted holding forth to their weaker brethren, and exhorting them to play the man, and to go to their death in a fashion which should be an example to true Protestants throughout the world. The Puritan divines had been mostly strung up offhand immediately after the battle, but a few were left to sustain the courage of their flocks, and to show them the way upon the scaffold. Never have I seen anything so admirable as the cool and cheerful bravery wherewith these poor clowns faced their fate. Their courage on the battlefield paled before that which they showed in the shambles of the law. So, amid the low murmur of prayer, and appeals for mercy to God from tongues which never yet asked mercy from man, the morning broke, the last morning which many of us were to spend upon earth.

The court should have opened at nine, but my Lord Chief Justice was indisposed, having sat up somewhat late with Colonel Kirke. It was nearly eleven before the trumpeters and criers announced that he had taken his seat. One by one my fellow-prisoners were called out by name, the more prominent being chosen first. They went out from among us amid hand shakings and blessings, but we saw and heard no more of them, save that a sudden fierce rattle of kettledrums would rise up now and again, which was, as our guards told us, to drown any dying words which might fall from the sufferers and bear fruit in the breasts of those who heard them. With firm steps and smiling faces, the roll of martyrs went forth to their fate, during the whole of that long autumn day, until the rough soldiers of the guard stood silent and awed in the presence of a courage which they could not but recognize as higher and nobler than their own. Folk may call it a trial that they received, and a trial it really was, but not in the sense that we Englishmen use it. It was but being haled before a judge, and insulted before being dragged to the gibbet. The courthouse

was the thorny path which led to the scaffold. What use to put a witness up, when he was shouted down, cursed at, and threatened by the Chief Justice, who bellowed and swore until the frightened burghers in Fore Street could hear him? I have heard from those who were there that day that he raved like a demoniac, and that his black eyes shone with a vivid vindictive brightness which was scarce human. The jury shrank from him as from a venomous thing, when he turned his baleful glance upon him. At times, as I have been told, his sternness gave place to a still more terrible merriment, and he would lean back in his seat of justice and laugh until the tears hopped down upon his ermine. Nearly a hundred were either executed or condemned to death upon that opening day.

I had expected to be among the first of those called, and no doubt I should have been so but for the exertions of Major Ogilvy. As it was, the second day passed, but I still found myself overlooked. On the third and fourth days the slaughter was slackened, not on account of any awakening grace on the part of the judge, but because the great Tory landowners, and the chief supporters of the Government, had still some bowels of compassion, which revolted at this butchery of defenseless men. Had it not been for the influence which these gentlemen brought to bear upon the judge, I have no doubt at all that Jeffreys would have hung the whole eleven hundred prisoners then confined in Taunton. As it was, two hundred and fifty fell victims to this accursed monster's thirst for human blood.

On the eighth day of the assizes there were but fifty of us left in the wool warehouse. For the last few days, prisoners had been tried in batches of ten and twenty, but now the whole of us were taken in a drove, under escort, to the courthouse, where as many as could be squeezed in were ranged in the dock, while the rest were penned, like calves in the market, in the body of the hall. The judge reclined in a high chair, with a scarlet dais above him, while two other judges, in less elevated seats, were stationed on either side of him. On the righthand was the jury box, containing twelve carefully picked men — Tories of the old school — firm upholders of the doctrines of non-resistance and the divine right of kings. Much care had been taken by the Crown in the choice of these men, and there was not one of them but would have sentenced his own father had there been so much as a suspicion that he leaned to Presbyterianism or to Whiggery. Just under the judge was a

broad table, covered with green cloth and strewn with papers. On the right hand of this were a long array of Crown lawyers, grim, ferret-faced men, each with a sheaf of papers in his hands, which they sniffed through again and again as though they were so many bloodhounds picking up the trail along which they were to hunt us down. On the other side of the table sat a single fresh-faced young man, in silk gown and wig, with a nervous, shuffling manner. This was the barrister, Master Helstrop, whom the Crown in its clemency had allowed us for our defense, lest any should be bold enough to say that we had not had every fairness in our trial. The remainder of the court was filled with the servants of the justices' retinue and the soldiers of the garrison, who used the place as their common lounge, looking on the whole thing as a mighty cheap form of sport, and roaring with laughter at the rude banter and coarse pleasantries of his Lordship.

The clerk having gabbled through the usual form that we, the prisoners at the bar, having shaken off the fear of God, had unlawfully and traitorously assembled, and so onward, the Lord Justice proceeded to take matters into his own hands, as was his wont.

"I trust that we shall come well out of this!" he broke out. "I trust that no judgment will fall upon this building! Was ever so much wickedness fitted into one courthouse before? Who ever saw such an array of villainous faces? Ah, rogues, I see a rope ready for every one of ye! Art not afraid of judgment? Art not afraid of hell fire? You gray-bearded rascal in the corner, how comes it that you have not had more of the grace of God in you than to take up arms against your most gracious and loving sovereign?"

"I have followed the guidance of my conscience, my Lord," said the venerable cloth worker of Wellington, to whom he spoke.

"Ha, your conscience!" howled Jeffreys. "A ranter with a conscience! Where has your conscience been these two months back, you villain and rogue? Your conscience will stand you in little stead, sirrah, when you are dancing on nothing with a rope round your neck. Was there ever such wickedness? Who ever heard such effrontery? And you, you great hulking rebel, have you not grace enough to cast your eyes down, but must needs look justice in the face as though you were an honest man? Are you not afeard, sirrah? Do you not see death close upon you?"

"I have seen that before now, my Lord, and I was not afeard," I answered.

"Generation of vipers!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "The best of fathers! The kindest of kings! See that my words are placed upon the record, clerk! The most indulgent of parents! But wayward children must, with all kindness, be flogged into obedience." Here he broke into a savage grin. "The king will save your own natural parents all further care on your account. If they had wished to keep ye they should have brought ye up in better principles. Rogues, we shall be merciful to ye — oh, merciful, merciful! How many are here, recorder?"

"Fifty and one, my Lord."

"Oh, sink of villainy! Fifty and one as arrant knaves as ever lay on a hurdle! Oh, what a mass of corruption have we here! Who defends the villains?"

"I defend the prisoners, your Lordship," replied the young lawyer.

"Master Helstrop, Master Helstrop!" cried Jeffreys, shaking his great wig until the powder flew out of it, "you are in all these dirty cases, Master Helstrop. You might find yourself in a parlous condition, Master Helstrop. I think sometimes that I see you yourself in the dock, Master Helstrop. You may yourself soon need the help of gentlemen of the long robe, Master Helstrop. Oh, have a care! Have a care!"

"The brief is from the Crown, your Lordship," the lawyer answered, in a quavering voice.

"Must I be answered back, then?" roared Jeffreys, his black eyes blazing with the rage of a demon. "Am I to be insulted in my own court? Is every five-groat piece of a pleader, because he chance to have a wig and a gown, to browbeat the Lord Justice, and to fly in the face of the ruling of the Court? Oh, Master Helstrop, I fear that I shall live to see some evil come upon you!"

"I crave your Lordship's pardon!" cried the faint-hearted barrister, with his face the color of his brief.

"Keep a guard upon your words and upon your actions!" Jeffreys answered, in a menacing voice. "See that you are not too zealous in the cause of the scum of the earth. How now, then? What do these one and fifty villains desire to say for themselves? What is their lie? Gentlemen of the jury, I beg that ye will take particular notice of the cutthroat faces of

these men. 'Tis well that Colonel Kirke hath afforded the Court a sufficient guard, for neither justice nor the Church is safe at their hands."

"Forty of them desire to plead guilty to the charge of taking up arms against the king," replied our barrister.

"Ah!" roared the judge. "Was ever such unparalleled impudence? Was there ever such brazen effrontery? Guilty, quotha! Have they expressed their repentance for this sin against a most kind and long-suffering monarch? Put down those words on the record, clerk!"

"They have refused to express repentance, your Lordship!" replied the counsel for the defense.

"Oh, the parricides! Oh, the shameless rogues!" cried the judge. "Put the forty together on this side of the inclosure. Oh, gentlemen, have ye ever seen such a concentration of vice? See how baseness and wickedness can stand with head erect! Oh, hardened monsters! But the other eleven, how can they expect us to believe this transparent falsehood —this palpable device? How can they foist it upon the Court?"

"My Lord, their defense hath not yet been advanced!" stammered Master Helstrop.

"I can sniff a lie before it is uttered," roared the judge, by no means abashed. "I can read it as quick as ye can think it. Come, come, the Court's time is precious. Put forward a defense, or seat yourself, and let judgment be passed."

"These men, my Lord," said the counsel, who was trembling until the parchment rattled in his hand, "these eleven men, my Lord——"

"Eleven devils, my Lord," interrupted Jeffreys.

"They are innocent peasants, my Lord, who love God and the king, and have in no wise mingled themselves in this recent business. They have been dragged from their homes, my Lord, not because there was suspicion against them, but because they could not satisfy the greed of certain common soldiers who were balked of plunder in——"

"Oh, shame, shame!" cried Jeffreys, in a voice of thunder. "Oh, threefold shame, Master Helstrop! Are you not content with bolstering up rebels, but you must go out of your way to slander the king's troops? What is the world coming to? What, in a word, is the defense of these rogues?"

"An alibi, your Lordship."

"Ha! The common plea of every scoundrel. Have they witnesses?"

"We have here a list of forty witnesses, your Lordship. They are waiting below, many of them having come great distances and with much toil and trouble."

"Who are they? What are they?" cried Jeffreys.

"They are country folk, your Lordship. Cottagers and farmers, the neighbors of these poor men, who knew them well, and can speak as to their doings."

"Cottagers and farmers!" the judge shouted. "Why, then, they are drawn from the very class from which these men come. Would you have us believe the oath of those who are themselves Whigs, Presbyterians, Somersetshire ranters, the pothouse companions of the men whom we are trying? I warrant they have arranged it all snugly over their beer — snugly, snugly, the rogues!"

"Will you not hear the witnesses, your Lordship?" cried our counsel, shamed into some little sense of manhood by this outrage.

"Not a word from them, sirrah," said Jeffreys. "It is a question whether my duty towards my kind master the king — write down 'kind master,' clerk — doth not warrant me in placing all your witnesses in the dock as the aiders and abettors of treason."

"If it please your Lordship," cried one of the prisoners, "I have for witnesses Mr. Johnson, of Nether Stowey, who is a good Tory, and also Mr. Shepperton, the clergyman."

"The more shame to them to appear in such a cause," replied Jeffreys. "What are we to say, gentlemen of the jury, when we see county gentry and the clergy of the Established Church supporting treason and rebellion in this fashion? Surely the last days are at hand! You are a most malignant and dangerous Whig to have so far drawn them from their duty."

"But hear me, my Lord!" cried one of the prisoners.

"Hear you, you bellowing calf!" shouted the judge. "We can hear naught else. Do you think that you are back in your conventicle, that you should dare to raise your voice in such a fashion? Hear you, quotha! We shall hear you at the end of a rope ere many days."

"We scarce think, your Lordship," said one of the Crown lawyers, springing to his feet amid a great rustling of papers, "we scarce think that it is necessary for the Crown to state

any case. We have already heard the whole tale of this most damnable and execrable attempt many times over. The men in the dock before your Lordship have for the most part confessed to their guilt, and of those who hold out, there is not one who has given us any reason to believe that he is innocent of the foul crime laid to his charge. The gentlemen of the long robe are therefore unanimously of opinion that the jury may at once be required to pronounce a single verdict upon the whole of the prisoners."

"Which is —— ?" asked Jeffreys, glancing round at the foreman.

"Guilty, your Lordship," said he, with a grin, while his brother jurymen nodded their heads and laughed to one another.

"Of course, of course ! guilty as Judas Iscariot !" cried the judge, looking down with exultant eyes at the throng of peasants and burghers before him. "Move them a little forward, ushers, that I may see them to more advantage. Oh, ye cunning ones ! Are ye not taken ? Are ye not compassed around ? Where now can ye fly ? Do ye not see hell opening at your feet ? Eh ? Are ye not afraid ? Oh, short, short shall be your shrift !" The very devil seemed to be in the man, for as he spoke he writhed with unholy laughter, and drummed his hand upon the red cushion in front of him. I glanced round at my companions, but their faces were all as though they had been chiseled out of marble. If he had hoped to see a moist eye or a quivering lip, the satisfaction was denied him.

"Had I my way," said he, "there is not one of ye but should swing for it. Ay, and if I had my way, some of those whose stomachs are too nice for this work, and who profess to serve the king with their lips while they intercede for his worst enemies, should themselves have cause to remember Taunton assizes. Oh, most ungrateful rebels ! Have ye not heard how your most soft-hearted and compassionate monarch, the best of men — put it down in the record, clerk — on the intercession of that great and charitable statesman, Lord Sunderland — mark it down, clerk — hath had pity on ye ? Hath it not melted ye ? Hath it not made ye loathe yourselves ? I declare, when I think of it" — here, with a sudden catching of the breath, he burst out a sobbing, the tears running down his cheeks — "when I think of it, the Christian forbearance, the ineffable mercy, it doth bring forcibly to my mind that great

Judge before whom all of us — even I — shall one day have to render an account. Shall I repeat it, clerk, or have you it down?"

"I have it down, your Lordship."

"Then write 'sobs' in the margin. 'Tis well that the king should know our opinion on such matters. Know, then, you most traitorous and unnatural rebels, that this good father whom ye have spurned has stepped in between yourselves and the laws which ye have offended. At his command we withhold from ye the chastisement which ye have merited. If ye can indeed pray, and if your soul-cursing conventicles have not driven all grace out of ye, drop on your knees and offer up thanks when I tell ye that he hath ordained that ye shall all have a free pardon." Here the judge rose from his seat, as though about to descend from the tribunal, and we gazed upon each other in the utmost astonishment at this most unlooked-for end to the trial. The soldiers and lawyers were equally amazed, while a hum of joy and applause rose up from the few country folk who had dared to venture within the accursed precincts.

"This pardon, however," continued Jeffreys, turning round with a malicious smile upon his face, "is coupled with certain conditions and limitations. Ye shall all be removed from here to Poole, in chains, where ye shall find a vessel awaiting ye. With others, ye shall be stowed away in the hold of the said vessel, and conveyed at the king's expense to the Plantations, there to be sold as slaves. God send ye masters who will know by the free use of wood and leather to soften your stubborn thoughts and incline your mind to better things!" He was again about to withdraw, when one of the Crown lawyers whispered something across to him.

"Well thought of, coz," cried the judge. "I had forgot. Bring back the prisoners, ushers! Perhaps ye think that by the Plantations I mean his Majesty's American dominions. Unhappily, there are too many of your breed in that part already. Ye would fall among friends who might strengthen ye in your evil courses, and so risk your salvation. To send ye there would be to add one brand to another, and yet hope to put out the fire. By the Plantations, therefore, I mean Barbadoes and the Indies, where ye shall live with the other slaves, whose skins may be blacker than yours, but I dare warrant that their souls are more white." With this conclud-

ing speech the trial ended, and we were led back through the crowded streets to the prison from which we had been brought. On either side of the streets, as we passed, we could see the limbs of former companions dangling in the wind, and their heads grinning at us from the tops of poles and pikes. No savage country in the heart of heathen Africa could have presented a more dreadful sight than did the old English town of Taunton when Jeffreys and Kirke had the ordering of it. There was death in the air, and the townfolk crept silently about, scarcely daring to wear black for those whom they had loved and lost, lest it should be twisted into an act of treason.

THE DEATH OF RADZIVILL.

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

(From "The Deluge." [1])

[Henryk Sienkiewicz, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania."]

But a few days subsequent the great traitor in the castle was looking at the darkness coming down on the snowy shrouds and listening to the howling of the wind.

The lamp of his life was burning out slowly. At noon of that day he was still walking around and looking through the battlements, at the tents and the wooden huts of Sapyeha's troops; but two hours later he grew so ill that they had to carry him to his chambers.

From those times at Kyedani in which he had striven for a crown, he had changed beyond recognition. The hair on his head had grown white, around his eyes red rings had formed,

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Little, Brown & Co.

his face was swollen and flabby, therefore it seemed still more enormous, but it was the face of a half corpse, marked with blue spots and terrible through its expression of hellish suffering.

And still, though his life could be measured by hours, he had lived too long, for not only had he outlived faith in himself and his fortunate star, faith in his own hopes and plans, but his fall was so deep that when he looked at the bottom of that precipice to which he was rolling, he would not believe himself. Everything had deceived him: events, calculations, allies. He, for whom it was not enough to be the mightiest lord in Poland, a prince of the Roman Empire, grand hetman, and voevoda of Vilna; he, for whom all Lithuania was less than what he desired and was lusting after, was confined in one narrow, small castle in which either Death or Captivity was waiting for him. And he watched the door every day to see which of these two terrible goddesses would enter first to take his soul or his more than half-ruined body.

Of his lands, of his estates and starostaships, it was possible not long before to mark out a vassal kingdom; now he is not master even of the walls of Tykotsin.

Barely a few months before he was treating with neighboring kings; to-day one Swedish captain obeys his commands with impatience and contempt, and dares to bend him to his will.

When his troops left him, when from a lord and a magnate who made the whole country tremble, he became a powerless pauper who needed rescue and assistance himself, Karl Gustav despised him. He would have raised to the skies a mighty ally, but he turned with haughtiness from the supplicant.

Like Kostka Napyerski, the footpad, besieged on a time in Chorshtyn, is he, Radzivill, besieged now in Tykotsin. And who is besieging him? Sapyeha, his greatest personal enemy. When they capture him they will drag him to justice in worse fashion than a robber, as a traitor.

His kinsmen have deserted him, his friends, his connections. Armies have plundered his property, his treasures and riches are blown into mist, and that lord, that prince, who once upon a time astonished the court of France and dazzled it with his luxury, he who at feasts received thousands of nobles, who maintained tens of thousands of his own troops, whom he fed

and supported, had not now wherewith to nourish his own failing strength ; and terrible to relate, he, Radzivill, in the last moments of his life, almost at the hour of his death, was hungry !

In the castle there had long been a lack of provisions ; from the scant remaining supplies the Swedish commander dealt stingy rations, and the prince would not beg of him.

If only the fever which was devouring his strength had deprived him of consciousness ; but it had not. His breast rose with increasing heaviness, his breath turned into a rattle, his swollen feet and hands were freezing, but his mind, omitting moments of delirium, omitting the terrible visions and nightmares which passed before his eyes, remained for the greater part of the time clear. And that prince saw his whole fall, all his want, all his misery and humiliation ; that former warrior victor saw all his defeat, and his sufferings were so immense that they could be equaled only by his sins.

Besides, as the Furies tormented Orestes, so was he tormented by reproaches of conscience, and in no part of the world was there a sanctuary to which he could flee from them. They tormented him in the day, they tormented him at night, in the field, under the roof ; pride could not withstand them nor repulse them. The deeper his fall, the more fiercely they lashed him. And there were moments in which he tore his own breast. When enemies came against his country from every side, when foreign nations grieved over its hapless condition, its sufferings and bloodshed, he, the grand hetman, instead of moving to the field, instead of sacrificing the last drop of his blood, instead of astonishing the world like Leonidas or Themistocles, instead of pawning his last coat like Sapyeha, made a treaty with enemies against the mother, raised a sacrilegious hand against his own king, and imbrued it in blood near and dear to him. He had done all this, and now he is at the limit not only of infamy, but of life, close to his reckoning, there beyond. What is awaiting him ?

The hair rose on his head when he thought of that. For he had raised his hand against his country, he had appeared to himself great in relation to that country, and now all had changed. Now he had become small, and the Commonwealth, rising from dust and blood, appeared to him something great and continually greater, invested with a mysterious terror, full of a sacred majesty, awful. And she grew, increased continually in his eyes, and became more and more gigantic. In

presence of her he felt himself dust as prince and as hetman, as Radzivill. He could not understand what that was. Some unknown waves were rising around him, flowing toward him, with roaring, with thunder, flowing ever nearer, rising more terribly, and he understood that he must be drowned in that immensity, hundreds such as he would be drowned. But why had he not seen this awfulness and this mysterious power at first; why had he, madman, rushed against it? When these ideas roared in his head, fear seized him in presence of that mother, in presence of that Commonwealth; for he did not recognize her features, which formerly were so kind and so mild.

The spirit was breaking within him, and terror dwelt in his breast. At moments he thought that another country altogether, another people, were around him. Through the besieged walls came news of everything that men were doing in the invaded Commonwealth, and marvelous and astonishing things were they doing. A war of life or death against the Swedes and traitors had begun, all the more terrible in that it had not been foreseen by any man. The Commonwealth had begun to punish. There was something in this of the anger of God for the insult to majesty.

When through the walls of Tykotsin came news of the siege of Chenstohova, Radzivill, a Calvinist, was frightened; and fright did not leave his soul from that day, for then he perceived for the first time those mysterious waves which, after they had risen, were to swallow the Swedes and him; then the invasion of the Swedes seemed not an invasion, but a sacrilege, and the punishment of it inevitable. Then for the first time the veil dropped from his eyes, and he saw the changed face of the Commonwealth, no longer a mother, but a punishing queen.

All who had remained true to her and served with heart and soul rose and grew greater and greater; whoso sinned against her went down. "And therefore it is not free to any one to think," said the prince to himself, "of his own elevation, or that of his family, but he must sacrifice life, strength, and love to her."

But for him it was now too late; he had nothing to sacrifice; he had no future before him save that beyond the grave, at sight of which he shuddered.

From the time of besieging Chenstohova, when one terrible

cry was torn from the breast of an immense country, when as if by a miracle there was found in it a certain wonderful, hitherto unknown and not understood power, when you would have said that a mysterious hand from beyond this world rose in its defense, a new doubt gnawed into the soul of the prince, and he could not free himself from the terrible thought that God stood with that cause and that faith.

And when such thoughts roared in his head, he doubted his own faith, and then his despair passed even the measure of his sins. Temporal fall, spiritual fall, darkness, nothingness, — behold to what he had come, what he had gained by serving self.

And still, at the beginning of the expedition from Kyedani against Podlyasye, he was full of hope. It is true that Sapyeha, a leader inferior to him beyond comparison, had defeated him in the field, and the rest of the squadrons left him, but he strengthened himself with the thought that any day Boguslav might come with assistance. That young eagle of the Radzivills would fly to him at the head of Prussian Lutheran legions, who would not pass over to the papists like the Lithuanian squadrons ; and at once he would bend Sapyeha in two, scatter his forces, scatter the confederates, and putting themselves on the corpse of Lithuania, like two lions on the carcass of a deer, with roaring alone would terrify all who might wish to tear it away from them.

But time passed; the forces of Prince Yanush melted; even the foreign regiments went over to the terrible Sapyeha; days passed, weeks, months, but Boguslav came not.

At last the siege of Tykotsin began.

The Swedes, a handful of whom remained with Yanush, defended themselves heroically; for, stained already with terrible cruelty, they saw that even surrender would not guard them from the vengeful hands of the Lithuanians. The prince in the beginning of the siege had still the hope that at the last moment, perhaps, the King of Sweden himself would move to his aid, and perhaps Pan Konyetspolski, who at the head of six thousand cavalry was with Karl Gustav. But his hope was vain. No one gave him a thought, no one came with assistance.

"Oh, Boguslav! Boguslav!" repeated the prince, walking through the chambers of Tykotsin; "if you will not save a cousin, save at least a Radzivill!"

At last in his final despair Prince Yanush resolved on taking

a step at which his pride revolted fearfully; that was to implore Prince Michael Radzivill of Nyesvyej for rescue. This letter, however, was intercepted on the road by Sapyeha's men; but the voevoda of Vityebsk sent to Yanush in answer a letter which he had himself received from Prince Michael a week before.

Prince Yanush found in it the following passage: —

If news has come to you, gracious lord, that I intend to go with succor to my relative, the voevoda of Vilna, believe it not, for I hold only with those who endure in loyalty to the country and our king, and who desire to restore the former liberties of this most illustrious Commonwealth. This course will not, as I think, bring me to protect traitors from just and proper punishment. Boguslav too will not come, for, as I hear, the elector prefers to think of himself, and does not wish to divide his forces; and *quod attinet* (as to) Konyetspolski, since he will pay court to Prince Yanush's widow, should she become one, it is to his profit that the prince voevoda be destroyed with all speed.

This letter, addressed to Sapyeha, stripped the unfortunate Yanush of the remnant of his hope, and nothing was left him but to wait for the accomplishment of his destiny.

The siege was hastening to its close.

News of the departure of Sapyeha passed through the wall almost that moment; but the hope that in consequence of his departure hostile steps would be abandoned were of short duration, for in the infantry regiments an unusual movement was observable. Still some days passed quietly enough, since the plan of blowing up the gate with a petard resulted in nothing; but December 31 came, on which only the approaching night might incommode the besiegers, for evidently they were preparing something against the castle, at least a new attack of cannon on the weakened walls.

The day was drawing to a close. The prince was lying in the so-called "Corner" hall, situated in the western part of the castle. In an enormous fireplace were burning whole logs of pine wood, which cast a lively light on the white and rather empty walls. The prince was lying on his back on a Turkish sofa, pushed out purposely into the middle of the room, so that the warmth of the blaze might reach it. Nearer to the fireplace, a little in the shade, slept a page, on a carpet; near the

prince were sitting, slumbering in armchairs, Pani Yakimovich, formerly chief lady in waiting at Kyedani, another page, a physician, also the prince's astrologer, and Kharlamp.

Kharlamp had not left the prince, though he was almost the only one of his former officers who had remained. That was a bitter service, for the heart and soul of the officer were outside the walls of Tykotsin, in the camp of Sapyeha; still he remained faithful at the side of his old leader. From hunger and watching the poor fellow had grown as thin as a skeleton. Of his face there remained but the nose, which now seemed still greater, and mustaches like bushes. He was clothed in complete armor, breastplate, shoulder pieces, and morion, with a wire cape which came down to his shoulders. His cuirass was battered, for he had just returned from the walls, to which he had gone to make observations a little while before, and on which he sought death every day. He was slumbering at the moment from weariness, though there was a terrible rattling in the prince's breast as if he had begun to die, and though the wind howled and whistled outside.

Suddenly short quivering began to shake the gigantic body of Radzivill, and the rattling ceased. Those who were around him woke at once and looked quickly, first at him and then at one another. But he said: —

"It is as if something had gone out of my breast; I feel easier."

He turned his head a little, looked carefully toward the door, and at last said, "Kharlamp!"

"At the service of your highness!"

"What does Stahovich want here?"

The legs began to tremble under poor Kharlamp, for unterrified as he was in battle he was superstitious in the same degree; therefore he looked around quickly, and said in a stifled voice: —

"Stahovich is not here; your highness gave orders to shoot him at Kyedani."

The prince closed his eyes and answered not a word.

For a time there was nothing to be heard save the doleful and continuous howling of the wind.

"The weeping of people is heard in that wind," said the prince, again opening his eyes in perfect consciousness. "But I did not bring in the Swedes; it was Radzeyovski."

When no one gave answer, he said after a short time: —

"He is most to blame, he is most to blame, he is most to blame."

And a species of consolation entered his breast, as if the remembrance rejoiced him that there was some one more guilty than he.

Soon, however, more grievous thoughts must have come to his head, for his face grew dark, and he repeated a number of times: —

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

And again choking attacked him; a rattling began in his throat more terrible than before. Meanwhile from without came the sound of musketry, at first infrequent, then more frequent; but amidst the drifting of the snow and the howling of the whirlwind they did not sound too loudly, and it might have been thought that that was some continual knocking at the gate.

"They are fighting!" said the prince's physician.

"As usual!" answered Kharlamp. "People are freezing in the snowdrifts, and they wish to fight to grow warm."

"This is the sixth day of the whirlwind and the snow," answered the doctor. "Great changes will come in the kingdom, for this is an unheard-of thing."

"God grant it!" said Kharlamp. "It cannot be worse."

Further conversation was interrupted by the prince, to whom a new relief had come.

"Kharlamp!"

"At the service of your highness!"

"Does it seem to me so from weakness, or did Oskyerko try to blow up the gate with a petard two days since?"

"He tried, your highness; but the Swedes seized the petards and wounded him slightly, and Sapyeha's men were repulsed."

"If wounded slightly, then he will try again. But what day is it?"

"The last day of December, your highness."

"God be merciful to my soul! I shall not live to the New Year. Long ago it was foretold me that every fifth year death is near me."

"God is kind, your highness."

"God is with Sapyeha," said the prince, gloomily.

All at once he looked around and said: "Cold comes to me from it. I do not see it, but I feel that it is here."

"What is that, your highness?"

"Death!"

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

A moment of silence followed; nothing was heard but the whispered "Our Father," repeated by Pani Yakimovich.

"Tell me," said the prince, with a broken voice, "do you believe that outside of your faith no one can be saved?"

"Even in the moment of death it is possible to renounce errors," said Kharlamp.

The sound of shots had become at that moment more frequent. The thunder of cannon began to shake the window panes, which answered each report with a plaintive sound.

The prince listened a certain time calmly, then rose slightly on the pillow; his eyes began slowly to widen, his pupils to glitter. He sat up; for a moment he held his head with his hand, then cried suddenly, as if in bewilderment: —

"Boguslav! Boguslav! Boguslav!"

Kharlamp ran out of the room like a madman.

The whole castle trembled and quivered from the thunder of cannon.

All at once there was heard the cry of several thousand voices; then something was torn with a ghastly smashing of walls, so that brands and coals from the chimney were scattered on the floor. At the same time Kharlamp rushed into the chamber.

"Sapyeha's men have blown up the gate!" cried he. "The Swedes have fled to the tower! The enemy is here! Your highness——"

Further words died on his lips. Radzivill was sitting on the sofa with eyes starting out; with open lips he was gulping the air, his teeth bared like those of a dog when he snarls; he tore with his hands the sofa on which he was sitting, and gazing with terror into the depth of the chamber cried, or rather gave out hoarse rattles between one breath and another: —

"It was Radzeyovski — Not I — Save me! — What do you want? Take the crown! — It was Radzeyovski — Save me, people! Jesus! Jesus! Mary!"

These were the last words of Radzivill.

Then a terrible coughing seized him; his eyes came out in still more ghastly fashion from their sockets; he stretched himself out, fell on his back, and remained motionless.

"He is dead!" said the doctor.

"He cried Mary, though a Calvinist, you have heard!" said Pani Yakimovich.

"Throw wood on the fire!" said Kharlamp to the terrified pages.

He drew near to the corpse, closed the eyelids; then he took from his own armor a gilded image of the Mother of God which he wore on a chain, and placing the hands of Radzivill together on his breast, he put the image between the dead fingers.

The light of the fire was reflected from the golden ground of the image, and that reflection fell upon the face of the voevoda and made it cheerful, so that never had it seemed so calm.

Kharlamp sat at the side of the body, and resting his elbows on his knees, hid his face in his hands.

The silence was broken only by the sound of shots.

All at once something terrible took place. First of all was a flash of awful brightness; the whole world seemed turned into fire, and at the same time there was given forth such a sound as if the earth had fallen from under the castle. The walls tottered; the ceilings cracked with a terrible noise; all the windows tumbled in on the floor, and the panes were broken into hundreds of fragments. Through the empty openings of the windows that moment clouds of snow drifted in, and the whirlwind began to howl gloomily in the corners of the chamber.

All the people present fell to the floor on their faces, speechless from terror.

Kharlamp rose first, and looked directly on the corpse of the voevoda; the corpse was lying in calmness, but the gilded image had slipped a little in the hands.

Kharlamp recovered his breath. At first he felt certain that that was an army of Satans who had broken into the chamber for the body of the prince.

"The word has become flesh!" said he. "The Swedes must have blown up the tower and themselves."

But from without there came no sound. Evidently the troops of Sapyeha were standing in dumb wonder, or perhaps in fear that the whole castle was mined, and that there would be explosion after explosion.

"Put wood on the fire!" said Kharlamp to the pages.

Again the room was gleaming with a bright, quivering light. Round about a deathlike stillness continued; but the fire hissed, the whirlwind howled, and the snow rolled each moment more densely through the window openings.

At last confused voices were heard, then the clatter of spurs and the tramp of many feet; the door of the chamber was opened wide, and soldiers rushed in.

It was bright from the naked sabers, and more and more figures of knights in helmets, caps, and kolpaks crowded through the door. Many were bearing lanterns in their hands, and they held them to the light, advancing carefully, though it was light in the room from the fire as well.

At last there sprang forth from the crowd a little knight all in enameled armor, and cried: —

"Where is the voevoda of Vilna?"

"Here!" said Kharlamp, pointing to the body lying on the sofa.

Volodyovski looked at him, and said: —

"He is not living!"

"He is not living, he is not living!" went from mouth to mouth.

"The traitor, the betrayer, is not living!"

"So it is," said Kharlamp, gloomily. "But if you dishonor his body and bear it apart with sabers, you will do ill, for before his end he called on the Most Holy Lady, and he holds Her image in his hand."

These words made a deep impression. The shouts were hushed. Then the soldiers began to approach, to go around the sofa, and look at the dead man. Those who had lanterns turned the light of them on his eyes; and he lay there, gigantic, gloomy, on his face the majesty of a hetman and the cold dignity of death.

The soldiers came one after another, and among them the officers; therefore Stankyevich approached, the two Skshetuskis, Horotkyevich, Yakub Kmita, Oskyerko, and Pan Zagloba.

"It is true!" said Zagloba, in a low voice, as if he feared to rouse the prince. "He holds in his hands the Most Holy Lady, and the shining from Her falls on his face."

When he said this he removed his cap. That instant all the others bared their heads. A moment of silence filled with reverence followed, which was broken at last by Volodyovski.

"Ah!" said he, "he is before the judgment of God, and people have nothing to do with him." Here he turned to Kharlamp. "But you, unfortunate, why did you for his sake leave your country and king?"

"Give him this way!" called a number of voices at once.

Then Kharlamp rose, and taking off his saber threw it with a clatter on the floor, and said: —

"Here I am, cut me to pieces! I did not leave him with you, when he was powerful as a king, and afterward it was not proper to leave him when he was in misery and no one stayed with him. I have not grown fat in his service; for three days I have had nothing in my mouth, and the legs are bending under me. But here I am, cut me to pieces! for I confess furthermore [here Kharlamp's voice trembled] that I loved him."

When he had said this he tottered and would have fallen; but Zagloba opened his arms to him, caught him, supported him, and cried: —

"By the living God! Give the man food and drink!"

That touched all to the heart; therefore they took Kharlamp by the arms and led him out of the chamber at once. Then the soldiers began to leave it one after another, making the sign of the cross with devotion.

On the road to their quarters Zagloba was meditating over something. He stopped, coughed, then pulled Volodyovski by the skirt. "Pan Michael," said he.

"Well, what?"

"My anger against Radzivill is passed; a dead man is a dead man! I forgive him from my heart for having made an attempt on my life."

"He is before the tribunal of heaven," said Volodyovski.

"That's it, that's it! H'm, if it would help him I would even give for a Mass, since it seems to me that he has an awfully small chance up there."

"God is merciful!"

"As to being merciful, he is merciful; still the Lord cannot look without abhorrence on heretics. And Radzivill was not only a heretic, but a traitor. There is where the trouble is!"

Here Zagloba shook his head and began to look upward.

"I am afraid," said he, after a while, "that some of those Swedes who blew themselves up will fall on my head; that they will not be received there in heaven is certain."

"They were good men," said Pan Michael, with recognition; "they preferred death to surrender; there are few such soldiers in the world."

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

By JOSEPH ADDISON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 3472.]

Sir Roger is Introduced.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse, for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is

a justice of the *quorum;* that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

Sir Roger and Will. Wimble.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning, and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

Sir Roger, — I desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the Perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling Green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

Will. Wimble.

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will. Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a May fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the

opposite sides of the county. Will. is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting dog that he has *made* himself; he now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring, as often as he meets them, "how they wear?" These gentlemanlike manufactures, and obliging little humors, make Will. the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will. desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will. began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge Jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars, that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl, that came afterwards, furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will.'s for improving the quail pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart, and such busy hands,

were wholly employed in trifles, that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind, and application to affairs, might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country, or himself, might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful, though ordinary, qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will. was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

Sir Roger at the Assizes.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world: if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: a man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that

general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will. Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes: as we were upon the road, Will. Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that hath a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments: he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will. Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will. told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will., it seems, had been giving his fellow-travelers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot, and after having paused some time, told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came, but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knights family, and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that The Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment: and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look,

that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke, but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his Honor's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in the most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Sir Roger at the Play.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you, (says he,) I thought I had fallen into their hands

last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to go away from them. You must know, (continued the knight with a smile,) I fancied they had a mind to hunt me: for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out, (says he,) at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, (says the knight,) if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call on me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he had made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse; where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's

remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned about Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione: and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you cannot imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, (says he,) you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer; "Well, (says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction,) I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus,

Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you, (says he,) though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that "Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

Death of Sir Roger.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the country sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my

friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honored Sir, — Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last country sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom: and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church: for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish

followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him, a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,

Edward Biscuit.

P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that, upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was, in particular, the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

By EDWARD YOUNG.

(From "Night Thoughts.")

[Edward Young: An English poet; born at Upham, Hampshire, in 1684; died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, April 12, 1765. He was graduated at Oxford, took orders as a clergyman of the Church of England, and in 1730 became rector of Welwyn, where he remained until his death. His most famous work is "Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality" (1742–1744). He also published "The Last Day" (1713), "The Force of Religion" (1715), two tragedies, "Busiris" (1719) and "The Revenge" (1721), and "The Love of Fame" (1725–1728).]

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Tho' now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;

The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? —
Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down. — On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Tho' sullied, and dishonored, still divine!



"The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom"

Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theater as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;
How was my heart encrusted by the world!
O how self-fettered was my grov'ling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darkened reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night visions may befriend (as sung above):
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!

Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noontide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobwebbed cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mold'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasped the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weighed it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had missed my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancor wreaked on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbor? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirled in human life?
How wanes my borrowed bliss! from fortune's smile,
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.
In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widowed every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Thro' the dark postern of time long elapsed,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his luster but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entailed
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.
War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammered to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valor saved
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want and incurable disease (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!

What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: But so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name!
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
From that for which we dote, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands:
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! But, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man.
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, invenomed passions bite,
Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels,
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

DICK TURPIN'S ESCAPE.

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From "Rookwood.")

[William Harrison Ainsworth, English novelist, was born in Manchester, February 4, 1805. Designed for a lawyer, he married a publisher's daughter, was himself a publisher for a short time, and after some magazine work made a hit with "Rookwood" (1834). Of some forty novels the best known besides the above are: "Crichton" (1837), "Jack Sheppard" (1839), "The Tower of London" (1840), "Old St. Paul's" (1841), "Guy Fawkes" (1841), "The Miser's Daughter" (1842), "Windsor Castle" (1843), "St. James's" (1844), and "Lancashire Witches" (1848). He died January 3, 1882.]

I.

Arrived at the brow of the hill, whence such a beautiful view of the country surrounding the metropolis is obtained, Turpin turned for an instant to reconnoiter his pursuers. Coates and Titus he utterly disregarded; but Paterson was a more formidable foe, and he well knew that he had to deal with a man of experience and resolution. It was then, for the first time, that the thoughts of executing his extraordinary ride to York first flashed across him; his bosom throbbed high with rapture, and he involuntarily exclaimed aloud, as he raised himself in the saddle, "By God! I will do it!"

He took one last look at the great Babel that lay buried in a world of trees beneath him; and as his quick eye ranged over the magnificent prospect, lit up by that gorgeous sunset, he could not help thinking of Tom King's last words. "Poor fellow!" thought Dick, "he said truly. He will never see another sunset." Aroused by the approaching clatter of his pursuers, Dick struck into a lane which lies on the right of the road, now called Shoot-up-hill Lane, and set off at a good pace in the direction of Hampstead.

"Now," cried Paterson, "put your tits to it, my boys. We must not lose sight of him for a second in these lanes."

Accordingly, as Turpin was by no means desirous of inconveniencing his mare at this early stage of the business, and as the ground was still upon an ascent, the parties preserved their relative distances.

At length, after various twistings and turnings in that deep and devious lane; after scaring one or two farmers, and riding over a brood or two of ducks; dipping into the verdant valley

of West End, and ascending another hill, Turpin burst upon the gorsy, sandy, and beautiful heath of Hampstead. Shaping his course to the left, Dick then made for the lower part of the heath, and skirted a part that leads towards North End, passing the furze-crowned summit, which is now crested by a clump of lofty pines.

It was here that the chase first assumed a character of interest. Being open ground, the pursued and pursuers were in full view of each other; and as Dick rode swiftly across the heath, with the shouting trio hard at his heels, the scene had a very animated appearance. He crossed the hill — the Hendon road — passed Crackskull Common — and dashed along the crossroad to Highgate.

Hitherto no advantage had been gained by the pursuers; they had not lost ground, but still they had not gained an inch, and much spurring was required to maintain their position. As they approached Highgate, Dick slackened his pace, and the other party redoubled their efforts. To avoid the town, Dick struck into a narrow path at the right, and rode easily down the hill.

His pursuers were now within a hundred yards, and shouted to him to stand. Pointing to a gate which seemed to bar their further progress, Dick unhesitatingly charged it, clearing it in beautiful style. Not so with Coates' party; and the time they lost in unfastening the gate, which none of them chose to leap, enabled Dick to put additional space betwixt them. It did not, however, appear to be his intention altogether to outstrip his pursuers; the chase seemed to give him excitement, which he was willing to prolong, as much as was consistent with his safety. Scudding rapidly past Highgate, like a swift-sailing schooner, with three lumbering Indiamen in her wake, Dick now took the lead along a narrow lane that threads the fields in the direction of Hornsey. The shouts of his followers had brought others to join them, and as he neared Crouch End, traversing the lane which takes its name from Du Val, and in which a house, frequented by that gayest of robbers, stands, or stood, "A highwayman! a highwayman!" rang in his ears, in a discordant chorus of many voices.

The whole neighborhood was alarmed by the cries, and by the tramp of horses; the men of Hornsey rushed into the road to seize the fugitive; and women held up their babes to catch a glimpse of the flying cavalcade, which seemed to gain number

and animation as it advanced. Suddenly three horsemen appear in the road; they hear the uproar and the din. "A highwayman! a highwayman!" cry the voices: "stop him, stop him!" But it is no such easy matter. With a pistol in each hand, and his bridle in his teeth, Turpin passed boldly on. His fierce looks — his furious steed — the impetus with which he pressed forward, bore down all before him. The horsemen gave way, and only served to swell the list of his pursuers.

"We have him now! we have him now!" cried Paterson, exultingly. "Shout for your lives. The turnpike man will hear us. Shout again — again! The fellow has heard it. The gate is shut. We have him. Ha! ha!"

The old Hornsey toll bar was a high gate, with *chevaux-de-frise* in the upper rail. It may be so still. The gate was swung into its lock, and like a tiger in his lair, the prompt custodian of the turnpike trusts, ensconced within his doorway, held himself in readiness to spring upon the runaway. But Dick kept steadily on. He coolly calculated the height of the gate; he looked to the right and to the left; nothing better offered; he spoke a few words of encouragement to Bess; gently patted her neck; then struck spurs into her sides, and cleared the spikes by an inch. Out rushed the amazed turnpike man, thus unmercifully bilked, and was nearly trampled to death under the feet of Paterson's horse.

"Open the gate, fellow, and be expeditious," shouted the chief constable.

"Not I," said the man, sturdily, "unless I get my dues. I've been done once already. But strike me stupid if I'm done a second time."

"Don't you perceive that's a highwayman? Don't you know that I'm chief constable of Westminster?" said Paterson, showing his staff. "How dare you oppose me in the discharge of my duty?"

"That may be, or it may not be," said the man, doggedly. "But you don't pass, unless I gets the blunt, and that's the long and short on it."

Amidst a storm of oaths Coates flung down a crown piece, and the gate was thrown open.

Turpin took advantage of this delay to breathe his mare; and, striking into a by-lane at Duckett's Green, cantered easily along in the direction of Tottenham. Little repose was allowed him. Yelling like a pack of hounds in full cry, his pur-

suers were again at his heels. He had now to run the gantlet of the long straggling town of Tottenham, and various were the devices of the populace to entrap him. The whole place was up in arms, shouting, screaming, running, dancing, and hurling every possible description of missile at the horse and her rider. Dick merrily responded to their clamor as he flew past, and laughed at the brickbats that were showered thick as hail, and quite as harmlessly, around him.

A few more miles' hard riding tired the volunteers, and before the chase reached Edmonton most of the men were "*nowhere*." Here fresh relays were gathered, and a strong field was again mustered. John Gilpin himself could not have excited more astonishment among the good folks of Edmonton, than did our highwayman as he galloped through their town. Unlike the men of Tottenham, the mob received him with acclamations, thinking, no doubt, that, like "the citizen of famous London Town," he rode for a wager. Presently, however, borne on the wings of the blast, came the cries of "Turpin! Dick Turpin!" and the hurrahs were changed to hootings; but such was the rate at which our highwayman rode, that no serious opposition could be offered to him.

A man in a donkey cart, unable to get out of the way, drew himself up in the middle of the road. Turpin treated him as he had done the *dub* at the *knapping jigger*, and cleared the driver and his little wain with ease. This was a capital stroke, and well adapted to please the multitude, who are ever taken with a brilliant action. "Hark away, Dick!" resounded on all hands, while hisses were as liberally bestowed upon his pursuers.

II.

Away they fly past scattered cottages, swiftly and skimmingly, like eagles on the wing, along the Enfield highway. All were well mounted, and the horses, now thoroughly warmed, had got into their paces, and did their work beautifully. None of Coates' party lost ground; but they maintained it at the expense of their steeds, which were streaming like water carts, while Black Bess had scarcely turned a hair.

Turpin, the reader already knows, was a crack rider; he was *the* crack rider of England of his time, and, perhaps, of any time. The craft and mystery of jockeyship was not then so well understood in the eighteenth as it is in the nineteenth century; men treated their horses differently; and few rode

then as well as many ride now, when every youngster takes to the field as naturally as if he had been bred a Guacho. Dick Turpin was a glorious exception to the rule, and anticipated a later age. He rode wonderfully lightly, yet sat his saddle to perfection; distributing the weight so exquisitely, that his horse scarcely felt his pressure; he yielded to every movement made by the animal, and became, as it were, part and parcel of itself; he took care Bess should be neither strained nor wrung. Freely, and as lightly as a feather, was she borne along; beautiful was it to see her action: to watch her style and temper of covering the ground; and many a first-rate Meltonian might have got a wrinkle from Turpin's seat and conduct.

We have before stated that it was not Dick's object to *ride away* from his pursuers; he could have done that at any moment. He liked the fun of the chase, and would have been sorry to put a period to his own excitement. Confident in his mare, he just kept her at such speed as should put his pursuers completely *to it*, without in the slightest degree inconveniencing himself. Some judgment of the speed at which they went may be formed when we state that little better than an hour had elapsed, and nearly twenty miles had been ridden over. "Not bad traveling that," methinks we hear the reader exclaim.

"By the mother that bore me," said Titus, as they went along in this slapping style — Titus, by the by, rode a big, Roman-nosed, powerful horse, well adapted to his weight, but which required a plentiful exercise both of leg and arm to call forth all his action, and keep his rider alongside his companions — "by the mother that bore me," said he, almost thumping the wind out of his flea-bitten Bucephalus with his calves, after the Irish fashion, "if the fellow isn't lighting his pipe! I saw the sparks fly on each side of him, and there he goes like a smoky chimney on a frosty morning! See, he turns his impudent phiz, with the pipe in his mouth! Are we to stand that, Mr. Coates?"

"Wait awhile, sir; wait awhile," said Coates: "we'll smoke *him* by and by."

Pæans have been sung in honor of the Peons of the Pampas by the *Head*long Sir Francis; but what the gallant major extols so loudly in the South American horseman, viz., the lighting of a cigar when in mid career, was accomplished with equal ease by our English highwayman a hundred years ago, nor was it esteemed by him any extravagant feat either. Flint,

steel, and tinder were bestowed within Dick's ample pouch; the short pipe was at hand; and within a few seconds there was a stream of vapor exhaling from his lips, like the smoke from a steamboat shooting down the river, and tracking his still rapid course through the air.

"I'll let 'em see what I think of 'em!" said Dick, coolly, as he turned his head.

It was now gray twilight. The mists of coming night were weaving a thin curtain over the rich surrounding landscape. All the sounds and hum of that delicious hour were heard, broken only by the regular clatter of the horses' hoofs. Tired of shouting, the chasers now kept on their way in deep silence. Each man held his breath, and plunged his spurs rowel-deep into his horse; but the animals were already at the top of their speed, and incapable of greater exertion. Paterson, who was a hard rider, and perhaps a thought better mounted, kept the lead. The rest followed as they might.

Had it been undisturbed by the rush of the cavalcade, the scene would have been still and soothing. Overhead, a cloud of rooks were winging their garrulous flight to the ancestral avenue of an ancient mansion to the right; the bat was on the wing; the distant lowing of a herd of kine saluted the ear at intervals; the blithe whistle of the rustic herdsman, and the merry chime of wagon bells, rang pleasantly from afar. But these cheerful sounds, which make the still twilight hour delightful, were lost in the tramp of the horsemen, now three abreast. The hind fled to the hedge for shelter; and the wagoner pricked up his ears, and fancied he heard the distant rumbling of an earthquake.

On rushed the pack, whipping, spurring, tugging, for very life. Again they gave voice, in hopes the wagoner might succeed in stopping the fugitive. But Dick was already by his side. "Harkee, my tulip," cried he, taking the pipe from his mouth as he passed, "tell my friends behind they will hear of me at York."

"What did he say?" asked Paterson, coming up the next moment.

"That you'll find him at York," replied the wagoner.

"At York!" echoed Coates, in amaze.

Turpin was now out of sight; and although our trio flogged with might and main, they could never catch a glimpse of him until, within a short distance of Ware, they beheld him

at the door of a little public house, standing with his bridle in his hand, coolly quaffing a tankard of ale. No sooner were they in sight than Dick vaulted into the saddle, and rode off.

"Devil seize you, sir! why didn't you stop him?" exclaimed Paterson, as he rode up. "My horse is dead lame. I cannot go any further. Do you know what a prize you have missed? Do you know who that was?"

"No, sir, I don't," said the publican. "But I know he gave his mare more ale than he took himself, and he has given me a guinea instead of a shilling. He's a regular good 'un."

"A good 'un!" said Paterson; "it was Turpin, the notorious highwayman. We are in pursuit of him. Have you any horses? Our cattle are all blown."

"You'll find the posthouse in the town, gentlemen. I'm sorry I can't accommodate you. But I keeps no stabling. I wish you a very good evening, sir." Saying which the publican retreated to his domicile.

"That's a flash crib, I'll be bound," said Paterson. "I'll chalk you down, my friend, you may rely upon it. Thus far we're done, Mr. Coates. But curse me if I give in. I'll follow him to the world's end first."

"Right, sir; right," said the attorney. "A very proper spirit, Mr. Constable. You would be guilty of neglecting your duty were you to act otherwise. You must recollect my father, Mr. Paterson; Christopher, or Kit Coates; a name as well known at the Old Bailey as Jonathan Wild's. You recollect him — eh?"

"Perfectly well, sir," replied the chief constable.

"The greatest thief taker, though I say it," continued Coates, "on record. I inherit all his zeal — all his ardor. Come along, sir. We shall have a fine moon in an hour — bright as day. To the posthouse! to the posthouse!"

Accordingly to the posthouse they went; and, with as little delay as circumstances admitted, fresh hacks being procured, accompanied by a postilion, the party again pursued their onward course, encouraged to believe they were still in the right scent.

Night had now spread her mantle over the earth; still it was not wholly dark. A few stars were twinkling in the deep, cloudless heavens, and a pearly radiance in the eastern horizon heralded the rising of the orb of night. A gentle breeze was stirring; the dews of evening had already fallen; and the air felt bland and dry. It was just the night one would have

chosen for a ride, if one ever rode by choice at such an hour and to Turpin, whose chief excursions were conducted by night, it appeared little less than heavenly.

Full of ardor and excitement, determined to execute what he had mentally undertaken, Turpin held on his solitary course. Everything was favorable to his project: the roads were in admirable condition, his mare was in like order; she was inured to hard work, had rested sufficiently in town to recover from the fatigue of her recent journey, and had never been in more perfect training. "She has now got her wind in her," said Dick; "I'll see what she can do — hark away, lass, hark away! I wish they could see her now," added he, as he felt her almost fly away with him.

Encouraged by her master's voice and hand, Black Bess started forward at a pace which few horses could have equaled, and scarcely any have sustained so long. Even Dick, accustomed as he was to her magnificent action, felt electrified at the speed with which he was borne along. "Bravo! bravo!" shouted he; "hark away, Bess!"

The deep and solemn woods through which they were rushing rang with his shouts and the sharp rattle of Bess' hoofs; and thus he held his way, while, in the words of the ballad: —

Fled past, on right and left, how fast,
Each forest, grove, and bower;
On right and left, fled past, how fast,
Each city, town, and tower.

III.

Black Bess being undoubtedly the heroine of the Fourth Book of this romance, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for here expatiating a little in this place upon her birth, parentage, breeding, appearance, and attractions. And first as to her pedigree; for in the horse, unlike the human species, nature has strongly impressed the noble or ignoble caste. He is the real aristocrat, and the pure blood that flows in the veins of the gallant steed will infallibly be transmitted, if his mate be suitable, throughout all his line. Bess was no *cocktail*. She was thoroughbred; she boasted blood in every bright and branching vein: —

If blood can give nobility
A noble steed was she;

Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,
And all her pedigree.

As to her pedigree. Her sire was a desert Arab, renowned in his day, and brought to this country by a wealthy traveler; her dam was an English racer, coal black as her child. Bess united all the fire and gentleness, the strength and hardihood, the abstinence and endurance of fatigue of the one, with the spirit and extraordinary fleetness of the other. How Turpin became possessed of her is of little consequence. We never heard that he paid a heavy price for her, though we doubt if any sum would have induced him to part with her. In color, she was perfectly black, with a skin smooth on the surface as polished jet; not a single white hair could be detected in her satin coat. In make, she was magnificent. Every point was perfect, beautiful, compact; modeled, in little, for strength and speed. Arched was her neck, as that of the swan; clean and fine were her lower limbs, as those of the gazelle; round and sound as a drum was her carcass, and as broad as a cloth-yard shaft her width of chest. Hers were the "*pulchræ clunes, breve caput, arduaque cervix*," of the Roman bard. There was no redundancy of flesh, 'tis true; her flanks might, to please some tastes, have been rounder, and her shoulder fuller; but look at the nerve and sinew, palpable through the veined limbs! She was built more for strength than beauty, and yet she *was* beautiful. Look at that elegant little head; those thin tapering ears, closely placed together; that broad snorting nostril, which seems to snuff the gale with disdain; that eye, glowing and large as the diamond of Giamschid! Is she not beautiful? Behold her paces! how gracefully she moves! She is off! — no eagle on the wing could skim the air more swiftly. Is she not superb? As to her temper, the lamb is not more gentle. A child might guide her.

But hark back to Turpin. We left him rattling along in superb style, and in the highest possible glee. He could not, in fact, be otherwise than exhilarated, nothing being so wildly intoxicating as a mad gallop. We seem to start out of ourselves — to be endued, for the time, with new energies. Our thoughts take wings rapid as our steed. We feel as if his fleetness and boundless impulses were for the moment our own. We laugh; we exult; we shout for very joy. We cry out with Mephistopheles, but in anything but a sardonic mood.

"What I enjoy with spirit, is it the less my own on that account? If I can pay for six horses, are not their powers mine? I drive along, and am a proper man, as if I had four and twenty legs!" These were Turpin's sentiments precisely. Give him four legs and a wide plain, and he needed no Mephistopheles to bid him ride to perdition as fast as his nag could carry him. Away, away! — the road is level, the path is clear. Press on, thou gallant steed, no obstacle is in thy way! — and, lo! the moon breaks forth! Her silvery light is thrown over the woody landscape. Dark shadows are cast athwart the road, and the flying figures of thy rider and thyself are traced, like giant phantoms in the dust!

Away, away! our breath is gone, in keeping up with this tremendous run. Yet Dick Turpin has not lost his wind, for we hear his cheering cry — hark! he sings.

"Egad," soliloquized Dick, as he concluded his song, looking up at the moon. "Old Noll's no bad fellow either. I wouldn't be without his white face to-night for a trifle. He's as good as a lamp to guide one, and let Bess only hold on as she goes now, and I'll do it with ease. Softly, wench, softly; dost not see it's a hill we're rising. The devil's in the mare, she cares for nothing." And as they ascended the hill, Dick's voice once more awoke the echoes of the night.

"Well," mused Turpin, "I suppose one day it will be with me like the rest of 'em, and that I shall dance a long lavolta to the music of the four whistling winds, as my betters have done before me; but I trust, whenever the chanter culls and last-speech scribblers get hold of me, they'll at least put no cursed nonsense into my mouth, but make me speak, as I have ever felt, like a man who never either feared death, or turned his back upon his friend. In the mean time I'll give them something to talk about. This ride of mine shall ring in their ears long after I'm done for — put to bed with a mattock, and tucked up with a spade.

> "And when I am gone, boys, each huntsman shall say,
> None rode like Dick Turpin so far in a day.

And thou, too, brave Bess! thy name shall be linked with mine, and we'll go down to posterity together; and what," added he, despondingly, "if it should be too much for thee? what if — but no matter. Better die now, while I am with thee, than fall into the knacker's hands. Better die with all

thy honors upon thy head, than drag out thy old age at the sand cart. Hark forward, lass — hark forward! "

By what peculiar instinct is it that this noble animal, the horse, will at once perceive the slightest change in his rider's physical temperament, and allow himself so to be influenced by it, that, according as his master's spirits fluctuate, will his own energies rise and fall, wavering

From walk to trot, from canter to full speed?

How is it, we ask of those more intimately acquainted with the metaphysics of the Huoyhnymn than we pretend to be? Do the saddle or the rein convey, like metallic tractors, vibrations of the spirit betwixt the two? We know not; but this much is certain, that no servant partakes so much of the character of his master as the horse. The steed we are wont to ride becomes a portion of ourselves. He thinks and feels with us. As we are lively, he is sprightly; as we are depressed, his courage droops. In proof of this, let the reader see what horses some men make — *make* we say, because in such hands their character is wholly altered. Partaking, in a measure, of the courage and the firmness of the hand that guides them, and of the resolution of the frame that sways them — what their rider wills they do, or strive to do. When that governing power is relaxed, their energies are relaxed likewise; and their fine sensibilities supply them with an instant knowledge of the disposition and capacity of the rider. A gift of the gods is the gallant steed, which, like any other faculty we possess, to use or to abuse — to command or to neglect — rests with ourselves; he is the best general test of our own self-government.

Black Bess' action amply verified what we have just asserted; for during Turpin's momentary despondency, her pace was perceptibly diminished, and her force retarded; but as he revived, she rallied instantly, and, seized apparently with a kindred enthusiasm, snorted joyously, as she recovered her speed. Now was it that the child of the desert showed herself the undoubted offspring of the hardy loins from whence she sprung. Full fifty miles had she sped, yet she showed no symptom of distress. If possible, she appeared fresher than when she started. She had breathed; her limbs were suppler; her action was freer, easier, lighter. Her sire, who, upon his trackless wilds, could have outstripped the pestilent simoom, and with throat unslacked, and hunger unappeased, could

thrice have seen the scorching sun go down, had not greater powers of endurance. His vigor was her heritage. Her dam, who upon the velvet sod was of almost unapproachable swiftness, and who had often brought her owner golden assurances of her worth, could scarce have kept pace with her, and would have sunk under a third of her fatigue. But Bess was a paragon. We ne'er shall look upon her like again, unless we can prevail upon some Bedouin chief to present us with a brood mare, and then the racing world shall see what a breed we will introduce into this country. Eclipse, Childers, or Hambletonian, shall be nothing to our colts, and even the railroad slow traveling compared with the speed of our new nags!

But to return to Bess, or rather to go along with her, for there is no halting now; we are going at the rate of twenty knots an hour — sailing before the wind; and the reader must either keep pace with us, or drop astern. Bess is now in her speed, and Dick happy. Happy! he is enraptured — maddened — furious — intoxicated as with wine. Pshaw! wine could never throw him into such a burning delirium. Its choicest juices have no inspiration like this. Its fumes are slow and heady. This is ethereal, transporting. His blood spins through his veins; winds round his heart; mounts to his brain. Away! away! He is wild with joy. Hall, cot, tree, tower, glade, mead, waste, or woodland are seen, passed, left behind, and vanish as in a dream. Motion is scarcely perceptible — it is impetus! volition! The horse and her rider are driven forward, as it were, by self-accelerated speed. A hamlet is visible in the moonlight. It is scarcely discovered ere the flints sparkle beneath the mare's hoofs. A moment's clatter upon the stones, and it is left behind. Again, it is the silent, smiling country. Now they are buried in the darkness of woods; now sweeping along on the wide plain; now clearing the unopened toll bar, now trampling over the hollow-sounding bridge, their shadows momently reflected in the placid mirror of the stream; now scaling the hillside a thought more slowly; now plunging, as the horses of Phœbus into the ocean, down its precipitous sides.

The limits of two shires are already past. They are within the confines of a third. They have entered the merry county of Huntingdon; they have surmounted the gentle hill that slips into Godmanchester. They are by the banks of the rapid Ouse. The bridge is past; and as Turpin rode through the deserted

streets of Huntingdon, he heard the eleventh hour given from the iron tongue of St. Mary's spire. In four hours (it was about seven when he started), Dick had accomplished full sixty miles!

A few reeling topers in the streets saw the horseman flit past, and one or two windows were thrown open; but Peeping Tom of Coventry would have had small chance of beholding the unveiled beauties of Queen Godiva had she ridden at the rate of Dick Turpin. He was gone, like a meteor, almost as soon as he appeared.

Huntingdon is left behind, and he is once more surrounded by dew-gemmed hedges and silent slumbering trees. Broad meadows, or pasture land, with drowsy cattle, or low bleating sheep, lie on either side. But what to Turpin, at that moment, is nature, animate or inanimate? He thinks only of his mare — his future fame. None are by to see him ride; no stimulating plaudits ring in his ears; no thousand hands are clapping; no thousand voices huzzaing; no handkerchiefs are waved; no necks strained; no bright eyes rain influence upon him; no eagle orbs watch his motions; no bells are rung; no cup awaits his achievement; no sweepstakes — no plate. But his will be renown — everlasting renown; his will be fame which will not die with him — which will keep his reputation, albeit a tarnished one, still in the mouths of men. He wants all these adventitious excitements, but he has that within which is a greater excitement than all these. He is conscious that he is doing a deed to live by. If not riding for *life*, he is riding for *immortality;* and as the hero may perchance feel (for even a highwayman may feel like a hero) when he willingly throws away his existence in the hope of earning a glorious name, Turpin cared not what might befall himself, so he could proudly signalize himself as the first of his land,

> And witch the world with noble horsemanship!

What need had he of spectators? *The eye of posterity* was upon him; he felt the influence of that Argus glance which has made many a poor wight spur on his Pegasus with not half so good a chance of reaching the goal as Dick Turpin. Multitudes, yet unborn, he knew would hear and laud his deeds. He trembled with excitement, and Bess trembled under him. But the emotion was transient — on, on they fly! The torrent leap-

ing from the crag — the bolt from the bow — the air-cleaving eagle — thoughts themselves are scarce more winged in their flight!

IV.

The night had hitherto been balmy and beautiful, with a bright array of stars, and a golden harvest moon, which seemed to diffuse even warmth with its radiance; but now Turpin was approaching the region of fog and fen, and he began to feel the influence of that dank atmosphere. The intersecting dikes, yawners, gullies, or whatever they are called, began to send forth their steaming vapors, and chilled the soft and wholesome air, obscuring the void, and in some instances, as it were, choking up the road itself with vapor. But fog or fen was the same to Bess; her hoofs rattled merrily along the road, and she burst from a cloud, like Eöus at the break of dawn.

It chanced, as he issued from a fog of this kind, that Turpin burst upon the York stagecoach. It was no uncommon thing for the coach to be stopped; and so furious was the career of our highwayman, that the man involuntarily drew up his horses. Turpin had also to draw in the rein, a task of no little difficulty, as charging a huge lumbering coach, with its full complement of passengers, was more than even Bess could accomplish. The moon shone brightly on Turpin and his mare. He was unmasked, and his features were distinctly visible. An exclamation was uttered by a gentleman on the box, who it appeared instantly recognized him.

"Pull up — draw your horses across the road!" cried the gentleman; "that's Dick Turpin, the highwayman. His capture would be worth three hundred pounds to you," added he, addressing the coachman, "and is of equal importance to me. Stand!" shouted he, presenting a cocked pistol.

This resolution of the gentleman was not apparently agreeable, either to the coachman or the majority of the passengers, the name of Turpin acting like magic upon them. One man jumped off behind, and was with difficulty afterwards recovered, having tumbled into a deep ditch at the roadside. An old gentleman with a cotton nightcap, who had popped out his head to swear at the coachman, drew it suddenly back. A faint scream in a female key issued from within, and there was a considerable hubbub on the roof. Amongst other ominous sounds, the guard was heard to click his long horse pistols. "Stop the

York four-day stage!" said he, forcing his smoky voice through a world of throat-embracing shawl; "the fastest coach in the kingdom: vos ever sich atrocity heard of? I say, Joe, keep them ere leaders steady; we shall all be in the ditch. Don't you see where the hind wheels are? Who — whoop, I say."

The gentleman on the box now discharged his pistol, and the confusion within was redoubled. The white nightcap was popped out like a rabbit's head, and as quickly popped back on hearing the highwayman's voice. Owing to the plunging of the horses, the gentleman had missed his aim.

Prepared for such emergencies as the present, and seldom at any time taken aback, Dick received the fire without flinching. He then lashed the horses out of his course, and rode up, pistol in hand, to the gentleman who had fired.

"Major Mowbray," said he, in a stern tone, "I know you. I meant not either to assault you or these gentlemen. Yet you have attempted my life, sir, a second time. But you are now in my power, and by hell! if you do not answer the questions I put to you, nothing earthly shall save you."

"If you ask aught I may not answer, fire!" said the major; "I will never ask life from such as you."

"Have you seen aught of Sir Luke Rookwood?" asked Dick.

"The villain you mean is not yet secured," replied the major, "but we have traces of him. 'Tis with the view of procuring more efficient assistance that I ride to town."

"They have not met then since?" said Dick, carelessly.

"Met! whom do you mean?"

"Your sister and Sir Luke," said Dick.

"My sister meet him!" cried the major, angrily; "think you he dare show himself at Rookwood?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Dick; "she *is* at Rookwood, then? A thousand thanks, major. Good night to you, gentlemen."

"Take that with you, and remember the guard," cried the fellow, who, unable to take aim from where he sat, had crept along the coach roof, and discharged thence one of his large horse pistols at what he took to be the highwayman's head, but which, luckily for Dick, was his hat, which he had raised to salute the passengers.

"Remember you?" said Dick, coolly replacing his perforated beaver on his brow; "you may rely upon it, my fine fellow, I'll not forget you the next time we meet."

And off he went like the breath of the whirlwind.

V.

We will now make inquiries after Mr. Coates and his party, of whom both we and Dick Turpin have for some time lost sight. With unabated ardor the vindictive man of law and his myrmidons pressed forward. A tacit compact seemed to have been entered into between the highwayman and his pursuers, that he was to fly while they were to follow. Like bloodhounds, they kept steadily upon his trail; nor were they so far behind as Dick imagined. At each posthouse they passed they obtained fresh horses, and, while these were saddling, a postboy was dispatched *en courier* to order relays at the next station. In this manner they proceeded after the first stoppage without interruption. Horses were in waiting for them, as they, "bloody with spurring, fiery hot with haste," and their jaded hacks arrived. Turpin had been heard or seen in all quarters. Turnpike men, wagoners, carters, trampers, all had seen him. Besides, strange as it may sound, they placed some faith in his word. York they believed would be his destination.

At length the coach which Dick had encountered hove in sight. There was another stoppage and another hubbub. The old gentleman's nightcap was again manifested, and suffered a sudden occultation, as upon the former occasion. The postboy, who was in advance, had halted, and given up his horse to Major Mowbray, who exchanged his seat on the box for one on the saddle, deeming it more expedient, after his interview with Turpin, to return to Rookwood, rather than to proceed to town. The postboy was placed behind Coates, as being the lightest weight; and, thus reënforced, the party pushed forward as rapidly as heretofore.

Eighty and odd miles had now been traversed — the boundary of another county, Northampton, passed; yet no rest nor respite had Dick Turpin or his unflinching mare enjoyed. But here he deemed it fitting to make a brief halt.

Bordering the beautiful domains of Burleigh House stood a little retired hostelry of some antiquity, which bore the great Lord Treasurer's arms. With this house Dick was not altogether unacquainted. The lad who acted as hostler was known to him. It was now midnight, but a bright and beaming night. To the door of the stable then did he ride, and knocked in a peculiar manner. Reconnoitering Dick through a broken

pane of glass in the lintel, and apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, the lad thrust forth a head of hair as full of straw as Mad Tom's is represented to be upon the stage. A chuckle of welcome followed his sleepy salutation. "Glad to see you, Captain Turpin," said he; "can I do anything for you?"

"Get me a couple of bottles of brandy and a beefsteak," said Dick.

"As to the brandy, you can have that in a jiffy; but the steak, Lord love ye, the old 'ooman won't stand it at this time; but there's a cold round, — mayhap a slice of that might do, or a knuckle of ham?"

"D——n your knuckles, Ralph," cried Dick; "have you any raw meat in the house?"

"Raw meat?" echoed Ralph, in surprise. "Oh, yes, there's a rare rump of beef. You can have a cut off that, if you like."

"That's the thing I want," said Dick, ungirthing his mare. "Give me the scraper. There, I can get a wisp of straw from your head. Now run and get the brandy. Better bring three bottles. Uncork 'em, and let me have half a pail of water to mix with the spirit."

"A pailful of brandy and water to wash down a raw steak! My eyes!" exclaimed Ralph, opening wide his sleepy peepers; adding, as he went about the execution of his task, "I always thought them Rum-padders, as they call themselves, rum fellows, but now I'm sartin sure on it."

The most sedulous groom could not have bestowed more attention upon the horse of his heart than Dick Turpin now paid to his mare. He scraped, chafed, and dried her, sounded each muscle, traced each sinew, pulled her ears, examined the state of her feet, and, ascertaining that her "withers were unwrung," finally washed her from head to foot in the diluted spirit, not, however, before he had conveyed a thimbleful of the liquid to his own parched throat, and replenished what Falstaff calls a "pocket pistol," which he had about him. While Ralph was engaged in rubbing her down after her bath, Dick occupied himself. not in dressing the raw steak in the manner the stableboy had anticipated, but in rolling it round the bit of his bridle.

"She will go as long as there's breath in her body," said he, putting the flesh-covered iron within her mouth.

The saddle being once more replaced, after champing a moment or two at the bit, Bess began to snort and paw the

earth, as if impatient of delay ; and, acquainted as he was with her indomitable spirit and power, her condition was a surprise even to Dick himself. Her vigor seemed inexhaustible, her vivacity was not a whit diminished, but, as she was led into the open space, her step became as light and free as when she started on her ride, and her sense of sound as quick as ever. Suddenly she pricked her ears, and uttered a low neigh. A dull tramp was audible.

"Ha!" exclaimed Dick, springing into his saddle, "they come."

"Who come, captain?" asked Ralph.

"The road takes a turn here, don't it?" asked Dick — "sweeps round to the right by the plantations in the hollow?"

"Ay, ay, captain," answered Ralph; "it's plain you knows the ground."

"What lies beyond yon shed?"

"A stiff fence, captain — a reg'lar rasper. Beyond that a hillside steep as a house; no oss as was ever shoed can go down it."

"Indeed!" laughed Dick.

A loud halloo from Major Mowbray, who seemed advancing upon the wings of the wind, told Dick that he was discovered. The major was a superb horseman, and took the lead of his party. Striking his spurs deeply into his horse, and giving him bridle enough, the major seemed to shoot forward like a shell through the air. The Burleigh Arms retired some hundred yards from the road, the space in front being occupied by a neat garden, with low clipped hedges. No tall timber intervened between Dick and his pursuers, so that the motions of both parties were visible to each other. Dick saw in an instant that if he now started he should come into collision with the major exactly at the angle of the road, and he was by no means desirous of hazarding such a rencontre. He looked wistfully back at the double fence.

"Come into the stable. Quick, captain, quick!" exclaimed Ralph.

"The stable?" echoed Dick, hesitating.

"Ay, the stable; it's your only chance. Don't you see he's turning the corner, and they are all coming. Quick, sir, quick!"

Dick, lowering his head, rode into the tenement, the door

of which was most unceremoniously slapped in the major's face, and bolted on the other side.

"Villain!" cried Major Mowbray, thundering at the door, "come forth. You are now fairly trapped at last — caught like the woodcock, in your own springe. We have you. Open the door, I say, and save us the trouble of forcing it. You cannot escape us. We will burn the building down but we will have you."

"What do you want, measter?" cried Ralph, from the lintel, whence he reconnoitered the major, and kept the door fast. "You're clean mistaken. There be no one here."

"We'll soon see that," said Paterson, who had now arrived; and leaping from his horse, the chief constable took a short run, to give himself impetus, and with his foot burst open the door. This being accomplished, in dashed the major and Paterson, but the stable was vacant. A door was open at the back; they rushed to it. The sharply sloping sides of a hill slipped abruptly downwards, within a yard of the door. It was a perilous descent to a horseman, yet the print of a horse's heels was visible in the dislodged turf and scattered soil.

"Confusion!" cried the major, "he has escaped us."

"He is yonder," said Paterson, pointing out Turpin moving swiftly through the steaming meadow. "See, he makes again for the road — he clears the fence. A regular throw he has given us, by the Lord!"

"Nobly done, by Heaven!" cried the major. "With all his faults, I honor the fellow's courage, and admire his prowess. He's already ridden to-night as I believe never man rode before. I would not have ventured to slide down that wall, for it's nothing else, with the enemy at my heels. What say you, gentlemen, have you had enough? Shall we let him go, or ——"

"As far as chase goes, I don't care if we bring the matter to a conclusion," said Titus. "I don't think, as it is, that I shall have a *sate* to sit on this week to come. I've lost leather most confoundedly."

"What says Mr. Coates?" asked Paterson. "I look to him."

"Then mount, and off," cried Coates. "Public duty requires that we should take him."

"And *private pique*," returned the major. "No matter!

The end is the same. Justice shall be satisfied. To your steeds, my merry men all. Hark, and away."

Once more upon the move, Titus forgot his distress, and addressed himself to the attorney, by whose side he rode.

"What place is that we're coming to?" asked he, pointing to a cluster of moonlit spires belonging to a town they were rapidly approaching.

"Stamford," replied Coates.

"Stamford!" exclaimed Titus; "by the powers! then we've ridden a matter of ninety miles. Why, the great deeds of Redmond O'Hanlon were nothing to this! I'll remember it to my dying day, and with reason," added he, uneasily shifting his position on the saddle.

VI.

Dick Turpin, meanwhile, held bravely on his course. Bess was neither strained by her gliding passage down the slippery hillside, nor shaken by *larking* the fence in the meadow. As Dick said, "It took a devilish deal to take it out of her." On regaining the highroad she resumed her old pace, and once more they were distancing Time's swift chariot in its whirling passage o'er the earth. Stamford, and the tongue of Lincoln's fenny shire, upon which it is situated, are passed almost in a breath. Rutland is won and passed, and Lincolnshire once more entered. The road now verged within a bowshot of that sporting Athens (Corinth, perhaps, we should say), Melton Mowbray. Melton was then unknown to fame, but, as if inspired by that *furor venaticus* which now inspires all who come within twenty miles of this Charybdis of the chase, Bess here *let out* in a style with which it would have puzzled the best Leicestershire squire's best prad to have kept pace. The spirit she imbibed through the pores of her skin, and the juices of the meat she had champed, seemed to have communicated preternatural excitement to her. Her pace was absolutely terrific. Her eyeballs were dilated, and glowed like flaming carbuncles; while her widely distended nostril seemed, in the cold moonshine, to snort forth smoke, as from a hidden fire. Fain would Turpin have controlled her; but, without bringing into play all his tremendous nerve, no check could be given her headlong course, and for once, and the only time in her submissive career, Bess resolved to have her own way — and she had it. Like a

sensible fellow, Dick conceded the point. There was something even of conjugal philosophy in his self-communion upon the occasion. "E'en let her take her own way, and be hanged to her, for an obstinate, self-willed jade as she is," said he: "now her back is up there'll be no stopping her, I'm sure: she rattles away like a woman's tongue, and when that once begins, we all know what chance the curb has. Best to let her have it out, or rather to lend her a lift. 'Twill be over the sooner. Tantivy, lass! tantivy! I know which of us will tire first."

We have before said that the vehement excitement of continued swift riding produces a paroxysm in the sensorium amounting to delirium. Dick's blood was again on fire. He was first giddy, as after a deep draught of kindling spirit; this passed off, but the spirit was still in his veins — the *estro* was working in his brain. All his ardor, his eagerness, his fury, returned. He rode like one insane, and his courser partook of his frenzy. She bounded; she leaped; she tore up the ground beneath her; while Dick gave vent to his exultation in one wild prolonged halloo. More than half his race is run. He has triumphed over every difficulty. He will have no further occasion to halt. Bess carries her forage along with her. The course is straightforward — success seems certain — the goal already reached — the path of glory won. Another wild halloo, to which the echoing woods reply, and away!

Away! away! thou matchless steed! yet brace fast thy sinews — hold, hold thy breath, for, alas, the goal is not yet attained!

> But forward! forward, on they go,
> High snorts the straining steed,
> Thick pants the rider's laboring breath,
> As headlong on they speed!

VII.

As the eddying currents sweep over its plains in howling bleak December, the horse and her rider passed over what remained of Lincolnshire. Grantham is gone, and they are now more slowly looking up the ascent of Gonerby Hill, a path well known to Turpin; where often, in bygone nights, many a purse had changed its owner. With that feeling of independence and exhilaration which every one feels, we believe, on having climbed the hillside, Turpin turned to gaze around. There was

triumph in his eye. But the triumph was checked as his glance fell upon a gibbet near him to the right, on the round point of hill which is a landmark to the wide vale of Belvoir. Pressed as he was for time, Dick immediately struck out of the road, and approached the spot where it stood. Two scarecrow objects, covered with rags and rusty links of chains, depended from the tree. A night crow screaming around the carcasses added to the hideous effect of the scene. Nothing but the living highwayman and his skeleton brethren were visible upon the solitary spot. Around him was the lonesome waste of hill, o'erlooking the moonlit valley : beneath his feet, a patch of bare and lightning-blasted sod : above, the wan declining moon and skies, flaked with ghostly clouds : before him, the bleached bodies of the murderers, for such they were.

"Will this be my lot, I marvel?" said Dick, looking upwards, with an involuntary shudder.

"Ay, marry will it," rejoined a crouching figure, suddenly springing from beside a tuft of briers that skirted the blasted ground.

Dick started in his saddle, while Bess reared and plunged at the sight of this unexpected apparition.

"What ho! thou devil's dam, Barbara, is it thou?" exclaimed Dick, reassured upon discovering it was the gypsy queen, and no specter whom he beheld. "Stand still, Bess — stand, lass. What dost thou here, mother of darkness? Art gathering mandrakes for thy poisonous messes, or pilfering flesh from the dead? Meddle not with their bones, or I will drive thee hence. What dost thou here, I say, old dam of the gibbet?"

"I came to die here," replied Barbara, in a feeble tone; and, throwing back her hood, she displayed features well-nigh as ghastly as those of the skeletons above her.

"Indeed," replied Dick. "You've made choice of a pleasant spot, it must be owned. But you'll not die yet."

"Do you know whose bodies these are?" asked Barbara, pointing upwards.

"Two of your race," replied Dick; "right brethren of the blade."

"Two of my sons," returned Barbara; "my twin children. I am come to lay my bones beneath their bones : my sepulcher shall be their sepulcher; my body shall feed the fowls of the air as theirs have fed them. And if ghosts can walk, we'll

scour this heath together. I tell you what, Dick Turpin," said the hag, drawing as near to the highwayman as Bess would permit her; "dead men walk and ride — ay, *ride!* — there's a comfort for you. I've seen these do it. I have seen them fling off their chains, and dance — ay, dance with me — with their mother. No revels like dead men's revels, Dick. I shall soon join 'em."

"You will not lay violent hands upon yourself, mother?" said Dick, with difficulty mastering his terror.

"No," replied Barbara, in an altered tone. "But I will let nature do her task. Would she could do it more quickly. Such a life as mine won't go out without a long struggle. What have I to live for now? All are gone — *she and her child!* But what is this to you? You have no child; and if you had, you could not feel like a father. No matter. I rave. Listen to me. I have crawled hither to die. 'Tis five days since I beheld you, and during that time food has not passed these lips, nor aught of moisture, save Heaven's dew, cooled this parched throat, nor shall they to the last. That time cannot be far off; and now can you not guess *how* I mean to die? Begone, and leave me, your presence troubles me. I would breathe my last breath alone, with none to witness the parting pang."

"I will not trouble you longer, mother," said Dick, turning his mare; "nor will I ask your blessing."

"My blessing!" scornfully ejaculated Barbara. "You shall have it if you will, but you will find it a curse. Stay! a thought strikes me. Whither are you going?"

"To seek Sir Luke Rookwood," replied Dick; "know you aught of him?"

"Sir Luke Rookwood! You seek him, and would find him?" screamed Barbara.

"I would," said Dick.

"And you *will* find him," said Barbara; "and that erelong. I shall ne'er again behold him. Would I could. I have a message for him — one of life and death. Will you convey it to him?"

"I will," said the highwayman.

"Swear by those bones to do so," cried Barbara, pointing with her skinny fingers to the gibbet; "that you will do my bidding."

"I swear," cried Dick.

"Fail not, or *we* will haunt thee to thy life's end," cried Barbara; adding, as she handed a sealed package to the highwayman, "Give this to Sir Luke — to him alone. I would have sent it to him by other hands ere this, but my people have deserted me — have pillaged my stores — have rifled me of all, save this. Give this, I say, to Sir Luke, with your own hands. You have sworn it, and will obey. Give it to him, and bid him think of Sibyl as he opens it. But this must not be till Eleanor is in his power; and she must be present when the seal is broken. It relates to both. Dare not to tamper with it, or my curse shall pursue you. That packet is guarded with a triple spell, which to you were fatal. Obey me, and my dying breath shall bless thee."

"Never fear," said Dick, taking the packet; "I'll not disappoint you, mother, depend upon it."

"Hence!" cried the crone; and as she watched Dick's figure lessening upon the waste, and at length beheld him finally disappear down the hillside, she sank to the ground, her frail strength being entirely exhausted. "Body and soul may now part in peace," gasped she. "All I live for is accomplished." And ere one hour had elapsed, the night crow was perched upon her still breathing frame.

Long pondering upon this singular interview, Dick pursued his way. At length he thought fit to examine the packet with which the old gypsy had intrusted him.

"It feels like a casket," thought he. "It can't be gold. But then it may be jewels, though they don't rattle, and it ain't quite heavy enough. What can it be? I should like to know. There is some mystery, that's certain, about it; but I will not break the seal, not I. As to her spell, that I don't value a rush; but I've sworn to give it to Sir Luke, and deliver her message, and I'll keep my word if I can. He shall have it." Saying which he replaced it in his pocket.

VIII.

Time presses. We may not linger in our course. We must fly on before our flying highwayman. Full forty miles shall we pass over in a breath. Two more hours have elapsed, and he still urges his headlong career, with heart resolute as ever, and purpose yet unchanged. Fair Newark and the dashing Trent, "most loved of England's streams," are gathered to

his laurels. Broad Notts, and its heavy paths and sweeping glades; its waste (forest no more) of Sherwood past; bold Robin Hood and his merry men, his Marian and his moonlight rides, recalled, forgotten, left behind. Hurrah! hurrah! That wild halloo, that wavering arm, that enlivening shout — what means it? He is once more upon Yorkshire ground; his horse's hoof beats once more the soil of that noble shire. So transported was Dick that he could almost have flung himself from the saddle to kiss the dust beneath his feet. Thrice fifty miles has he run, nor has the morn yet dawned upon his labors. Hurrah! the end draws nigh; the goal is in view. Halloo! halloo! on!

Bawtrey is past. He takes the lower road by Thorne and Selby. He is skirting the waters of the deep-channeled Don.

Bess now began to manifest some slight symptoms of distress. There was a strain in the carriage of her throat, a dullness in her eye, a laxity in her ear, and a slight stagger in her gait, which Turpin noticed with apprehension. Still she went on, though not at the same gallant pace as heretofore. But, as the tired bird still battles with the blast upon the ocean, as the swimmer still stems the stream, though spent, on went she; nor did Turpin dare to check her, fearing that, if she stopped, she might lose her force, or, if she fell, she would rise no more.

It was now that gray and grimly hour ere one flicker of orange or rose has gemmed the east, and when unwearying nature herself seems to snatch brief repose. In the roar of restless cities, this is the only time when the strife is hushed. Midnight is awake — alive; the streets ring with laughter and with rattling wheels. At the third hour, a dead, deep silence prevails; the loud-voiced streets grow dumb. They are deserted of all, save the few guardians of the night and the skulking robber. But even far removed from the haunts of men and hum of towns it is the same. "Nature's best nurse" seems to weigh nature down, and stillness reigns throughout. Our feelings are, in a great measure, influenced by the hour. Exposed to the raw crude atmosphere, which has neither the nipping, wholesome shrewdness of morn, nor the profound chillness of night, the frame vainly struggles against the dull, miserable sensations engendered by the damps, and at once communicates them to the spirits. Hope forsakes us. We are weary, exhausted. Our energy is dispirited. Sleep does "not weigh our eyelids down." We stare upon the vacancy. We

conjure up a thousand restless, disheartening images. We abandon projects we have formed, and which, viewed through this medium, appear fantastical, chimerical, absurd. We want rest, refreshment, energy.

We will not say that Turpin had all these misgivings. But he had to struggle hard with himself to set sleep and exhaustion at defiance.

The moon had set. The stars,

Pinnacled deep in the intense main,

had all — save one, the herald of the dawn — withdrawn their luster. A dull mist lay on the stream, and the air became piercing cold. Turpin's chilled fingers could scarcely grasp the slackening rein, while his eyes, irritated by the keen atmosphere, hardly enabled him to distinguish surrounding objects, or even to guide his steed. It was owing, probably, to this latter circumstance, that Bess suddenly floundered and fell, throwing her master over her head.

Turpin instantly recovered himself. His first thought was for his horse. But Bess was instantly upon her legs — covered with dust and foam, sides and cheeks — and with her large eyes glaring wildly, almost piteously, upon her master.

"Art hurt, lass?" asked Dick, as she shook herself, and slightly shivered. And he proceeded to the horseman's scrutiny. "Nothing but a shake; though that dull eye — those quivering flanks ——" added he, looking earnestly at her. "She won't go much further, and I must give it up — what! give up the race just when it's won? No, that can't be. Ha! well thought on. I've a bottle of liquid given me by an old fellow, who was a knowing cove and famous jockey in his day, which he swore would make a horse go as long as he'd a leg to carry him, and bade me keep it for some great occasion. I've never used it: but I'll try it now. It should be in this pocket. Ah! Bess, wench, I fear I'm using thee, after all, as Sir Luke did his mistress, that I thought so like thee. No matter! It will be a glorious end."

Raising her head upon his shoulder, Dick poured the contents of the bottle down the throat of his mare. Nor had he to wait long before its invigorating effects were instantaneous. The fire was kindled in the glassy orb; her crest was once more erected; her flank ceased to quiver; and she neighed loud and joyously.

"Egad, the old fellow was right," cried Dick. "The drink has worked wonders. What the devil could it have been? It smells like spirit," added he, examining the bottle. "I wish I'd left a taste for myself. But here's that will do as well." And he drained his flask of the last drop of brandy.

Dick's limbs were now become so excessively stiff that it was with difficulty he could remount his horse. But this necessary preliminary being achieved by the help of a style, he found no difficulty in resuming his accustomed position upon the saddle. We know not whether there was any likeness between our Turpin and that modern Hercules of the sporting world, Mr. Osbaldeston. Far be it from us to institute any comparison, though we cannot help thinking that, in one particular, he resembled that famous "copper-bottomed" squire. This we will leave to our reader's discrimination. Dick bore his fatigues wonderfully. He suffered somewhat of that martyrdom which, according to Tom Moore, occurs "to weavers and M.P.'s from sitting too long"; but again on his courser's back, he cared not for anything.

Once more, at a gallant pace he traversed the banks of the Don, skirting the fields of flax that bound its sides, and hurried far more swiftly than its current to its confluence with the Aire.

Snaith was past. He was on the road to Selby when dawn first began to break. Here and there a twitter was heard in the hedge; a hare ran across his path, gray-looking as the morning's self; and the mists began to rise from the earth. A bar of gold was drawn against the east, like the roof of a gorgeous palace. But the mists were heavy in this world of rivers and their tributary streams. The Ouse was before him, the Trent and Aire behind; the Don and Derwent on either hand, all in their way to commingle their currents ere they formed the giant Humber. Amid a region so prodigal of water, no wonder the dews fell thick as rain. Here and there the ground was clear; but then again came a volley of vapor, dim and palpable as smoke.

While involved in one of these fogs, Turpin became aware of another horseman by his side. It was impossible to discern the features of the rider, but his figure in the mist seemed gigantic; neither was the color of his steed distinguishable. Nothing was visible except the meager-looking phantomlike outline of a horse and his rider, and, as the unknown rode upon the turf that edged the way, even the sound of his horse's hoofs was scarce audible. Turpin gazed, not without superstitious awe.

Once or twice he essayed to address the strange horseman, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He fancied he discovered in the mist-exaggerated lineaments of the stranger a wild and fantastic resemblance to his friend Tom King. "It must be Tom," thought Turpin; "he is come to warn me of my approaching end. I will speak to him."

But terror o'ermastered his speech. He could not force out a word, and thus side by side they rode in silence. Quaking with fears he would scarcely acknowledge to himself, Dick watched every motion of his companion. He was still, stern, specterlike, erect; and he looked for all the world like a demon on his phantom steed. His courser seemed, in the indistinct outline, to be huge and bony, and, as he snorted furiously in the fog, Dick's heated imagination supplied his breath with a due proportion of flame. Not a word was spoken — not a sound heard, save the sullen dead beat of his hoof upon the grass. It was intolerable to ride thus cheek by jowl with a goblin. Dick could stand it no longer. He put spurs to his horse, and endeavored to escape. But it might not be. The stranger, apparently without effort, was still by his side, and Bess' feet, in her master's apprehensions, were nailed to the ground. By and by, however, the atmosphere became clearer. Bright quivering beams burst through the vaporous shroud, and then it was that Dick discovered that the apparition of Tom King was no other than Luke Rookwood. He was mounted on his old horse, Rook, and looked grim and haggard as a ghost vanishing at the crowing of the cock.

"Sir Luke Rookwood, by this light!" exclaimed Dick, in astonishment. "Why, I took you for ——"

"The devil, no doubt," returned Luke, smiling sternly, "and were sorry to find yourself so hard pressed. Don't disquiet yourself; I am still flesh and blood."

"Had I taken you for one of mortal mold," said Dick, "you should have soon seen where I'd have put you in the race. That confounded fog deceived me, and Bess acted the fool as well as myself. However, now I know you, Sir Luke, you must spur alongside, for the hawks are on the wing; and though I've much to say, I've not a second to lose." And Dick briefly detailed the particulars of his ride, concluding with his rencontre with Barbara. "Here's the packet," said he, "just as I got it. You must keep it till the proper moment. And here," added he, fumbling in his pocket for another paper,

"is the marriage document. You are now your father's lawful son, let who will say you nay. Take it and welcome. If you are ever master of Miss Mowbray's hand, you will not forget Dick Turpin."

"I will not," said Luke, eagerly grasping the certificate, "but she never may be mine."

"You have her oath?"

"I have."

"What more is needed?"

"Her hand."

"That will follow.'

"It *shall* follow," replied Sir Luke, wildly. "You are right. She is my affianced bride — affianced before hell, if not before heaven. I have sealed the contract with blood — with Sibyl's blood — and it shall be fulfilled. I have her oath — her oath — ha, ha! Though I perish in the attempt, I will wrest her from Ranulph's grasp. She shall never be his. I would stab her first. Twice have I failed in my endeavors to bear her off. I am from Rookwood even now. To-morrow night I shall renew the attack. Will you assist me?"

"To-morrow night!" interrupted Dick.

"Nay, I should say to-night. A new day has already dawned," replied Luke.

"I will: she is at Rookwood?"

"She languishes there at present, attended by her mother and her lover. The hall is watched and guarded. Ranulph is ever on the alert. But we will storm their garrison. I have a spy within its walls — a gypsy girl, faithful to my interests. From her I have learnt that there is a plot to wed Eleanor to Ranulph, and that the marriage is to take place privately to-morrow. This must be prevented."

"It must. But why not boldly appear in person at the hall and claim her?"

"Why not? I am a proscribed felon. A price is set upon my head. I am hunted through the country — driven to concealment, and dare not show myself for fear of capture. What could I do now? They would load me with fetters, bury me in a dungeon, and wed Eleanor to Ranulph. What would my rights avail? What would her oath signify to them? No; she must be mine by force. *His* she shall never be. Again, I ask you, will you aid me?"

"I have said — I will. Where is Alan Rookwood?"

"Concealed within the hut on Thorne Waste. You know it — it was one of your haunts."

"I know it well," said Dick, "and Conkey Jem, its keeper, into the bargain: he is a knowing file. I'll join you at the hut at midnight, if all goes well. We'll bring off the wench, in spite of them all — just the thing I like. But in case of a breakdown on my part, suppose you take charge of my purse in the mean time."

Luke would have declined this offer.

"Pshaw!" said Dick. "Who knows what may happen? and it's not ill lined either. You'll find an odd hundred or so in that silken bag — it's not often your highwayman gives away a purse. Take it, man — we'll settle all to-night; and if I don't come, keep it — it will help you to your bride. And now off with you to the hut, for you are only hindering me. Adieu! My love to old Alan. We'll do the trick to-night. Away with you to the hut. Keep yourself snug there till midnight, and we'll ride over to Rookwood."

"At midnight," replied Sir Luke, wheeling off, "I shall expect you."

"'Ware hawks!" hallooed Dick.

But Luke had vanished. In another instant Dick was scouring the plain as rapidly as ever. In the mean time, as Dick has casually alluded to the hawks, it may not be amiss to inquire how they had flown throughout the night, and whether they were still in chase of their quarry.

With the exception of Titus, who was completely done up at Grantham, "having got," as he said, "a complete bellyful of it," they were still on the wing, and resolved sooner or later to pounce upon their prey, pursuing the same system as heretofore in regard to the post horses. Major Mowbray and Paterson took the lead, but the irascible and invincible attorney was not far in their rear, his wrath having been by no means allayed by the fatigue he had undergone. At Bawtrey they held a council of war for a few minutes, being doubtful which course he had taken. Their incertitude was relieved by a foot traveler, who had heard Dick's loud halloo on passing the boundary of Nottinghamshire, and had seen him take the lower road. They struck, therefore, into the path to Thorne, at a hazard, and were soon satisfied they were right. Furiously did they now spur on. They reached Selby, changed horses at the inn in front of the venerable cathedral church, and learned

from the postboy that a toil-worn horseman, on a jaded steed, had ridden through the town about five minutes before them, and could not be more than a quarter of a mile in advance. "His horse was so dead beat," said the lad, "that I'm sure he cannot have got far; and, if you look sharp, I'll be bound you'll overtake him before he reaches Cawood Ferry."

Mr. Coates was transported. "We'll lodge him snug in York Castle before an hour, Paterson," cried he, rubbing his hands.

"I hope so, sir," said the chief constable, "but I begin to have some qualms."

"Now, gentlemen," shouted the postboy, "come along. I'll soon bring you to him."

IX.

The sun had just o'ertopped the "high eastern hill," as Turpin reached the Ferry of Cawood, and his beams were reflected upon the deep and sluggish waters of the Ouse. Wearily had he dragged his course thither — wearily and slow. The powers of his gallant steed were spent, and he could scarcely keep her from sinking. It was now midway 'twixt the hours of five and six. Nine miles only lay before him, and that thought again revived him. He reached the water's edge, and hailed the ferryboat, which was then on the other side of the river. At that instant a loud shout smote his ear; it was the halloo of his pursuers. Despair was in his look. He shouted to the boatman, and bade him pull fast. The man obeyed; but he had to breast a strong stream, and had a lazy bark and heavy sculls to contend with. He had scarcely left the shore, when another shout was raised from the pursuers.

The tramp of their steeds grew louder and louder.

The boat had scarcely reached the middle of the stream. His captors were at hand. Quietly did he walk down the bank, and as cautiously enter the water. There was a plunge, and steed and rider were swimming down the stream.

Major Mowbray was at the brink of the stream. He hesitated an instant, and stemmed the tide. Seized, as it were, by a mania for equestrian distinction, Mr. Coates braved the torrent. Not so Paterson. He very coolly took out his bulldogs, and, watching Turpin, cast up in his own mind the *pros* and *cons* of shooting him as he was crossing. "I could certainly

hit him," thought, or said, the constable; "but what of that? A dead highwayman is worth nothing — alive, he *weighs* 300*l.* I won't shoot him, but I'll make a pretense." And he fired accordingly.

The shot skimmed over the water, but did not, as it was intended, do much mischief. It, however, occasioned a mishap, which had nearly proved fatal to our aquatic attorney. Alarmed at the report of the pistol, in the nervous agitation of the moment Coates drew in his rein so tightly that his steed instantly sank. A moment or two afterwards he rose, shaking his ears, and floundering heavily towards the shore; and such was the chilling effect of this sudden immersion, that Mr. Coates now thought much more of saving himself than of capturing Turpin. Dick, meanwhile, had reached the opposite bank, and, refreshed by her bath, Bess scrambled up the sides of the stream, and speedily regained the road. "I shall do it, yet," shouted Dick; "that stream has saved her. Hark away, lass! Hark away!"

Bess heard the cheering cry, and she answered to the call. She roused all her energies; strained every sinew; and put forth all her remaining strength. Once more, on wings of swiftness, she bore him away from his pursuers, and Major Mowbray, who had now gained the shore, and made certain of securing him, beheld him spring, like a wounded hare, from beneath his very hand.

"It cannot hold out," said the major; "it is but an expiring flash; that gallant steed must soon drop."

"She be regularly booked, that's certain," said the postboy. "We shall find her on the road."

Contrary to all expectation, however, Bess held on, and set pursuit at defiance. Her pace was swift as when she started. But it was unconscious and mechanical action. It wanted the ease, the lightness, the life, of her former riding. She seemed screwed up to a task which she must execute. There was no flogging, no gory heel; but her heart was throbbing, tugging at the sides within. Her spirit spurred her onwards. Her eye was glazing; her chest heaving; her flank quivering; her crest again fallen. Yet she held on. "She is dying, by God!" said Dick. "I feel it ——" No, she held on.

Fulford is past. The towers and pinnacles of York burst upon him in all the freshness, the beauty, and the glory of a bright, clear, autumnal morn. The ancient city seemed to

smile a welcome — a greeting. The noble Minster and its serene and massive pinnacles, crocketed, lanternlike, and beautiful; Saint Mary's lofty spire, All-Hallows Tower, the massive moldering walls of the adjacent postern, the grim castle, and Clifford's neighboring keep — all beamed upon him, "like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

"It is done — it is won," cried Dick. "Hurrah, hurrah!" And the sunny air was cleft with his shouts.

Bess was not insensible to her master's exultation. She neighed feebly in answer to his call, and reeled forwards. It was a piteous sight to see her, — to mark her staring, protruding eyeball, — her shaking flanks; but, while life and limb held together, she held on.

Another mile is past. York is near.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick; but his voice was hushed. Bess tottered — fell. There was a dreadful gasp — a parting moan — a snort; her eyes gazed, for an instant, upon her master, with a dying glare; then grew glassy, rayless, fixed. A shiver ran through her frame. Her heart had burst.

Dick's eyes were blinded, as if with rain. His triumph, though achieved, was forgotten — his own safety was disregarded. He stood weeping, and swearing, like one beside himself.

"And art thou gone, Bess!" cried he, in a voice of agony, lifting up his courser's head, and kissing her lips, covered with blood-flecked foam. "Gone, gone! and I have killed the best steed that was ever crossed! And for what?" added Dick, beating his brow with his clenched hand — "for what? for what?"

At that moment the deep bell of the Minster clock tolled out the hour of six.

"I am answered," gasped Dick; "*it was to hear those strokes!*"

Turpin was roused from the state of stupefaction into which he had fallen by a smart slap on the shoulder. Recalled to himself by the blow, he started at once to his feet, while his hands sought his pistols; but he was spared the necessity of using them, by discovering in the intruder the bearded visage of the gypsy Balthazar. The patrico was habited in mendicant weeds, and sustained a large wallet upon his shoulders.

"So it's all over with the best mare in England, I see," said Balthazar; "I can guess how it has happened — you are pursued!"

"I am," said Dick, roughly.

"Your pursuers are at hand?"

"Within a few hundred yards."

"Then why stay here? Fly while you can."

"Never — never," cried Turpin; "I'll fight it out here by Bess' side. Poor lass! I've killed her — but she has done it — ha! ha! we have won — what!" And his utterance was again choked.

"Hark! I hear the tramp of horses, and shouts," cried the patrico. "Take this wallet. You will find a change of dress within it. Dart into that thick copse — save yourself."

"But Bess — I cannot leave her," exclaimed Dick, with an agonizing look at his horse.

"And what did Bess die for, but to save you?" rejoined the patrico.

"True, true," said Dick; "but take care of her. Don't let those dogs of hell meddle with her carcass."

"Away," cried the patrico; "leave Bess to me."

Possessing himself of the wallet, Dick disappeared in the adjoining copse.

He had not been gone many seconds when Major Mowbray rode up.

"Who is this?" exclaimed the major, flinging himself from his horse, and seizing the patrico: "this is not Turpin."

"Certainly not," replied Balthazar, coolly. "I am not exactly the figure for a highwayman."

"Where is he? what has become of him?" asked Coates, in despair, as he and Paterson joined the major.

"Escaped, I fear," replied the major. "Have you seen any one, fellow?" added he, addressing the patrico.

"I have seen no one," replied Balthazar. "I am only this instant arrived. This dead horse lying in the road attracted my attention."

"Ha!" exclaimed Paterson, leaping from his steed; "this may be Turpin after all. He has as many disguises as the devil himself, and may have carried that goat's hair in his pocket." Saying which, he seized the patrico by the beard, and shook it with as little reverence as the Gaul handled the hirsute chin of the Roman senator.

"The devil! hands off!" roared Balthazar. "By Salamon I won't stand such usage. Do you think a beard like mine is the growth of a few minutes? Hands off, I say."

"Regularly done!" said Paterson, removing his hold of the patrico's chin, and looking as blank as a cartridge.

"Ay," exclaimed Coates; "all owing to this worthless piece of carrion. If it were not that I hope to see him dangling from those walls" (pointing towards the castle), "I should wish her master were by her side now. To the dogs with her." And he was about to spurn the breathless carcass of poor Bess, when a sudden blow, dealt by the patrico's staff, felled him to the ground.

"I'll teach you to molest me," said Balthazar, about to attack Paterson.

"Come, come," said the discomfited chief constable, "no more of this. It's plain we're in the wrong box. Every bone in my body aches sufficiently without the aid of your cudgel, old fellow. Come, Mr. Coates, take my arm, and let's be moving. We've had an infernal long ride for nothing."

"Not so," replied Coates; "I've paid pretty dearly for it. However, let us see if we can get any breakfast at the Bowling Green, yonder; though I've already had my morning draught," added the facetious man of law, looking at his dripping apparel.

"Poor Black Bess!" said Major Mowbray, wistfully regarding the body of the mare, as it lay stretched at his feet. "Thou deservedst a better fate and a better master. In thee Dick Turpin has lost his best friend. His exploits will, henceforth, want the coloring of romance, which thy unfailing energies threw over them. Light lie the ground over thee, thou matchless mare!"

To the Bowling Green the party proceeded, leaving the patrico in undisturbed possession to the lifeless body of Black Bess. Major Mowbray ordered a substantial repast to be prepared with all possible expedition.

A countryman in a smock frock was busily engaged at his morning's meal.

"To see that fellow bolt down his breakfast, one would think he had fasted for a month," said Coates; "see the wholesome effects of an honest, industrious life, Paterson. I envy him his appetite — I should fall to with more zest were Dick Turpin in his place."

The countryman looked up. He was an odd-looking fellow, with a terrible squint, and a strange, contorted countenance.

"An ugly dog!" exclaimed Paterson; "what a devil of a twist he has got!"

"What's that you says about Dick Taarpin, measter?" asked the countryman, with his mouth half full of bread.

"Have you seen aught of him?" asked Coates.

"Not I," mumbled the rustic; "but I hears aw the folk hereabouts talk on him. They say as how he sets all the lawyers and constables at defiance, and laughs in his sleeve at their efforts to cotch him — ha, ha! He gets over more ground in a day than they do in a week — ho, ho!"

"That's all over now," said Coates, peevishly. "He has cut his own throat — ridden his famous mare to death."

The countryman almost choked himself, in the attempt to bolt a huge mouthful. "Ay — indeed, measter! How happened that?" asked he, so soon as he recovered speech.

"The fool rode her from London to York last night," returned Coates; "such a feat was never performed before. What horse could be expected to live through such work as that?"

"Ah, he were a foo' to attempt that," observed the countryman; "but you followed belike?"

"We did."

"And took him arter all, I reckon?" asked the rustic, squinting more horribly than ever.

"No," returned Coates, "I can't say we did; but we'll have him yet. I'm pretty sure he can't be far off. We may be nearer him than we imagine."

"Maybe so, measter," returned the countryman; "but might I be so bold as to ax how many horses you used i' the chase — some half dozen, maybe?"

"Half a dozen!" growled Paterson; "we had twenty at the least."

"And I ONE!" mentally ejaculated Turpin, for he was the countryman.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

BY LORD BYRON.

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the

heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

"Bring forth the horse!" — the horse was brought
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled —
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash —
Away! — away! — and on we dash! —
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away! — away! — My breath was gone —
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed — away! — away! —
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapped the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me — for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,



MAZEPPA'S RIDE

From a painting by Alexander Wagner

Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorched and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
 They little thought that day of pain,
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
 The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They played me then a bitter prank,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I played them one as frank —
For time at last sets all things even —
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Away, away, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind,
 All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checkered with the northern light:
Town — village — none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
 And, save the scarce-seen battlement
On distant heights of some stronghold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had marched o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod: —
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,

And a low breeze crept moaning by —
I could have answered with a sigh —
But fast we fled, away, away —
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed;
But no — my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice, — 'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

We neared the wild wood — 'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste, —
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strewn by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolored with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,

The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart — and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine —
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold —
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish — if it must be so —
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When my first courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewildered with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest paths he past —
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favored child
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still —
A woman piqued — who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air; although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold —
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before

I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground;
But erred, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
 And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it passed, with little pain,
 But a confusion worse than such:
 I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face — before — and now.

My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
 And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,

And throb by throb: till grown a pang
 Which for a moment would convulse,
 My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
 My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight returned, though dim; alas!
And thickened, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are halfway, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
 My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
 A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
 Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
 And onward, onward, onward, seems,
 Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
 Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right.
 But naught distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate

The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
 That very cheat had cheered me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me through every ill,
 Of the abodes of men.

Onward we went — but slack and slow;
 His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
 All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
 But useless all to me.
His newborn tameness naught availed —
My limbs were bound; my force had failed,
 Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied —
 But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but prolonged their pain:
The dizzy race seemed almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streaks announced the coming sun —
 How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it rolled away —
 Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely luster, all his own.

Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around — behind — before;
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,

Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel — none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were — or seemed — alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry — my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse — and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils — never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight renerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop — they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop — they start — they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye. —
They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me — and there we lay
The dying on the dead!

CHARLES XII. AT BENDER.

By VOLTAIRE.

[François Marie Arouet, who assumed the name Voltaire, was born in Paris, November 21, 1694, and died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated in the Jesuit college Louis-le-Grand, and though intended by his parents for a lawyer he determined to become a writer. From the beginning of his career he was keen and fearless, and by his indiscreet but undeniably witty writing incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, by whom he was imprisoned in the Bastille, 1717–1718. His life was full of action and vicissitude, and though his denunciations of wrong or tyranny from any quarter frequently brought upon him persecution from those in authority, he was acknowledged by the world the greatest writer in Europe. His writings are far too numerous for individual mention, some editions of his collected works containing as many as ninety-two volumes. They include poetry, dramas, and prose. Among his more famous works are: "Œdipus" (1718), "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden" (1730), "Philosophical Letters" (1732), "Century of Louis XIV." (1751), "History of Russia under Peter I." (1759), "Republican Ideas" (1762), "The Bible at Last Explained" (1766), and the "Essay on Manners."]

The king of Sweden was continually soliciting the Porte to send him back through Poland with a numerous army. The divan, in fact, resolved to send him back with a simple guard of seven or eight thousand men, not as a king whom they wished to assist, but as a guest whom they wanted to get rid of. For this purpose, the Sultan Achmet wrote to him in these terms: —

Most powerful among the kings, adorer of Jesus, redresser of wrongs and injuries, and protector of justice in the ports and republics of the South and North; shining in majesty, friend of honor and glory, and of our Sublime Porte, Charles King of Sweden, whose enterprises God crown with success!

As soon as the most illustrious Achmet, formerly Chiaux-Pachi, shall have the honor to present you with this letter, adorned with our imperial seal, be persuaded and convinced of the truth of our intentions therein contained, to wit, that though we did propose, once more, to march our ever victorious army against the czar, yet that prince, to avoid the just resentment which we had conceived at his delaying to execute the treaty concluded on the banks of the Pruth, and afterwards renewed at our Sublime Porte, having surrendered into our hands the castle and city of Azoph, and endeavored, through the mediation of the ambassadors of England and Holland, our ancient allies, to cultivate a lasting peace with us, we have granted his request, and given to his plenipotentiaries, who remain with us as hostages, our imperial ratification, after having received his from their hands.

We have given to the most honorable and valiant Delvet Gherai, kam of Budziack, Crim Tartary, Nagay, and Circassia, and to our most sage counselor and generous seraskier of Bender, Ismael (may God perpetuate and augment their magnificence and wisdom), our inviolable and salutary order for your return through Poland, according to your first desire, which hath been renewed to us in your name. You must, therefore, prepare to depart under the auspices of Providence, and with an honorable guard, before the approaching winter, in order to return to your own territories, taking care to pass as a friend through those of Poland.

Whatever shall be necessary for your journey shall be furnished you by my Sublime Porte, as well in money, as in men, horses, and wagons. We above all things exhort and recommend to you, to give the most positive and precise orders to all the Swedes and other persons in your retinue, to commit no outrage, nor be guilty of any action that may tend directly or indirectly to violate this peace and alliance.

You will by these means preserve our good will, of which we shall endeavor to give you as great and as frequent marks as occasion shall offer. Our troops destined to accompany you shall receive orders conformable to our imperial intentions.

Given at our Sublime Porte of Constantinople, the fourteenth of the moon Rebyul Eurech, 1214, which answers to the nineteenth of April, 1712.

This letter did not yet deprive the king of Sweden of his hopes: he wrote to the sultan, that he should ever retain a grateful remembrance of the favors his highness had bestowed on him, but that he believed the sultan too just to send him back with the simple guard of a flying camp into a country still

overrun by the czar's troops. In effect, the emperor of Russia, notwithstanding the first article of the peace of Pruth, by which he engaged himself to withdraw all his troops from Poland, had sent fresh ones into that kingdom ; and what appears surprising, the grand seignior knew nothing of the matter.

The bad policy of the Porte in having always, through vanity, ambassadors from the Christian princes at Constantinople, and not maintaining a single agent at the Christian courts, is the cause that these discover and sometimes conduct the most secret resolutions of the sultan, and that the divan is always in profound ignorance of what is publicly going on in the Christian world.

The sultan, shut up in his seraglio among his women and eunuchs, can see only with the eyes of the grand vizier: that minister, as inaccessible as his master, wholly engrossed with the intrigues of the seraglio, and having no foreign correspondence, is commonly deceived himself, or else deceives the sultan, who deposes or orders him to be strangled for the first fault, in order to choose another minister as ignorant or as perfidious, who behaves like his predecessor, and soon shares the same fate.

Such, for the most part, is the inactivity and the profound security of this court, that were the Christian princes to league themselves against it, their fleets might be at the Dardanelles, and their land forces at the gates of Adrianople, before the Turks would dream of defending themselves ; but the different interests which will ever divide the Christian world will preserve the Turks from a fate to which, by their want of policy, and by their ignorance of the art of war, both by sea and land, they seem at present exposed.

Achmet was so little informed of what passed in Poland, that he sent an aga to see whether it was true that the czar's troops were still in that country ; the king of Sweden's two secretaries, who understood the Turkish language, accompanied the aga, and were to serve as witnesses against him, in case he should make a false report.

This aga saw the truth of the king's assertion with his own eyes, and informed the sultan of every particular. Achmet, fired with indignation, was going to strangle the grand vizier; but the favorite, who protected him, and who thought he should have occasion for him, obtained his pardon, and supported him some time longer in the ministry.

The Russians were now openly espoused by the vizier, and secretly by Ali Coumourgi, who had changed sides; but the sultan was so provoked, the infraction of the treaty was so manifest, and the janizaries, who often make the ministers, the favorites, and even the sultans tremble, demanded war with such clamor that no one in the seraglio durst offer a more moderate proposal.

The grand seignior immediately committed to the seven towers the Russian ambassadors, who were now as much accustomed to go to prison as to an audience. War was declared afresh against the czar, the horsetails were displayed, and orders were given to all the pashas to assemble an army of two hundred thousand men. The sultan himself quitted Constantinople, and went to fix his court at Adrianople, that he might be nearer to the seat of war.

In the mean time, a solemn embassy sent to the grand seignior by Augustus, and the republic of Poland, was advancing on the road to Adrianople. At the head of the embassy was the palatine of Mazovia, with a retinue of above three hundred persons.

Every one that composed the embassy was seized and imprisoned in one of the suburbs of the city: never was the king of Sweden's party more sanguine than on this occasion; and yet this great preparation was rendered useless, and all their hopes were again disappointed.

If we may believe a public minister, a man of sagacity and penetration, who resided at that time at Constantinople, young Coumourgi had already other designs in his head than that of disputing a desert country with the czar by a doubtful war. He had proposed to strip the Venetians of the Peloponnesus, now called the Morea, and to make himself master of Hungary.

He waited only for the execution of his great designs till he should have attained the post of grand vizier, from which he was still excluded on account of his youth. In this view it was more for his advantage to be the ally than the enemy of the czar. It was neither his interest nor his inclination to keep the king of Sweden any longer, and still less to arm the Turkish empire in his favor. He not only desired to dismiss that prince, but he openly said that, for the future, no Christian ambassador ought to be suffered at Constantinople; that all these ministers in ordinary were but so many honorable spies, who corrupted or betrayed the viziers, and had too long

influenced the intrigues of the seraglio; and that the Franks settled at Pera, and in the straits of the Levant, were merchants, who needed a consul only, and not an ambassador. The grand vizier, who owed his post and his life to the favorite, and, what was more, stood in fear of him, complied with his intention with the more alacrity as he had sold himself to the Russians, and hoped by this means to be revenged on the king of Sweden, who had endeavored to ruin him. The mufti, a creature of Ali Coumourgi, was also the slave to his will; he had advised the war with Russia, when the favorite wished it; but the moment this young man changed his opinion, he pronounced it to be unjust: thus was the army hardly assembled before they began to listen to proposals of accommodation. The vice chancellor Schaffirof, and young Czeremetoff, hostages and plenipotentiaries of the czar at the Porte, promised, after several negotiations, that the czar should withdraw his troops from Poland. The grand vizier, who well knew that the czar would never execute this treaty, made no scruple to sign it; and the sultan, satisfied with having, in appearance, imposed laws on the Russians, remained still at Adrianople. Thus, in less than six months, was peace ratified with the czar, war declared, and peace renewed again.

The principal article of all these treaties was to oblige the king of Sweden to depart. The sultan, however, was not willing to endanger his own honor, and that of the Ottoman empire, by exposing the king to the risk of his being taken by his enemies on the road. It was stipulated that he should depart, but on condition that the ambassadors of Poland and Muscovy should be responsible for the safety of his person: these ambassadors accordingly swore in the name of their masters that neither the czar nor the king of Poland should molest him on his journey; and Charles was to engage, on his part, that he would not attempt to excite any commotions in Poland. The divan having thus settled the fate of Charles, Ismael, seraskier of Bender, repaired to Varnitza, where the king was encamped, to acquaint him with the resolutions of the Porte, insinuating to him with great address that there was no longer time for delay, and that he must necessarily depart.

Charles made no other answer than that the grand seignior had promised him an army and not a guard, and that kings ought to keep their word.

In the mean time, General Fleming, the minister and fa-

vorite of Augustus, maintained a secret correspondence with the kam of Tartary and the seraskier of Bender. La Mare, a French gentleman, a colonel in the service of Saxony, had made more than one journey from Bender to Dresden, and all these journeys were suspicious.

At this very time, the king of Sweden caused a courier, whom Fleming had sent to the Tartarian prince, to be arrested on the frontiers of Wallachia. The letters were brought to him, and deciphered, from whence it clearly appeared that a correspondence was carried on between the Tartars and the court of Dresden; but the letters were conceived in such ambiguous and general terms that it was difficult to discover whether Augustus only intended to detach the Turks from the interest of Sweden, or whether he meant that the kam should deliver Charles to his Saxons as he conducted him back to Poland.

It seems hard to believe that a prince so generous as Augustus would, by seizing the person of the king of Sweden, endanger the lives of his ambassadors, and of three hundred Polish gentlemen, who were detained at Adrianople as pledges for Charles' safety.

But, on the other hand, it is well known that Fleming, the absolute minister of Augustus, was a subtle man, and not very scrupulous. The outrages committed on the king elector by the king of Sweden might seem to render any revenge excusable; and it might be thought that if the court of Dresden could buy Charles from the kam of Tartary, they would easily purchase the liberty of the Polish hostages at the Ottoman Porte.

All these reasons were discussed by the king, Mullern, his privy chancellor, and Grothusen, his favorite. They read the letters again and again; and, their unhappy situation making them more suspicious, they resolved to believe the worst.

A few days after, the king was confirmed in his suspicions by the precipitate departure of Count Sapieha, who had taken refuge with him, and now quitted him abruptly to go to Poland to throw himself into the arms of Augustus. In any other situation he would have regarded Sapieha only as a malcontent; but in his present delicate condition he did not hesitate to believe him a traitor. The repeated importunities with which they now pressed him to depart converted his suspicions into certainty. The obstinacy of his temper coinciding with these appearances, confirmed him in the opinion that they

intended to betray him, and deliver him up to his enemies, though this plot hath never been fully proved.

He might deceive himself in supposing that Augustus had made a bargain with the Tartars for his person; but he was much more deceived in relying on the succors of the Ottoman court. Be that as it will, he resolved to gain time.

He told the pasha of Bender that he could not depart without having money to pay his debts; for though his "thaim" had for a long time been restored to him, his liberality had always obliged him to borrow. The pasha asked him how much he wanted. The king replied, at a hazard, a thousand purses, amounting to fifteen hundred thousand livres of our money in the best coin. The pasha wrote to the Porte; and the sultan, in the room of a thousand purses which Charles had asked, sent twelve hundred, and wrote the pasha the following letter: —

Letter from the Grand Seignior to the Pasha of Bender.

The purport of this imperial letter is to acquaint you that upon your representation and recommendation, and upon that of the most noble Delvet-Gherai-Kam to our Sublime Porte, our imperial munificence hath granted a thousand purses to the king of Sweden, which shall be sent to Bender, under the care and conduct of the most illustrious Mehemet Pasha, formerly chioux-pasha, to remain in your custody till the time of the departure of the king of Sweden, whose steps God direct, and then to be given to him, together with two hundred purses more, as an overplus of our imperial liberality, which exceeds his demands.

With regard to the route of Poland which he is determined to take, you and the kam who are to accompany him shall take such wise and prudent measures as may, during the whole journey, prevent, as well the troops under your command as the retinue of the king of Sweden, from committing any outrage, or being guilty of any action that may be reputed contrary to the peace which still subsists between our Sublime Porte and the kingdom and republic of Poland, to the end the king may pass as a friend under our protection.

By doing this (which you must expressly recommend to him to do) he will receive on the part of the Poles every honor and respect due to his majesty; of which we have been assured by the ambassadors of King Augustus and the republic, who on this condition have even offered themselves, together with several other

Polish nobles, if we required it, as hostages for the security of his passage.

When the time which you, together with the most noble Delvet-Gherai, shall fix for the march shall arrive, you shall put yourselves at the head of your brave soldiers, among whom shall be the Tartars, having the kam at their head; and you shall then conduct the king of Sweden with his retinue.

So may it please the only God, the Almighty, to direct your steps and theirs. The pasha of Aulos shall remain at Bender with a body of spahis and another of janizaries, to defend it in your absence; and in following our imperial orders and intentions in all these points and articles, you will render yourself worthy of the continuance of our imperial favor, as well as the praise and recompense due to all those who observe them.

Done at our imperial residence of Constantinople, the 2d of the moon Cheval, 1214 of the Hegira.

During the time they were waiting for this answer from the grand seignior, the king wrote to the Porte, complaining of the treachery of which he imagined the kam of Tartary to be guilty; but all the passages were so well guarded, and besides, the minister was against him, that his letters never reached the sultan; nay, the vizier stopped M. des Alleurs from coming to Adrianople, where the Porte then was, for fear that minister, who was an agent of the king of Sweden, should endeavor to disconcert the plan which he had formed for obliging him to depart.

Charles, enraged to see himself thus hunted, as it were, from the grand seignior's dominions, determined not to quit them at all.

He might have desired to return through the territories of Germany, or to take shipping on the Black Sea, in order to sail to Marseilles by the Mediterranean; but he rather chose to ask nothing, and to wait the event.

When the twelve hundred purses were arrived, his treasurer Grothusen, who had learned the Turkish language during his long stay in the country, went to wait upon the pasha without an interpreter, with the design of drawing the money from him, and then to form some new intrigue at the Porte, being continually held up by the foolish supposition that the Swedish party would at last be able to arm the Ottoman empire against the czar.

Grothusen told the pasha that the king was not able to

prepare his equipage without money. "But," said the pasha, "we shall settle all the expenses of your departure; your master has no occasion to be at any expense while he continues under the protection of mine."

Grothusen replied that there was so much difference between the equipages of the Turks and those of the Franks, that they were obliged to have recourse to the artificers of Sweden and Poland, resident at Varnitza.

He assured him that his master was disposed to depart, and that this money would facilitate and hasten his departure. The pasha, too credulous, gave the twelve hundred purses! and attended the king in a few days after, in a most respectful manner, to receive his orders for his departure.

His surprise was inconceivable, when the king told him he was not yet ready to go, and that he wanted a thousand purses more. The pasha, confounded at this answer, was some time before he could speak. He then retired to a window, where he was observed to shed some tears. At last, addressing himself to the king, "I shall lose my head," says he, "for having obliged your majesty: I have given you the twelve hundred purses against the express orders of my sovereign." Having said this, he withdrew, oppressed with grief.

As he was going, the king stopped him, and said that he would excuse him to the sultan. "Ah!" replied the Turk, as he departed, "my master knows not how to excuse faults, he knows only to punish them."

Ismael Pasha carried this piece of news to the kam, who had received the same orders with the pasha, not to suffer the twelve hundred purses to be given to the king before his departure, and yet consented to the delivery of the money; he was as apprehensive as the pasha, of the indignation of the grand seignior. They both wrote to the Porte to justify themselves, protesting that they had given the twelve hundred purses upon the solemn promises of the king's minister that he would depart without delay, and beseeching his highness not to impute the king's refusal to their disobedience.

Charles, still persisting in the idea that the kam and pasha wanted to deliver him up to his enemies, ordered M. Funk, at that time his envoy at the Ottoman court, to lay his complaints against them before the sultan, and to ask a thousand purses more. His own great generosity, and the little account he made of money, hindered him from seeing the meanness of this

proposal. He did it merely to have a refusal, and in order to have a fresh pretext for not departing. But it is to be reduced to strange extremities, to stand in need of such artifices. Savari, his interpreter, an artful and enterprising man, carried his letter to Adrianople in spite of the strictness which the grand vizier had used to guard the passes.

Funk was obliged to make this dangerous demand. All the answer he received was, to be thrown into prison. The sultan, enraged, convoked an extraordinary divan, and, what very seldom happens, spoke himself on the occasion. His speech, according to the translation then made of it, was as follows : —

"I have scarce known the king of Sweden but by his defeat at Pultowa, and by the prayer he preferred to me, to grant him an asylum in my dominions. I have not, I believe, any need of him ; nor any reason either to love or fear him : notwithstanding, without consulting any other motive than the hospitality of a Mussulman, and my own generosity, which sheds the dew of its favors upon the great as well as the small, upon strangers as well as my own subjects : I have received and succored him with all things, himself, his ministers, officers, and soldiers, and have not ceased for these three years and a half to load him with presents.

"I have granted him a considerable guard to conduct him into his own kingdom. He asked a thousand purses to defray some expenses, though I pay all. Instead of a thousand, I granted him twelve hundred. After having got these out of the hands of the seraskier of Bender, he asks a thousand purses more, and refuses to depart, under a pretense that the guard is too small, whereas it is but too large to pass through the country of a friend.

"I ask, then, whether it be to violate the laws of hospitality, to send back this prince ; and whether foreign powers ought to accuse me of violence and injustice, in case I should be obliged to compel him by force to depart."

All the divan answered that the grand seignior acted with justice. The mufti declared that hospitality from Mussulmans toward infidels was not commanded, and much less toward the ungrateful ; and he gave his fetfa, a kind of mandate, which generally accompanies the important orders of the grand seignior. These fetfas are revered as oracles, though the very persons by whom they are given are as much slaves to the sultan as any others.

The order and fetfa were carried to Bender by the Boyouk Imraour, grand master of the horse, and a chiaou pasha, first usher. The pasha of Bender received the order at the house of the kam of Tartary, from whence he immediately repaired to Varnitza, to ask the king whether he would depart as a friend, or reduce him to the necessity of putting the orders of the sultan in execution.

Charles, thus menaced, was not master of his passion. "Obey your master if you dare," said he, "and leave my presence." The pasha, fired with indignation, returned at full gallop, contrary to the usual custom of the Turks; and chancing to meet Fabricius in his way, he cried out to him, without checking his horse, "The king will not hear reason; you will see strange things presently." The same day he discontinued the supply of the king's provisions, and removed his guard of janizaries. He caused intimation to be given to all the Poles and Cossacks at Varnitza, that if they wished to have any provisions, they must quit the camp of the king of Sweden, and repair to Bender, and put themselves under the protection of the Porte. They all obeyed, and left the king without any other attendant than the officers of his household, and three hundred Swedish soldiers to make head against twenty thousand Tartars, and six thousand Turks.

There was now no provision in the camp, either for the men or their horses. The king ordered twenty of the fine Arabian horses which had been sent him by the grand seignior, to be shot without the camp, saying, "I will have none of their provisions nor their horses." This was an excellent regale to the Tartars, who, as is well known, think horseflesh delicious food. In the mean time, the Turks and Tartars invested the king's little camp on every side.

The king, without the least discomposure, made a regular intrenchment with his three hundred Swedes, in which work he himself assisted, — his chancellor, his treasurer, his secretaries, his valets de chambre, and all his domestics giving likewise their assistance. Some barricaded the windows, and others fastened beams behind the doors, in the form of buttresses.

As soon as the house was sufficiently barricaded, and the king had gone round his pretended fortifications, he sat down to chess with his favorite Grothusen with as much tranquillity as if everything was in the greatest security. Happily M. Fabricius, the envoy of Holstein, did not lodge at Varnitza,

but at a small village between Varnitza and Bender, where Mr. Jeffreys, the English envoy to the king of Sweden, likewise resided. These two ministers, seeing the storm ready to burst, took upon themselves the office of mediators between the Turks and the king. The kam, and especially the pasha of Bender, who had no mind to offer violence to the Swedish monarch, received with eagerness the offers of these two ministers. They had two conferences at Bender, in which they were assisted by the usher of the seraglio, and the grand master of the horse, who had brought the sultan's order, and the mufti's fetfa.

M. Fabricius declared to them that his Swedish majesty had many cogent reasons to believe that they meant to deliver him up to his enemies in Poland. The kam, the pasha, and all the rest swore by their heads, and called God to witness, that they detested so horrible a perfidy, and that they would shed the last drop of their blood rather than suffer such disrespect to be shown to the king in Poland; adding that they had in their hands the Russian and Polish ambassadors, who would answer with their lives for the least affront that should be offered to the king of Sweden. In fine, they complained bitterly that the king should conceive such injurious suspicions against people who had received him so politely, and treated him with so much humanity. Though oaths are frequently the language of perfidy, Fabricius suffered himself to be persuaded by the Turks: he thought he could discern in their protestations that air of truth which falsehood can, at best, but imitate imperfectly. He knew perfectly well there had been a secret correspondence between the kam of Tartary and King Augustus; but he was at last persuaded that the only end of their negotiation was to oblige Charles XII. to quit the dominions of the grand seignior. Whether Fabricius deceived himself or not, he assured them that he would represent to the king the injustice of his suspicions. "But," adds he, "do you intend to compel him to depart?" "Yes," says the pasha, "such is the order of our master." He then entreated them to consider seriously whether that order implied that they should shed the blood of a crowned head. "Yes," replies the kam, in a passion, "if that crowned head disobeys the grand seignior in his dominions."

In the mean time, everything being ready for the assault, the death of Charles XII. seemed inevitable; but the order of the sultan not expressly saying whether they were to kill him

in case of resistance, the pasha prevailed on the kam to let him dispatch an express to Adrianople, where the grand seignior then resided, to receive the last orders of his highness.

M. Jeffreys and M. Fabricius, having procured this short respite, hastened to acquaint the king with it: they arrived with all the eagerness of people who bring good news, but were received very coldly: he called them officious mediators, and still persisted in his opinion that the order of the sultan, and the fetfa of the mufti, were both forged, inasmuch as they had sent to the Porte for fresh orders.

The English minister retired, firmly resolved to interfere no more in the affairs of so inflexible a prince. M. Fabricius, beloved by the king, and more accustomed to his humor than the English minister, remained with him, to conjure him not to hazard so precious a life on such an unnecessary occasion.

The king, for answer, showed him his fortifications, and begged he would employ his mediation only to procure him some provisions. The Turks were easily prevailed upon to allow provisions to be conveyed to the king's camp until the return of the courier from Adrianople. The kam himself had strictly enjoined his Tartars, who were eager for pillage, not to make any attempt against the Swedes till the arrival of fresh orders; so that Charles went sometimes out of his camp with forty horse, and rode through the midst of the Tartars; who, with great respect, left him a free passage; he would even ride up in front of their lines, which they opened rather than resist him.

At last the order of the grand seignior being come, to put to the sword all the Swedes who should make the least resistance, and not even to spare the life of the king, the pasha had the complaisance to show the order to M. Fabricius, to the end that he might make his last effort to turn the obstinacy of Charles. Fabricius went immediately to acquaint him with these sad tidings. "Have you seen the order you speak of?" said the king. "Yes," replied Fabricius. "Well, then, go tell them, in my name, that this second order is another forgery, and that I will not depart." Fabricius threw himself at his feet, fell into a passion, and reproached him with his obstinacy, but all to no purpose. "Return to your Turks," said the king to him, smiling; "if they attack me, I shall know how to defend myself."

The king's chaplains likewise threw themselves on their

knees before him, conjuring him not to expose to certain death the unhappy remains of Pultowa, and especially his own sacred person; assuring him that resistance in such a case was altogether unjustifiable; and that it was a direct violation of all the laws of hospitality, to resolve to continue against their will with strangers who had so long and so generously supported him. The king, though he had not been angry with Fabricius, fell into a passion with his priests, and told them that he had taken them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

The Generals Hord and Dardoff, whose sentiments had always been against hazarding a battle which could not fail of proving unsuccessful, showed the king their breasts covered with wounds which they had received in his service, and assured him that they were ready to lay down their lives for him; but begged that it might be, at least, upon a more necessary occasion. "I know, by your wounds and my own," says Charles to them, "that we have fought valiantly together. You have done your duty hitherto; do it to-day likewise." Nothing now remained but to obey. Every one was ashamed not to court death with their king. This prince, being now prepared for the assault, flattered himself in secret that he should have the honor of sustaining, with three hundred Swedes, the efforts of a whole army. He assigned to every man his post: his chancellor, Mullern, and the secretary, Empreus, and his clerks, were to defend the chancery house; Baron Fief, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, were stationed at another post; the grooms of the stable and the cooks had another place to guard; for with him every one was a soldier: he then rode from the intrenchments to his house, promising rewards to every one, creating officers, and assuring them that he would make captains of the very meanest of his servants who should fight with courage.

It was not long before they beheld the army of the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack this little intrenchment with ten pieces of cannon and two mortars. The horses' tails waved in the air; the clarions sounded; the cries of "Alla, Alla," were heard on every side. Baron Grothusen remarked that the Turks did not mix in their cries any injurious reflections against the king, but that they only called him, "Demirbash" (head of iron). He, therefore, instantly resolved to go out of the camp alone and unarmed, and accordingly advanced to the lines of the janizaries, most of whom had

received money from him. "What, my friends," says he to them in their own language, "are you come to massacre three hundred Swedes who are defenseless? You, brave janizaries, who have pardoned fifty thousand Russians upon their crying *amman* (pardon), have you forgot the many favors you have received from us? and would you assassinate this great king of Sweden whom you love, and whose liberality you have so often experienced? My friends, he desires but three days, and the orders of the sultan are not so strict as you are taught to believe."

These words produced an effect which Grothusen himself could not have expected. The janizaries swore by their beards that they would not attack the king, but would give him the three days he demanded. In vain the signal for assault was given; the janizaries, so far from obeying, threatened to fall upon their commander, if the three days were not granted to the king of Sweden. They then went to the pasha of Bender's tent, crying out that the sultan's orders were forged.

To this unexpected sedition, the pasha had nothing to oppose but patience. He affected a satisfaction at the generous resolution of the janizaries, and ordered them to return to Bender. The kam of Tartary, being an impetuous man, would have given the assault immediately with his own troops; but the pasha, who was not willing that the Tartars should have all the honor of taking the king, while he himself, perhaps, might be punished for the disobedience of the janizaries, persuaded the kam to wait till the next day.

The pasha, on his return to Bender, assembled all the officers of the janizaries, and the oldest soldiers, to whom he read, and also showed them, the positive order of the sultan, together with the mufti's fetfa. Sixty of the oldest, with venerable white beards, who had received a thousand presents from the hands of the king of Sweden, proposed to go to him in person, to intreat him to put himself into their hands, and to permit them to serve him as guards.

The pasha agreed to it, as there was no expedient he would not have adopted rather than have been reduced to the necessity of killing this prince. These sixty old veterans accordingly repaired the next norning to Varnitza, having nothing in their hands but long white rods, the only arms of the janizaries when they are not at war; for the Turks regard as a barbarous custom the Christian manner of wearing swords in time of

peace, and going armed into the houses of their friends, and the churches.

They addressed themselves to Baron Grothusen and Chancellor Mullern : they told them that they came to serve faithful guards to the king ; and that if he pleased, they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might himself speak to the grand seignior. At the time they were making this proposal, the king was reading letters which were brought from Constantinople, and which Fabricius, who could no longer attend him in person, had sent him secretly by a janizary. They were from Count Poniatowsky, who could neither serve him at Bender nor Adrianople, being detained at Constantinople by order of the Porte, from the time of his making the imprudent demand of the thousand purses. He informed the king, " that the orders of the sultan to seize or massacre his royal person, in case of resistance, were but too true ; that indeed the sultan was deceived by his ministers ; but that the more he was imposed upon, he would for that very reason be the more faithfully obeyed ; that he must submit to the times, and yield to necessity ; that he took the liberty to advise him to try every expedient with the ministers by way of negotiations ; not to be inflexible in a matter which required the gentlest management; and to expect from time and good policy a remedy for that evil which, by violent measures, would be only rendered incurable."

But neither the proposals of the old janizaries, nor the letters of Poniatowsky, could give the king even an idea that he could yield without incurring dishonor. He chose rather to perish by the hands of the Turks than to be in any respect their prisoner ; he therefore dismissed the janizaries without deigning to see them, and sent them word that if they did not immediately depart, he would cut off their beards, — which, in the eastern countries, is esteemed the most outrageous of all affronts.

The old men, filled with the most lively indignation, returned home, crying out as they went, " Ah, this head of iron ! since he will perish, let him perish." They went and gave the pasha an account of their commission, and informed their comrades at Bender of the strange reception they had met with. Every one then swore to obey the pasha's orders without delay, and were as impatient to begin the assault as they had been backward the day before.

The word of command was immediately given; the Turks marched up to the intrenchments; the Tartars were already waiting for them, and the cannon began to play. The janizaries on the one side, and the Tartars on the other, in an instant forced the little camp: hardly twenty Swedes drew their swords; the whole three hundred were surrounded and made prisoners without resistance. The king was then on horseback, between his house and his camp, with the Generals Hord, Dardoff, and Sparre; and seeing that all his soldiers were taken prisoners before his eyes, he said, with great composure, to these three officers, "Come, let us go and defend the house. We will fight," adds he, with a smile, "*pro aris et focis.*"

Accordingly, he galloped with them up to the house, in which he had placed about forty domestics as sentinels, and which he had fortified in the best manner he was able.

These generals, accustomed as they were to the dauntless intrepidity of their master, were surprised to see him resolve in cold blood, and even with an air of pleasantry, to defend himself against ten pieces of cannon and a whole army; they followed him with some guards and domestics, making in all about twenty persons.

When they came to the door, they found it besieged by the janizaries; two hundred Turks and Tartars had already entered by a window, and had made themselves masters of all the apartments, except a large hall, into which the king's domestics had retired. This hall was happily near the door at which the king designed to enter with his little troop of twenty persons; he threw himself off his horse with pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same.

The janizaries fell upon him on all sides: they were animated by the promise which the pasha had made, of eight ducats of gold to every one who should only touch his clothes in case they could take him. He wounded and killed whoever approached his person. A janizary whom he had wounded clapped his carbine to his face, and had not his arm been pushed aside by the motion of the crowd, which moved backwards and forwards like a wave, the king had certainly been killed. The ball grazed upon his nose, and carried away with it the tip of his ear, and then broke the arm of General Hord, whose destiny it was to be always wounded by the side of his master.

The king plunged his sword in the janizary's breast; at

the same time his domestics, who were shut up in the great hall, opened the door; the king entered like an arrow, followed by his little troop; they instantly shut the door, and barricaded it with whatever they could find. In this manner was Charles XII. shut up in a hall with all his attendants, consisting of about sixty men, officers, guards, secretaries, valets de chambre, and domestics of every kind.

The janizaries and Tartars pillaged the rest of the house, and filled the apartments. "Come," says the king, "let us go and drive these barbarians out of my house:" and putting himself at the head of his men, he, with his own hands, opened the door of the hall that led to his bedchamber, rushed into the room, and fired upon those who were plundering.

The Turks, loaded with spoils, and terrified at the sudden appearance of the king, whom they had been accustomed to respect, threw down their arms, leaped out of the window, or retired to the cellars: the king taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated with success, they pursued the Turks from chamber to chamber, killing or wounding those who had not made their escape, and in a quarter of an hour cleared the house of their enemies.

In the heat of the fight, the king perceived two janizaries who had hid themselves under his bed: one of them he killed with his sword; the other asked for mercy, by crying "amman." "I give thee thy life," said the king to him, "on condition that you go and give to the pasha a faithful account of what you have seen." The Turk readily promised to do this, and was allowed to leap out at the window like the rest.

The Swedes being at last masters of the house, again shut and barricaded the windows. They were not in want of arms, a ground room full of muskets and powder having escaped the tumultuary search of the janizaries. These they employed to good service; they fired through the windows almost close upon the Turks, of whom, in less than half a quarter of an hour, they killed two hundred.

The cannon still played upon the house; yet, as the stones were very soft, they only made some holes, but demolished nothing.

The kam of Tartary and the pasha, who were desirous of taking the king alive, and being ashamed to lose so many men, and to employ a whole army against sixty persons, thought it advisable to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the king to

surrender. They caused some arrows, twisted about with lighted matches, to be shot upon the roof, and against the doors and windows, and the house was in flames in a moment. The roof all on fire, was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The king, with great calmness, gave orders to extinguish the fire: finding a little barrel of liquor, he took it up himself, and, assisted by two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent. It happened that the barrel was filled with brandy; but the hurry inseparable from such a scene of confusion hindered them from thinking of it in time. The fire now raged with double fury; the king's apartment was entirely consumed; the great hall where the Swedes were was filled with a terrible smoke, mixed with sheets of flame, which entered in at the doors of the neighboring apartments; one half of the roof had sunk within the house, and the other fell on the outside, cracking amidst the flames.

In this extremity, a guard called Walberg ventured to cry out that it was necessary to surrender. "There is a strange man," said the king, "to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt than taken prisoner!" Another sentinel, named Rosen, had the presence of mind to observe that the chancery house, which was but fifty paces distant, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that they ought to sally forth, take possession of that house, and then defend themselves. "There is a true Swede for you," cried the king, embracing the sentinel, and made him a colonel upon the spot. "Come on, my friends," says he, "take as much powder and ball with you as you can, and let us take possession of the chancery sword in hand."

The Turks, who all the while surrounded the house, saw with admiration, mixed with terror, the Swedes continue in the house all in flames; but their astonishment was still greater when they saw the door open, and the king and his followers rushing out upon them like so many madmen. Charles and his principal officers were armed with swords and pistols: every man fired two pistols at once, as soon as the doors were opened; and, in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their pistols and drawing their swords, they made the Turks recoil above fifty paces. But in a moment after, this little troop was surrounded; the king, who was booted, according to his usual custom, entangled himself with his spurs, and fell; one and twenty janizaries at once sprung upon him; he immediately threw up his sword into the air, to save himself the mortifica-

tion of surrendering it. The Turks carried him to the quarters of the pasha, some taking hold of his legs, and others of his arms, in the same manner as sick persons are carried to prevent their being hurt.

The moment the king found himself taken prisoner, the violence of his temper, and the fury which such a long and desperate fight must have naturally inspired, gave place at once to a mild and gentle behavior. He dropped not a word of impatience, nor was an angry look to be seen in his face. He regarded the janizaries with a smiling countenance; and they carried him off, crying "Alla," with an indignation mixed at the same time with respect. His officers were taken at the same time, and stripped by the Turks and Tartars. It was on the 12th of February, 1713, that this strange event happened, which was followed with very singular consequences.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

By JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Edinburgh in 1612; and after studying at St. Andrew's University, and traveling three years on the Continent, joined the Covenanters against Charles I. in 1638. Their policy drove him to the side of the king the next year, and he became the ablest general Charles had, winning several splendid victories in Scotland; but his Highland allies deserted him when he wished to act on a wider field, the outrages of his Irish soldiers roused the horror and fury of the Lowlanders, and he was finally beaten and driven from the kingdom. Returning in 1650 with a small force, he was defeated and captured, and hanged in Edinburgh, May 21.]

Part First.

My dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhore,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
 To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still
 And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
 Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
 And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
 And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
 And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee ever more.

Part Second.

My dear and only love, take heed,
 Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
 Upon such looks as those.
A marble wall then build about,
 Beset without a door;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
 I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
 Make any breach at all;



"My dear and only love"

From a painting by J. F. Bellaroine

Nor smoothness of their language plot
 Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wildfire love consume
 The shrine which I adore;
For if such smoke about thee fume,
 I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
 To suffer by surprise;
Those victualed by my love so long,
 The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee rulèd in that health
 And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a commonwealth,
 I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,
 Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
 Nor march by tuck of drum;
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
 Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
 And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
 When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
 But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to see
 Thy spirit grown so poor;
But smiling sing, until I die,
 I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bore thee once,
 Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble stone
 The truth shall testify;
That every pilgrim passing by
 May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
 I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
 Upon this pillar hung,—

A simple heart, a single eye,
 A true and constant tongue;
Let no man for more love pretend
 Then he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end;
 Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
 But in far different case;
For mine was true, so was not thine,
 But lookt like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
 So sail'st thou every shore,
And leav'st my constant heart behind. —
 How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
 For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
 Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
 And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light
 I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
 The rocks' resounding echo,
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
 Shall with me sing hey ho!
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
 Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes —
 I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
 Her fellow's death regret,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
 And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
 Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
 That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
 These monuments to view,

Whereon is written, in and out,
Thou traitorous and untrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say, sighing sore,
"Alas! he had too just a cause
Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame
From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it, to thy shame,
How thou hast lovèd me;
And how in odds our love was such
As few have been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
So I can love no more.

THE MONARCHY OF SPAIN.

(From "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ," letters of James Howell, Esq., published at London in 1645.)

To the Lord Vicount Col. from Madrid.

Right Hon^ble^, Your Lopps. of the third Current, came to safe hand, and being now upon point of parting with this Court I thought it worth the labor to send your Lopp. a short survay of the Monarchy of Spain; a bold undertaking your Lopp. will say, to comprehend within the narrow bounds of a letter such a huge bulk, but as in the bosse of a small Diamond ring, one may discern the image of a mighty mountain, so I will endeavour that your Lopp. may behold the power of this great King in this paper.

Spain hath bin alwayes esteemed a Countrey of ancient renown, and as it is incident to all other, she hath had her vicissitudes, and turns of Fortune: She hath bin thrice overcome; by the Romans, by the Goths, and by the Moores: the middle Conquest continueth to this day; for this King and most of the Nobilitie professe themselves to have descended of the Goths; the Moores kept here about 700. years, and it is a remarkable Story how they got in first; which was thus upon good record. There raignd in Spain Don Rodrigo, who kept his Court then at Malaga; He emploid the Conde Don Julian

Ambassador to Barbary, who had a Daughter, (a young beautifull Lady) that was Maid of Honor to the Queen: The King spying her one day refreshing her self under an Arbour, fell enamor'd with her, and never left till he had deflowrd her: She resenting much the dishonor, writ a letter to her father in Barbary under this Allegory, That there was a fair green Apple upon the table, and the Kings poignard fell upon't and cleft it in two. Don Julian apprehending the meaning, got letters of revocation, and came back to Spain, where he so complied with the King, that he became his Favorite: Amongst other things he advis'd the King that in regard he was now in Peace with all the World, he would dismisse his Gallies and Garrisons that were up and down the Sea Coasts, because it was a superfluous charge. This being don and the Countrey left open to any Invader, he prevaild with the King to have leave to go with his Lady to see their friends in Tarragona, which was 300. miles off: Having bin there a while, his Lady made semblance to be sick, and so sent to petition the King, that her daughter Donna Cava (whom they had left at Court to satiat the Kings lust) might come to comfort her a while; Cava came, and the gate through which she went forth is call'd after her name to this day in Malaga: Don Julian having all his chief kindred there, he saild over to Barbary, and afterwards brought over the King of Morocco, and others with an Army, who suddenly invaded Spain, lying armless and open, and so conquer'd it. Don Rodrigo died gallantly in the field, but what became of Don Julian, who for a particular revenge betrayed his own Countrey, no Story makes mention. A few years before this happend, Rodrigo came to Toledo, where under the great Church there was a vault with huge iron doores, and none of his Predecessors durst open it, because there was an old Prophesie, That when that vault was open'd Spain should be conquered; Rodrigo, slighting the Prophesie, caus'd the doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some Treasure, but when he entred, there was nothing found but the pictures of Moors, of such men that a little after fulfilld the Prophesie.

Yet this last conquest of Spain was not perfect, for divers parts North-west kept still under Christian Kings, specially Biscay, which was never conquer'd, as Wales in Britanny, and the Biscayners have much Analogy with the Welsh in divers things: They retain to this day the originall Language of

Spain, they are the most mountainous people, and they are reputed the ancientst Gentry ; so that when any is to take the order of Knighthood, there are no Inquisitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the bloud of the Moors as in other places. The King when he comes upon the Confines, pulls off one shoo before he can tread upon any Biscay ground: And he hath good reason to esteem that Province, in regard of divers advantages he hath by it, for he hath his best timber to build ships, his best Mariners, and all his iron thence.

There were divers bloudy battells 'twixt the remnant of Christians, and the Moors for seven hundreth years together, and the Spaniards getting ground more and more, drive them at last to Granada, thence also in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella quite over to Barbary: there last King was Chico, who when he fled from Granada crying and weeping, the people upbraided him, That he might well weep like a woman, who could not defend himself and them like a man. (This was that Ferdinand who obtained from Rome the Title of Catholic, though some Stories say that many ages before Ricaredus the first Orthodox King of the Goths, was stil'd Catholicus in a Provinciall Synod held at Toledo, which was continued by Alphonsus the first, and then made hereditary by this Ferdinand.)

This absolute conquest of the Moors hapned about Henry the seventhes time, when the foresaid Ferdinand and Isabella had by alliance joynd Castile and Aragon, which with the discovery of the West Indies, which happend a little after, was the first foundation of that greatnes whereunto Spain is now mounted.

Afterwards there was an alliance with Burgundy and Austria; by the first House the seventeen Provinces fell to Spain, by the second Charles the fifth came to be Emperor: and remarkable it is how the House of Austria came to that height from a mean Earl, the Earl of Hasburgh in Germany, who having bin one day a hunting, he overtook a Priest who had bin with the Sacrament to visit a poor sick body; the Priest being tyr'd, the Earl lighted off his horse, helpt up the Priest, and so waited upon him afoot all the while till he brought him to the Church: The Priest giving him his benediction at his going away, told him that for this great act of humility and piety, His Race should be one of the greatest that ever the world had, and ever since, which is some 240. years ago, the

Empire hath continued in that House, which afterwards was calld the House of Austria.

In Philip the seconds time the Spanish Monarchy came to its highest cumble, by the conquest of Portugall, whereby the East Indies, sundry islands in the Atlantic Sea, and divers places in Barbary were added to the Crown of Spain. By these steps this Crown came to this Grandeur; and truly give the Spaniard his due, he is a mighty Monarch, he hath Dominions in all parts of the world (which none of the foure Monarchies had) both in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (which he hath solely to himself) though our Henry the seventh had the first proffer made him: So the Sun shines all the foure and twenty houres of the naturall day upon some part or other of his Countreys, for part of the Antipodes are subject to him. He hath eight Viceroyes in Europe, two in the East Indies, two in the West, two in Afric, and about thirty provinciall soverain Commanders more; yet as I was told lately, in a discours twixt him and our Prince at his being here, when the Prince fell to magnifie his spacious Dominions, the King answer'd, "Sir, 'tis true, it hath pleas'd God to trust me with divers Nations and Countreys, but of all these there are but two which yield me any clear revenues, viz. Spain and my West Indies, nor all Spain neither, but Castile onely, the rest do scarce quit cost, for all is drunk up twixt Governors and Garrisons; yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagat Christian Religion, and to employ my Subjects." For the last, it must be granted that no Prince hath better means to breed brave men, and more variety of commands to heighten their spirits with no petty but Princely employments. This King besides hath other means to oblige the Gentry unto him, by such a huge number of Commendams which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he please of any of the three Orders of Knighthood: which England and France want. Some Noble men in Spain can dispend 50000*l.* some 40. some 30 and divers twenty thousand pounds per annum.

The Church here is exceeding rich both in revenues, plate, and buildings; one cannot go to the meanest Countrey Chappell, but he will find Chalices, lamps, and candlesticks of silver. There are some Bishops Bishopricks of 30000*l.* per annum, and divers of 10000*l.* and Toledo is 100000*l.* yearly revenue. As the Church is rich, so it is mightily reverenced here, and very powerfull, which made Philip the second rather depend

upon the Clergy, then the secular Power: Therefore I do not see how Spain can be call'd a poore Countrey, considering the revenues aforesaid of Princes and Prelates; nor is it so thin of people as the world makes it, and one reason may be that there are sixteen Universities in Spain, and in one of these there were fifteen thousand Students at one time when I was there, I mean Salamanca, and in this Village of Madrid (for the King of Spain cannot keep his constant court in any City) there are ordinarily 600000. souls. 'Tis true that the colonizing of the Indies, and the wars of Flanders have much draind this Countrey of people: Since the expulsion of the Moors, it is also grown thinner, and not so full of corn; for those Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the Craggy hills, yet they us'd another grain for their bread, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but go with his Asse to the market, and buy corn of the Moors. There liv'd here also in times past a great number of Jews, till they were expelld by Ferdinand, and as I have read in an old Spanish Legend, the cause was this: The King had a young Prince to his son, who was us'd to play with a Jewish Doctor that was about the Court, who had a ball of gold in a string hanging down his brest; the little Prince one day snatcht away the said gold ball, and carried it to the next room; the ball being hollow, opend, and within there was painted our Saviour kissing a Jews tail: Hereupon they were all suddenly disterr'd and exterminated, yet I beleeve in Portugall there lurks yet good store of them.

For the soyl of Spain, the fruitfulnesse of their vallies recompences the sterility of their hills, corn is their greatest want, and want of rain is the cause of that, which makes them have need of their neighbours; yet as much as Spain bears is passing good, and so is everything else for the quality, nor hath any one a better horse under him, a better cloak on his back, a better sword by his side, better shooes on his feet, then the Spaniard, nor doth any drink better wine, or eat better fruit then he, nor flesh for the quantity.

Touching the people, the Spaniard looks as high, though not so big as a German, his excesse is in too much gravity, which some who know him not well, hold to be a pride; he cares not how little he labors, for poor Gascons and Morisco slaves do most of his work in field and vineyards; he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day, or upon a stage, that all the world might be

witnesses of his valour, so that you shall seldom hear of Spaniards employed in night service ; nor shall one heare of a duel here in an age : He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to government : for the proudest Don of Spain when he is prancing upon his ginet in the streets, if an Alguazil (a Sargeant) shew him his Vare, that is a little white staffe he carrieth as badge of his Office, my Don will down presently off his horse, and yeeld himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth almes, he pulls of his hat, and puts it in the beggars hand with a great deal of humulity. His gravity is much lessned since the late Proclamation came out against ruffs, and the King himself shewd the first example ; they were com to that height of exces herein, that twenty shillings were us'd to be paid for starching of a ruff : and som, though perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet would he have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his Ordinary diet, but when he makes a Feast he is free and bountifull.

As to temporall authority, specially Martiall, so is he very obedient to the Church, and beleevs all with an implicit faith : He is a great servant of Ladies, nor can he be blam'd, for as I said before he comes of a Gotish race ; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly carefull of the repute of any woman (a civility that we much want in England). He will speak high words of Don Philippo his King, but will not endure a stranger should do so : I have heard a Biscayner make a Rodomontado, that he was as good a Gentleman as Don Philippo himself, for Don Philippo was half a Spaniard, half a German, half an Italian, half a Frenchman, half I know not what, but he was a pure Biscayner without mixture. The Spaniard is not so smooth and oyly in his complement, as the Italian, and though he will make strong protestations, yet he will not swear out Complements like the French and English, as I heard when my Lord of Carlile was Ambassador in France, there came a great Monsieur to see him, and having a long time banded, and sworn Complements one to another who should go first out at a dore, at last my Lord of Carlile said, "Ô Monseigneur ayez pitie de mon ame" (O my Lord, have pity upon my soul).

The Spaniard is generally given to gaming, and that in excesse ; he will say his prayers before, and if he win, he will thank God for his good fortune after ; their common game at

cards (for they very seldom play at dice) is Primera, at which the King never shows his game, but throws his cards with their faces down on the table : He is Merchant of all the cards and dice through all the Kingdom, he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelve pence; so that 'tis thought he hath 30000*l.* a year by this trick at cards. The Spaniard is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very dirt when the Ave Mary bel rings : and some if they spy two straws or sticks lie crossewise in the street, they will take them up and kisse them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he marcht, and seldome looks on the ground, as if he contemnd it. I was told of a Spaniard who having got a fall by a stumble and broke his nose, rise up, and in a disdainfull manner said, "Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra" (This is to walk upon earth). The Labradors and Countrey Swains here are sturdy and rationall men, nothing so simple or servile as the French Peasan, who is born in chains. 'Tis true, the Spaniard is not so conversable as other Nations; (unlesse he hath traveld) els is he like Mars among the Planets, impatient of Conjunction : nor is he so free in his gifts and rewards : as the last Summer it hapned that Count Condamar with Sir Francis Cotington went to see a curious house of the Constable of Castiles, which had been newly built here; the keeper of the house was very officious to shew him every room with the garden, grotha's, and aqueducts, and presented him with some fruits; Gondamar having bin a long time in the House, coming out, put many Complements of thanks upon the man, and so was going away, Sir Francis whispered him in the eare and asked him whether he would give the man any thing that took such pains: "Oh," quoth Gondamar, "well remembered, Don Francisco, have you ever a double pistoll about you? if you have, you may give it him, and then you pay him after the English manner, I have paid him already after the Spanish." The Spaniard is much improv'd in policy since he took footing in Italy, and there is no Nation agrees with him better. I will conclude this Character with a saying that he hath : —

No ay hombre debaxo d'el fo'l
Como el Italiano y el Espanol.

Whereunto a Frenchman answered : —

Dizes la verdad y tienes razon,
El uno es puto, el otro ladron.

Englished thus: —

Beneath the Sun ther's no such man
As is the Spaniard and Italian.

The Frenchman answers: —

Thou tell'st the truth, and reason hast,
The first's a Theef, a Buggerer the last.

Touching their women, nature hath made a more visible distinction twixt the two sexes here, then else where; for the men for the most part are swarthy and rough, but the women are made of a far finer mould, they are commonly little; and whereas there is a saying that to make a compleat woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the wast, and Dutch below; I may adde for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. They have another saying, a Frenchwoman in a dance, a Dutchwoman in the kitchin, an Italian in a window, an Englishwoman at board, and the Spanish abed. When they are maried they have a priviledge to wear high shooes, and to paint, which is generally practised here, and the Queen useth it her self. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our English, for if a Lady goe along the street, (and all women going here vaild and their habit so generally like, one can hardly distinguish a Countesse from a coblers wife) if one should cast out an odde ill sounding word, and aske her a favor, she will not take it ill, but put it off and answer you with some witty retort. After 30. they are commonly past child-bearing, and I have seen women in England look as youthfull at 50. as here at 25. Money will do miracles here in purchasing the favor of Ladies, or anything els, though this be the Countrey of money, for it furnisheth well-near all the world besides, yea their very enemies, as the Turk and Hollander; insomuch that one may say the Coyn of Spain is as Catholic as her King. Yet though he be the greatest King of gold and silver Mines in the world, (I think) yet the common currant Coyn here is copper, and herein I beleeve the Hollander hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his copper coins, then by their arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious wayes, as in hollow sows of tin and lead, hollow masts, in pitch buckets under water and other wayes. But I fear to be

injurious to this great King to speak of him in so narrow a compasse, a great King indeed, though the French in a slighting way compare his Monarchy to a Beggars cloak made up of patches; they are patches indeed, but such as he hath not the like: The East Indies is a patch embroyderd with Pearl, Rubies, and Diamonds: Peru is a patch embroyderd with massy gold, Mexico with silver, Naples & Milan are patches of cloth of Tissue, and if these patches were in one peece, what would become of his cloak embroyderd with Flower deluces?

So desiring your Lopp. to pardon this poor imperfect paper, considering the high quality of the subject, I rest

Your Lopps. most humble Servitor,

J. H.

MEMOIRS OF THE LORD VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

[John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, was born about 1649; educated at St. Andrews; was a soldier under Turenne, William of Orange, and Montrose; became one of Charles II.'s most active agents in putting down the Covenanters; was colonel, sheriff, and privy councilor; in 1688 adhered to James II.'s cause, and on July 27, 1689, was killed in the moment of victory at the battle in the pass of Killiecrankie.]

[The heroes of this immortal adventure were the officers who served under King James for Dundee in 1689. Disbanded after Dundee's death at Killiecrankie, they formed a regiment in French service. Most of them were Lowlanders.]

In February, 1695, the Company of Officers and the other two marched from Silistad to Old Brisac, whence the Company of Officers were sent to Fort Cadette in the Rhine, where they lay one Year and four Months: Thence they marched to Strasburg, and in December, 1697, General Stirk appeared with 16000 Men on the other side of the Rhine, which obliged the Marquess de Sell to draw out all the Garisons in Alsace, who made up about 4000 Men, and he encamp'd on the other side of the Rhine, over against General Stirk, to prevent his passing the Rhine, and carrying a Bridge over into an Island in the middle of the Rhine, which the French foresaw would be of great prejudice to them, and that the Enemies Guns planted on that Island would extremely gall their Camp, which they could not hinder for the deepness of the Water, and their wanting of Boats, for which the Marquis quickly sent, but coming too late, the Germans had carry'd a Bridge over into the Island, where they

posted above five Hundred Men, who by the Orders of their Engineers, entrench'd themselves; which the Company of Officers perceiving, who always grasp'd after Honour, and scorned all Thoughts of Danger, resolved to wade the River, and attack the Germans in the Island; and for that effect, desired Captain John Foster, who then commanded them, to beg of the Marquess that they might have Liberty to attack the Germans in the Island, who told Captain Foster, when the Boats came up, they should be the first that attacked: Foster courteously thanked the Marquess, and told him they would wade into the Island, who shrunk up his Shoulders, pray'd God to bless them, and desired them to do what they pleas'd. Captain Foster went immediately to the Company of Officers, who with the other two got privately to their Arms, it being under Night, and ty'd their Arms, Shoes, and Stockings about their Necks, advanced quietly to the Banks of the River, went softly in, and waded Hand in Hand, according to the Highland Fashion, where the Water was as high as their Breasts; and as soon as they past the depth of the River, they halted, unty'd their Cartouch-boxes and Fire-locks (all this while the Germans, in the Island, were very busy in entrenching themselves); then they marched with rested Firelocks, and poured in a whole Voley of Shot on them, at which Surprize, the Enemy ran in Confusion, broke down their own Bridges, and several of them were drowned; the Officers pursuing them close, killed several of them. When the Marquess de Sell heard the firing, and understood that the Germans were beat out of the Island, he made the Sign of the Cross on his Face and Breast, and declared publickly that it was the bravest Action that ever he saw, and that his Army had no Honour by it.

As soon as the Boats came, the Marquis sent into the Island to acquaint the Officers, he would send them both Troops and Provisions, who thanked his Excellency, and desired he should be informed that they wanted no Troops, and could not spare time to make Use of Provisions, and only desired Spades, Shovels, and Pickaxes, wherewith they might entrench themselves, which were immediately sent to them. The next Morning, the Marquess came into the Island, and kindly embraced every Officer, and thanked them for the good Service they had done his Master, assuring them, he would write a true Account of their Honour and Bravery, to the Court of France, which at the reading his Letters, immediately went to St. Germains,



HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

and thanked King James for the Services his Subjects had done on the Rhine.

The Marquess gave every one of the Company of Officers, a Pistole, and they encamp'd six Weeks on that Island, when it was covered with Snow, and there were no Fires to be kindled in the Night time, neither durst any Man sleep under Pain of Death. General Stirk made several Attempts to surprize the Island, and pass the Rhine, but the Officers were so watchful, that all his Endeavours were in vain, so that he was forced to decamp, and retreat to the Country, and that Island is called at present, Isle d'Escosce [Scotch Island], and will in liklyhood bear that Name until the General Conflagration.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

LETTERS ON THE STUDY AND USE OF HISTORY.

By BOLINGBROKE.

[Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, English statesman and philosopher, was born at Battersea in 1678; graduated at Oxford. Entering public life in 1700, he became Secretary for War and later Secretary of State, during the War of the Spanish Succession; and negotiated the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. In 1714 he ousted his colleague Harley (Lord Oxford), and became chief minister. Five days later Queen Anne died; George I. at once removed Bolingbroke; the latter fled to France to escape impeachment, leagued himself with the Pretender, and became his Secretary of State. In 1723 he returned to England, but was not allowed to resume his seat in the House of Lords. The rest of his life was spent in political agitation, in philosophic and polemic writing, and in justifying his own career. He died December 12, 1751. He gave Pope

many of the ideas for the "Essay on Man," and was a leading Deist. His oratory was said by his contemporaries to have surpassed that of every other man. Of his collected works, the best remembered are: "A Dissertation upon Parties," "The Idea of a Patriot King," and "Letters on the Study and Use of History."]

Concerning the True Use and Advantages of It.

Let me say something of history in general before I descend into the consideration of particular parts of it, or of the various methods of study, or of the different views of those that apply themselves to it, as I had begun to do in my former letter.

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us must affect posterity: this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish clerk in Pope's "Miscellany." We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stone have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their huntings and their wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows, among civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse: he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels: in riper years he applies himself to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and, even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity is it, my lord, that even the best should speak to our understanding so seldom? That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

Letter written shortly after his flight to France to George Clarke, formerly Secretary at War, giving his reason for not remaining in Paris, expressing his reliance on the good opinion of his friends and on his own innocence, and announcing his intention to await the report of the Secret Committee. Written at Belle Vue, near Lyons, 27 June, 1715.

Belle Vere near 2 years hence 17
one

I have receivd w^t with very great pleasure the kind letter which you writ me on y^e 29^th from Paris. It would have been still a greater to have been there when you arriv'd: for y^e use which I now was intended to be made of my continuance any where near y^e Coast of France, made me determine to remove to this distance. as much on my friend account as on my own. that I continue in their memory and good opinion is y^e greatest support next to that of a Conscience void of guilt, which a man in the circumstances as mine are, can wish to have. with these supports I hope to wade thro' that sea of trouble, into which I have been y^t first plung'd; tho' I confess I do not see the shore on which one may hope to land.
the temper of y^e people is certainly as you describe it to be. they speak loud enough to be heard, & plain enough to be understood.

But I doubt one may add, est mea vox omnium, magis odio firmata, quam probitate.
I wait here y^e event of things, and I hope I shall not wait very long, since y^e last letters from both sides of y^e water from y^e Secret Committee would be made y^e 8th of our Stile.
Come y^e favour to let me know how long you intend to continue at Paris, & whether you return directly from thence to London.

I am with y^e utmost sincerity &
y^r faithful & most obedient Servant

Bolingbroke

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE, 1715

Brit. Mus. Egerton Ms. 2618, f. 217

agreeable, reason can make the most useful, application of our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to soothe our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expense of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it should be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and better citizens is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire by it is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all others, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

Your lordship may very well be ready by this time, and after so much bold censure on my part, to ask me, what then is the true use of history? in what respects it may serve to make us better and wiser? and what method is to be pursued in the study of it, for attaining these great ends? I will answer you by quoting what I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius Halicarn, I think, that history is philosophy teaching by examples. We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force: "Few by prudence," says Tacitus, "distinguish good from bad, the useful from the injurious; more are taught by the fortunes of others." Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though ever so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples: and that the wisest lessons in favor of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment, and determine the will, unless they are enforced by

FOLD OUT

the same means; and we are obliged to apply to ourselves what we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the further disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. "Men believe more from seeing than hearing; the way is long by precepts, short and effective by examples." The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epistles, in confirmation of my own opinion, rests, I think, on this: that when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact, when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example, for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these, or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a piece, which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do: and thus forming habits by repetition, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuated. Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says that the gentlest, — he should have added the most effectual, — way of commanding, is by example? "*Mitius jubetur exemplo.*" The harshest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is that so few princes have learned this way of commanding? But again: the force of examples is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggests have the same effect in their degree, and a habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school profited more by the example than by the discourse of Socrates. (But here, by the way, Seneca mistook: for Socrates died two years according to some, and four years, according to others, before the birth of Aristotle: and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will; he adds that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyænus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not

by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows that the citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibule of their houses; so that, whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate, and even to emulate their great forefathers. The success answered the design. The virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example, into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth. Now these are so many instances of the force of remote example; and from all these instances we may conclude that examples of both kinds are necessary.

The school of example, my lord, is the world: and the masters of this school are history and experience. I am far from contending that the former is preferable to the latter. I think upon the whole otherwise: but this I say, that the former is absolutely necessary to prepare us for the latter, and to accompany us whilst we are under the discipline of the latter, that is, through the whole course of our lives. No doubt some few men may be quoted, to whom nature gave what art and industry can give to no man. But such examples will prove nothing against me, because I admit that the study of history, without experience, is insufficient, but assert that experience itself is so without genius. Genius is preferable to the other two; but I would wish to find the three together: for how great soever a genius may be, and how much soever he may acquire new light and heat, as he proceeds in his rapid course, certain it is that he will never shine with the full luster, nor shed the full influence he is capable of, unless to his own experience he adds the experience of other men and other ages. Genius, without the improvement, at least, of experience, is what comets once were thought to be, a blazing meteor, irregular in his course, and dangerous in his approach; of no use to any system, and able to destroy any. Mere sons of earth, if they have experience without any knowledge of the history of the world, are but half scholars in the science of mankind. And if they are conversant in history without experience, they are worse than ignorant; they are pedants, always incapable, sometimes meddling and presuming. The man who has all three is an honor to his country, and a public blessing: and such, I trust, your lordship will be in this century, as your great-grandfather was in the last.

I have insisted a little the longer on this head, and have made these distinctions the rather, because though I attribute a great deal more than many will be ready to allow to the study of history, yet I would not willingly even seem to fall into the ridicule of ascribing to it such extravagant effects as several have done, from Tully down to Casaubon, La Mothe le Vayer, and other modern pedants. When Tully informs us, in the second book of his Tusculan disputations, that the first Scipio Africanus had always in his hands the works of Xenophon, he advances nothing but what is probable and reasonable. To say nothing of the retreat of the ten thousand, nor of other parts of Xenophon's writings, the images of virtue, represented in that admirable picture of Cyropædia, were proper to entertain a soul that was fraught with virtue, and Cyrus was worthy to be imitated by Scipio. So Selim emulated Cæsar, whose "Commentaries" were translated for his use, against the customs of the Turks: so Cæsar emulated Alexander; and Alexander, Achilles. There is nothing ridiculous here, except the use that is made of this passage by those who quote it. But what the same Tully says, in the fourth [second] book of his academical disputations, concerning Lucullus, seems to me very extraordinary: "Though he had started from Rome inexperienced in military affairs, he came into Asia having been made a general; partly by inquiring of those who were skilled, partly by reading history;" one would be ready to ascribe so sudden a change, and so vast an improvement, to nothing less than knowledge infused by inspiration, if we were not assured in the same place that they were effected by very natural means, by such as it is in every man's power to employ. Lucullus, according to this account, verified the reproach on the Roman nobility which Sallust puts into the mouth of Marius. But as I discover the passion of Marius, and his prejudices to the patricians, in one case, so I discover, methinks, the cunning of Tully, and his partiality to himself, in the other. Lucullus, after he had been chosen consul, obtained by intrigue the government of Cilicia, and so put himself into a situation of commanding the Roman army against Mithridates: Tully had the same government afterwards, and though he had no Mithridates, nor any other enemy of consequence, opposed to him; though all his military feats consisted in surprising and pillaging a parcel of Highlanders and wild Cilicians; yet he assumed the airs of a conqueror, and described his actions in so pompous a style, that

the account becomes burlesque. He laughs, indeed, in one of his letters to Atticus, at his generalship: but if we turn to those he wrote to Cœlius Rufus, and to Cato, upon this occasion, or to those wherein he expresses to Atticus his resentment against Cato, for not proposing in his favor the honors usually decreed to conquerors, we may see how vanity turned his head, and how impudently he insisted on obtaining a triumph. Is it any strain now to suppose that he meant to insinuate, in the passage I have quoted about Lucullus, that the difference between him and the former governor of Cilicia, even in military merit, arose from the different conjuncture alone; and that Lucullus could not have done in Cilicia, at that time, more than he himself did? Cicero had read and questioned at least as much as Lucullus, and would therefore have appeared as great a captain, if he had had as great a prince as Mithridates to encounter. But the truth is that Lucullus was made a great captain by theory, or the study of history, alone, no more than Ferdinand of Spain and Alphonsus of Naples were cured of desperate distempers by reading Livy and Quintus Curtius: a silly tale, which Bodin, Amyot, and others have picked up and propagated. Lucullus had served in his youth against the Marsi, probably in other wars, and Sylla took early notice of him: he went into the east with this general, and had a great share in his confidence. He commanded in several expeditions. It was he who restored the Colophonians to their liberty and who punished the revolt of the people of Mytelene. Thus we see that Lucullus was formed by experience, as well as study, and by an experience gained in those very countries where he gathered so many laurels afterwards in fighting against the same enemy. The late duke of Marlborough never read Xenophon, most certainly, nor the relation perhaps of any modern wars; but he served in his youth under Monsieur de Turenne, and I have heard that he was taken notice of in those early days by that great man. He afterwards commanded in an expedition to Ireland, served a campaign or two, if I mistake not, under king William in Flanders: and besides these occasions, had none of gaining experience in war, till he came to the head of our armies in one thousand seven hundred and two, and triumphed, not over Asiatic troops, but over the veteran armies of France. The Roman had on his side genius and experience cultivated by study: the Briton had genius improved by experience, and no more. The first therefore is

not an example of what study can do alone; but the latter is an example of what genius and experience can do without study. They can do much, to be sure, when the first is given in a superior degree. But such examples are very rare: and when they happen, it will be still true that they would have had fewer blemishes, and would have come nearer to the perfection of private and public virtue, in all the arts of peace and achievements of war, if the views of such men had been enlarged, and their sentiments ennobled, by acquiring that cast of thought and that temper of mind which will grow up and become habitual in every man who applies himself early to the study of history as well as to the study of philosophy, with the intention of being wiser and better, without the affectation of being more learned.

The temper of the mind is formed, and a certain turn given to our ways of thinking; in a word, the seeds of that moral character which cannot wholly alter the natural character, but may correct the evil and improve the good that is in it, or do the very contrary, are sown betimes, and much sooner than is commonly supposed. It is equally certain that we shall gather or not gather experience, be the better or the worse for this experience, when we come into the world and mingle amongst mankind, according to the temper of mind, and the turn of thought that we have acquired beforehand and bring along with us. They will tincture all our future acquisitions; so that the very same experience which secures the judgment of one man, or excites him to virtue, shall lead another into error, or plunge him into vice. From hence it follows that the study of history has in this respect a double advantage. If experience alone can make us perfect in our parts, experience cannot begin to teach them till we are actually on the stage: whereas, by a previous application to this study, we con them over at least, before we appear there: we are not quite unprepared, we learn our parts sooner, and we learn them better.

Let me explain what I mean by an example. There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other, and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits showed them how small

a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. The Samojedes wondered much at the Czar of Muscovy for not living among them: and the Hottentot, who returned from Europe, stripped himself naked as soon as he came home, put on his bracelets of guts and garbage, and grew stinking and lousy as fast as he could. Now nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilized states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a *gonilla* round his neck, sacrificing whole nations to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty. I might show, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it: and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances, wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes: because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favor of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus: every beast ran immediately to that part of the Circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. "*Credat Judæus Apella.*" This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it: but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest, attach us to it, not instinct. It is however so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by

their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavored to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions, and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy. In fine, to converse with historians is to keep good company: many of them were excellent men, and those who were not such have taken care however to appear such in their writings. It must be therefore of great use to prepare ourselves by this conversation for that of the world, and to receive our first impressions, and to acquire our first habits, in a scene where images of virtue and vice are continually represented to us in the colors that belong properly to them, before we enter on another scene, where virtue and vice are too often confounded, and what belongs to one is ascribed to the other.

Besides the advantage of beginning our acquaintance with mankind sooner, and of bringing with us into the world and the business of it such a cast of thought and such a temper of mind as will enable us to make a better use of our experience, there is this further advantage in the study of history, that the improvement we make by it extends to more objects, and is made at the expense of other men: whereas that improvement which is the effect of our own experience is confined to fewer objects, and is made at our own expense. To state the account fairly therefore between these two improvements: though the latter be the more valuable, yet allowance being made on one side for the much greater number of examples that history presents to us, and deduction being made on the other of the price we often pay for our experience, the value of the former will rise in proportion. "I have recorded these things," says Polybius, after giving an account of the defeat of Regulus, "that they who read these commentaries may be rendered better by them; for all men have two ways of improvement, one arising from their own experience, and one from the experience of others." "That [experience] is indeed plainer which arises through our own misfortunes, but that is safer which arises through those of others." I use Casaubon's translation. Polybius goes on and concludes, "that since the first of these ways exposes us to great labor and peril, whilst the second works the same good effect, and is attended by no evil circumstance, every one ought to take for granted that the

study of history is the best school where he can learn how to conduct himself in all the situations of life." Regulus had seen at Rome many examples of magnanimity, of frugality, of the contempt of riches and of other virtues; and these virtues he practiced. But he had not learned, nor had opportunity of learning another lesson, which the examples recorded in history inculcate frequently, the lesson of moderation. An insatiable thirst of military fame, an unconfined ambition of extending their empire, an extravagant confidence in their own courage and force, an insolent contempt of their enemies, an impetuous overbearing spirit with which they pursued all their enterprises, composed in his days the distinguishing character of a Roman. Whatever the senate and people resolved, to the members of that commonwealth appeared both practicable and just. Neither difficulties nor dangers could check them; and their sages had not yet discovered that virtues in excess degenerate into vices. Notwithstanding the beautiful rant which Horace puts into his mouth, I make no doubt that Regulus learned at Carthage those lessons of moderation which he had not learned at Rome; but he learned them by experience, and the fruits of this experience came too late and cost too dear; for they cost the total defeat of the Roman army, the prolongation of a calamitous war which might have been finished by a glorious peace, the loss of liberty to thousands of Roman citizens, and to Regulus himself, the loss of life in the midst of torments, if we are to credit what is perhaps exaggeration in the Roman authors.

There is another advantage, worthy our observation, that belongs to the study of history; and that I shall mention here, not only because of the importance of it, but because it leads me immediately to speak of the nature of the improvement we ought to have in our view, and of the method in which it seems to me that this improvement ought to be pursued: two particulars from which your lordship may think perhaps that I digress too long. The advantage I mean consists in this, that the examples which history presents to us, both of men and of events, are generally complete: the whole example is before us, and consequently the whole lesson, or sometimes the various lessons, which philosophy proposes to teach us by this example. For first, as to men, we see them at their whole length in history, and we see them generally there through a medium less partial at least than that of experience: for I imagine that

a whig or a tory, whilst those parties subsisted, would have condemned in Saturninus the spirit of faction which he applauded in his own tribunes, and would have applauded in Drusus the spirit of moderation which he despised in those of the contrary party, and which he suspected and hated in those of his own party. The villain who has imposed on mankind by his power or cunning, and whom experience could not unmask for a time, is unmasked at length: and the honest man, who has been misunderstood or defamed, is justified before his story ends. Or if this does not happen, if the villain dies with his mask on, in the midst of applause, and honor, and wealth, and power, and if the honest man dies under the same load of calumny and disgrace under which he lived, driven perhaps into exile, and exposed to want, yet we see historical justice executed, the name of one branded with infamy, and that of the other celebrated with panegyric to succeeding ages. "I esteem it the chief office of annals that virtues be not kept silent, and that men may fear wicked words and deeds by reason of posterity and ill report." Thus, according to Tacitus, and according to truth, from which his judgments seldom deviate, the principal duty of history is to erect a tribunal, like that among the Egyptians, mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, where men and princes themselves were tried, and condemned or acquitted, after their deaths; where those who had not been punished for their crimes, and those who had not been honored for their virtues, received a just retribution. The sentence is pronounced in one case, as it was in the other, too late to correct or recompense; but it is pronounced in time to render these examples of general instruction to mankind. Thus Cicero, that I may quote one instance out of thousands, and that I may do justice to the general character of that great man, whose particular failing I have censured so freely, — Cicero, I say, was abandoned by Octavius, and massacred by Antony. But let any man read this fragment of Arellius Fuscus, and choose which he would wish to have been, the orator, or the triumvir? "As long as the human race shall exist, as long as literature shall prevail, as long as honor shall be the reward of the highest eloquence, as long as nature or fortune shall stand, or memory endure, you will be esteemed by posterity a wonderful intellect, and though proscribed in one age, you will proscribe Antony in all."

Thus again, as to events that stand recorded in history, we

see them all, we see them as they followed one another, or as they produced one another, causes or effects, immediate or remote. We are cast back, as it were, into former ages: we live with the men who lived before us, and we inhabit countries that we never saw. Place is enlarged, and time prolonged, in this manner; so that the man who applies himself early to the study of history may acquire in a few years, and before he sets his foot abroad in the world, not only a more extended knowledge of mankind, but the experience of more centuries than any of the patriarchs saw. The events we are witnesses of, in the course of the longest life, appear to us very often original, unprepared, single, and un-relative, if I may use such an expression for want of a better in English; in French I would say *isolés:* they appear such very often, are called accidents, and looked on as the effects of chance; a word, by the way, which is in constant use, and has frequently no determinate meaning. We get over the present difficulty, we improve the momentary advantage, as well as we can, and we look no farther. Experience can carry us no farther; for experience can go a very little way back in discovering causes: and effects are not the objects of experience till they happen. From hence many errors in judgment, and by consequence in conduct, necessarily arise. And here too lies the difference we are speaking of between history and experience. The advantage on the side of the former is double. In ancient history, as we have said already, the examples are complete, which are incomplete in the course of experience. The beginning, the progression, and the end appear, not of particular reigns, much less of particular enterprises, or systems of policy alone, but of governments, of nations, of empires, and of all the various systems that have succeeded one another in the course of their duration. In modern history the examples may be, and sometimes are, incomplete; but they have this advantage when they are so, that they serve to render complete the examples of our own time. Experience is doubly defective; we are born too late to see the beginning, and we die too soon to see the end of many things. History supplies both these defects. Modern history shows the causes, when experience presents the effects alone; and ancient history enables us to guess at the effects, when experience presents the causes alone. Let me explain my meaning by two examples of these kinds, — one past, the other actually present.

When the revolution of one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight happened, few men then alive, I suppose, went farther in their search after the causes of it, than the extravagant attempt of king James against the religion and liberty of his people. His former conduct, and the passages of king Charles the second's reign might rankle still at the hearts of some men, but could not be set to account among the causes of his deposition, since he had succeeded, notwithstanding them, peaceably to the throne: and the nation in general, even many of those who would have excluded him from it, were desirous, or at least, willing, that he should continue in it. Now this example, thus stated, affords, no doubt, much good instruction to the kings and people of Britain. But this instruction is not entire, because the example thus stated, and confined to the experience of that age, is imperfect. King James' maladministration rendered a revolution necessary and practicable; but his maladministration, as well as all his preceding conduct, was caused by his bigot attachment to popery, and to the principles of arbitrary government, from which no warning could divert him. His bigot attachment to these was caused by the exile of the royal family, this exile was caused by the usurpation of Cromwell, and Cromwell's usurpation was the effect of a former rebellion, begun not without reason on account of liberty, but without any valid pretense on account of religion. During this exile, our princes caught the taint of popery and foreign politics. We made them unfit to govern us, and after that were forced to recall them that they might rescue us out of anarchy. It was necessary therefore, your lordship sees, at the revolution, and it is more so now, to go back in history, at least as far as I have mentioned, and perhaps farther, even to the beginning of king James the first's reign, to render this event a complete example, and to develop all the wise, honest, and salutary precepts with which it is pregnant, both to the king and subject.

The other example shall be taken from what has succeeded the revolution. Few men at that time looked forward enough to foresee the necessary consequences of the new constitution of the revenue that was soon afterwards formed; nor of the method of funding that immediately took place; which, absurd as they are, have continued ever since, till it is become scarce possible to alter them. Few people, I say, foresaw how the creation of funds, and the multiplication of taxes, would in-

crease yearly the power of the crown, and bring our liberties, by a natural and necessary progression, into more real, though less apparent danger, than they were in before the revolution. The excessive ill husbandry practiced from the beginning of king William's reign, and which laid the foundations of all we feel and all we fear, was not the effect of ignorance, mistake, or what we call chance, but of design and scheme in those who had the sway at that time. I am not so uncharitable, however, as to believe that they intended to bring upon their country all the mischiefs that we, who came after them, experience, and apprehend. No, they saw the measures they took singly, and unrelatively, or relatively alone to some immediate object. The notion of attaching men to the new government, by tempting them to embark their fortunes on the same bottom, was a reason of state to some: the notion of creating a new, that is, a moneyed interest, in opposition to the landed interest, or as a balance to it, and of acquiring a superior influence in the city of London at least by the establishment of great corporations, was a reason of party to others: and I make no doubt that the opportunity of amassing immense estates by the management of funds, by trafficking in paper, and by all the arts of jobbing, was a reason of private interest to those who supported and improved this scheme of iniquity, if not to those who devised it. They looked no farther. Nay, we who came after them, and have long tasted the bitter fruits of the corruption they planted, were far from taking such an alarm at our distress, and our danger, as they deserved; till the most remote and fatal effect of causes, laid by the last generation, was very near becoming an object of experience in this. Your lordship, I am sure, sees at once how much a due reflection on the passages of former times, as they stand recorded in the history of our own, and of other countries, would have deterred a free people from trusting the sole management of so great a revenue, and the sole nomination of those legions of officers employed in it, to their chief magistrate. There remained indeed no pretense for doing so, when once a salary was settled on the prince, and the public revenue was no longer in any sense his revenue, nor the public expense his expense. Give me leave to add that it would have been, and would be still, more decent with regard to the prince, and less repugnant if not more conformable to the principle and practice too of our government, to take this power and influ-

ence from the prince, or to share it with him, than to exclude men from the privilege of representing their fellow-subjects who would choose them in parliament, purely because they are employed and trusted by the prince.

Your lordship sees not only how much a due reflection upon the experience of other ages and countries would have pointed out national corruption, as the natural and necessary consequence of investing the crown with the management of so great a revenue; but also the loss of liberty, as the natural and necessary consequence of national corruption.

These two examples explain sufficiently what they are intended to explain. It only remains therefore upon this head, to observe the difference between two manners in which history supplies the defects of our own experience. It shows us causes as in fact they were laid, with their immediate effects: and it enables us to guess at future events. It can do no more, in the nature of things. My lord Bacon, in his second book of the "Advancement of Learning," having in his mind, I suppose, what Philo and Josephus asserted of Moses, affirms divine history to have this prerogative, that the narration may be before the fact as well as after. But since the ages of prophecy, as well as miracles, are past, we must content ourselves to guess at what will be by what has been: we have no other means in our power, and history furnishes us with these. How we are to improve and apply these means, as well as how we are to acquire them, shall be deduced more particularly in another letter.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

By JAMES THOMSON.

[James Thomson: A Scottish poet; born at Ednam, September 11, 1700; died at the Leeward Islands, August 27, 1748. His father was a minister and the son was intended for the same profession, studying to that end in Edinburgh. The ministry being distasteful to him, he became a tutor, then held an appointment in the Court of Chancery, and finally in 1744 became surveyor general of the Leeward Islands. His most famous poems are "The Seasons," published in four parts, 1726–1730, and "The Castle of Indolence" (1748). He also wrote several plays and less successful poems.]

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,

A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where naught but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast;
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night:
Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate
And labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

MANON LESCAUT.

By ABBÉ PRÉVOST.

[Abbé Antoine François Prévost d'Exiles, better known as the Abbé Prévost, was born of good family at Hesdin, Artois, April 1, 1697; died near Chantilly, November 23, 1763. He served for a time in the army, and in 1719 joined the Benedictines of St. Maur, leaving the order in 1727. He then went to Holland and gave his time wholly to writing. He published "Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité" (8 vols., 1728–1732), "L'Histoire de M. Cléveland" (8 vols., 1732–1739), "Le Doyen de Killerine" (6 vols., 1735), "Histoire du Chevalier des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut (1731), and many essays and translations. "Manon Lescaut" is his greatest work and one of the greatest of French novels.]

On quitting me my father went to pay a visit to M. G—— M——. He found him with his son, whom the guardsman had safely restored to liberty. I never learned the particulars of their conversation; but I could easily infer them from the disastrous results. They went together (the two old gentlemen) to the lieutenant general of police, from whom they requested one favor each: the first was to have me at once liberated from Le Châtelet; the second to condemn Manon to perpetual imprisonment or to transport her for life to America. They happened at that very period to be sending out a number of convicts to the Mississippi. The lieutenant general promised to have her embarked on board the first vessel that sailed.

M. G—— M—— and my father came together to bring me the news of my liberation. M. G—— M—— said something civil with reference to what had passed; and having congratulated me upon my happiness in having such a father, he exhorted me to profit henceforward by his instruction and example. My father desired me to express my sorrow for the injustice I had



DEATH OF MANON LESCAUT

even contemplated against his family, and my gratitude for his having assisted in procuring my liberation.

We all left the prison together without the mention of Manon's name. I dared not in their presence speak of her to the turnkeys. Alas! all my entreaties in her favor would have been useless. The cruel sentence upon Manon had arrived at the same time as the warrant for my discharge. The unfortunate girl was conducted in an hour after to the hospital to be there classed with some other wretched women who had been condemned to the same punishment.

My father having forced me to accompany him to the house where he was residing, it was near six o'clock before I had an opportunity of escaping his vigilance. In returning to Le Châtelet my only wish was to convey some refreshments to Manon, and to recommend her to the attention of the porter; for I had no hope of being permitted to see her; nor had I as yet had time to reflect on the best means of rescuing her.

I asked for the porter. I had won his heart as much by my liberality to him as by the mildness of my manner; so that, having a disposition to serve me, he spoke of Manon's sentence as a calamity which he sincerely regretted, since it was calculated to mortify me. I was at first unable to comprehend his meaning. We conversed for some minutes without my understanding him. At length, perceiving that an explanation was necessary, he gave me such an one as on a former occasion I wanted courage to relate to you, and which even now makes my blood curdle in my veins to remember.

Never did apoplexy produce on mortal a more sudden or terrible effect than did the announcement of Manon's sentence upon me. I fell prostrate, with so intense a palpitation of the heart that as I swooned I thought that death itself was come upon me. This idea continued even after I had been restored to my senses. I gazed around me upon every part of the room, then upon my own paralyzed limbs, doubting, in my delirium, whether I still bore about me the attributes of a living man. It is quite certain that, in obedience to the desire I felt of terminating my sufferings, even by my own hand, nothing could have been to me more welcome than death at that moment of anguish and despair. Religion itself could depict nothing more insupportable after death than the racking agony with which I was then convulsed. Yet, by a miracle, only within the power of omnipotent love, I soon regained strength enough to express

my gratitude to Heaven for restoring me to sense and reason. My death could have only been a relief and blessing to myself; whereas Manon had occasion for my prolonged existence, in order to deliver her, to succor her, to avenge her wrongs; I swore to devote that existence unremittingly to these objects.

The porter gave me every assistance that I could have expected at the hands of my oldest friend; I accepted his services with the liveliest gratitude. "Alas!" said I to him, "you then are affected by my sufferings! The whole world abandons me; my own father proves one of the very cruelest of my persecutors; no person feels pity for me! You alone, in this abode of suffering and shame, — you alone exhibit compassion for the most wretched of mankind!" He advised me not to appear in the street until I had recovered a little from my affliction. "Do not stop me," said I, as I went out; "we shall meet again sooner than you imagine: get ready your darkest dungeon, for I shall shortly become its tenant."

In fact, my first idea was nothing less than to make away with the two G—— M——s and the lieutenant general of police, and then to attack the hospital, sword in hand, assisted by all whom I could enlist in my cause. Even my father's life was hardly respected, so just appeared my feelings of vengeance; for the porter had informed me that he and G—— M—— were jointly the authors of my ruin.

But when I had advanced some paces into the street, and the fresh air had cooled my excitement, I gradually viewed matters in a more rational mood. The death of our enemies could be of little use to Manon; and the obvious effect of such violence would be to deprive me of all other chance of serving her. Besides, could I ever bring myself to be a cowardly assassin? By what other means could I accomplish my revenge? I set all my ingenuity and all my efforts at work to procure the deliverance of Manon, leaving everything else to be considered hereafter when I had succeeded in this first and paramount object.

I had very little money left; money, however, was an indispensable basis for all my operations. I only knew three persons from whom I had any right to ask pecuniary assistance, — M. de T——, Tiberge, and my father. There appeared little chance of obtaining any from the two latter, and I was really ashamed again to importune M. de T——. But it is not in desperate emergencies that one stands upon points of ceremony.

I went first to the seminary of St. Sulpice, without considering whether I should be recognized. I asked for Tiberge. His first words showed me that he knew nothing of my latest adventure: this made me change the design I had originally formed of appealing at once to his compassion. I spoke generally of the pleasure it had given me to see my father again; and I then begged of him to lend me some money, under the pretext of being anxious before I left Paris to pay a few little debts which I wished to keep secret. He handed me his purse, without a single remark. I took twenty or twenty-five pounds, which it contained. I offered him my note of hand, but he was too generous to accept it.

I then went to M. de T——. I had no reserve with him. I plainly told him my misfortunes and distress. He already knew everything, and had informed himself even of the most trifling circumstance, on account of the interest he naturally took in young G—— M——'s adventure. He however listened to me, and seemed sincerely to lament what had occurred. When I consulted him as to the best means of rescuing Manon, he answered that he saw such little ground for hope that without some extraordinary interposition of Providence it would be folly to expect relief: that he had paid a visit expressly to the hospital since Manon had been transferred from the Châtelet, but that he could not even obtain permission to see her, as the lieutenant general of police had given the strictest orders to the contrary; and that, to complete the catastrophe, the unfortunate train of convicts, in which she was to be included, was to take its departure from Paris the day but one after.

I was so confounded by what he said, that if he had gone on speaking for another hour, I should not have interrupted him. He continued to tell me that the reason of his not calling to see me at the Châtelet was that he hoped to be of more use by appearing to be unknown to me; that for the last few hours, since I had been set at liberty, he had in vain looked for me, in order to suggest the only plan through which he could see a hope of averting Manon's fate. He told me it was dangerous counsel to give, and implored me never to mention the part he took in it: it was to find some enterprising fellows, gallant enough to attack Manon's guard on getting outside the barrière. Nor did he wait for me to urge a plea of poverty. "Here is fifty pounds," he said, presenting me his purse; "it may be of use to you; you can repay me when you are in

better circumstances." He added that if the fear of losing his character did not prevent him from embarking in such an enterprise, he would have willingly put his sword and his life at my service.

This unlooked-for generosity affected me to tears. I expressed my gratitude with as much warmth as my depressed spirits left at my command. I asked him if there were nothing to be expected from interceding with the lieutenant general of police: he said that he had considered that point, but that he looked upon it as a hopeless attempt, because a favor of that nature was never accorded without some strong motive, and he did not see what inducement could be held out for engaging the intercession of any person of power on her behalf; that if any hope could possibly be entertained upon the point, it must be by working a change in the feelings of old G—— M—— and my father, and by prevailing on them to solicit from the lieutenant general of police the revocation of Manon's sentence. He offered to do everything in his power to gain over the younger G—— M——, although he fancied a coldness in that gentleman's manner towards him, probably from some suspicions he might entertain of his being concerned in the late affair; and he entreated me to lose no opportunity of effecting the desired change in my father's mind.

This was no easy undertaking for me; not only on account of the difficulty I should naturally meet in overcoming his opinion, but for another reason which made me fear even to approach him: I had quitted his lodgings contrary to his express orders, and was resolved, since I had learned the sad fate of my poor Manon, never again to return thither. I was not without apprehensions indeed of his now retaining me against my will, and perhaps taking me at once back with him into the country. My elder brother had formerly had recourse to this violent measure. True, I was now somewhat older; but age is a feeble argument against force. I hit upon a mode, however, of avoiding this danger, which was to get him by contrivance to some public place, and there announce myself to him under an assumed name. I immediately resolved on this method. M. de T—— went to G—— M——'s, and I to the Luxembourg, whence I sent my father word that a gentleman waited there to speak with him. I hardly thought he would come, as the night was advancing. He, however, soon made his appearance, followed by a servant: I begged of him to

choose a walk where we could be alone. We walked at least a hundred paces without speaking. He doubtless imagined that so much precaution could not be taken without some important object. He waited for my opening speech, and I was meditating how to commence it.

At length I began.

"Sir," said I, trembling, "you are a good and affectionate parent; you have loaded me with favors, and have forgiven me an infinite number of faults; I also in my turn call Heaven to witness the sincere and tender and respectful sentiments I entertain towards you. But it does seem to me that your inexorable severity ——"

"Well, sir, my severity!" interrupted my father, who no doubt found my hesitation little suited to his impatience.

"Ah, sir," I replied, "it does seem to me that your severity is excessive in the penalty you inflict upon the unfortunate Manon. You have taken only M. G—— M——'s report of her. His hatred has made him represent her to you in the most odious colors; you have formed a frightful idea of her. She is, on the contrary, the mildest and most amiable of living creatures; would that Heaven had but inspired you at any one moment with the desire of seeing her! I am convinced that you would be not less sensible of her perfections than your unhappy son. You would then have been her advocate; you would have abhorred the foul artifices of G—— M——; you would have had pity on both her and me. Alas! I am persuaded of it; your heart is not insensible; it must ere now have melted with compassion."

He interrupted me again, perceiving that I spoke with a warmth which would not allow me to finish very briefly. He begged to know with what request I intended to wind up so fervent an harangue.

"To ask my life at your hands," said I, "which I never can retain if Manon once embark for America."

"No! no!" replied he, in the severest tone; "I would rather see you lifeless than infamous and depraved."

"We have gone far enough, then," said I, catching hold of his arm; "take from me in common mercy my life, weary and odious and insupportable as it henceforward must be; for in the state of despair into which you now plunge me death would be the greatest favor you could bestow, — a favor worthy of a father's hand."

"I should only give you what you deserve," replied he; "I know fathers who would not have shown as much patience as I have, but would themselves have executed speedy justice; but it is my foolish and excessive forbearance that has been your ruin."

I threw myself at his feet. "Ah!" exclaimed I, "if you have still any remains of mercy, do not harden your heart against my distress and sorrow. Remember that I am your child! Alas! think of my poor mother! You loved her tenderly! Would you have suffered her to be torn from your arms? You would have defended her to the death! May not the same feeling then be pardoned in others? Can persons become barbarous and cruel after having themselves experienced the softening influence of tenderness and grief?"

"Breathe not again the sacred name of your mother," he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder; "the very allusion to her memory rouses my indignation. Had she lived to witness the unredeemed profligacy of your life, it would have brought her in pain and sorrow to her grave. Let us put an end to this discussion," he added; "it distresses me, and makes not the slightest change in my determination. I am going back to my lodgings, and I desire you to follow me."

The cool and resolute tone in which he uttered this command convinced me that he was inexorable. I stepped some paces aside for fear he should think fit to lay hands upon me.

"Do not increase my misery and despair," said I to him, "by forcing me to disobey you. It is impossible for me to follow you; and equally so that I should continue to live, after the unkind treatment I have experienced from you. I therefore bid you an eternal adieu. When you know that I am dead, as I shall soon be, the paternal affection which you once entertained for me may be perhaps revived."

As I was about to turn away from him, "You refuse then to follow me," cried he, in a tone of excessive anger. "Go! go on to your ruin! Adieu, ungrateful and disobedient boy!"

"Adieu!" exclaimed I to him, in a burst of grief, "adieu, cruel and unnatural father!"

I left the Luxembourg, and rushed like a madman through the streets to M. de T——'s house. I raised my hands and eyes as I went along, invoking the Almighty Powers. "Oh, Heaven," cried I, "will you not prove more merciful than man? The only hope that remains to me is from above!"

M. de T—— had not yet returned home; but he arrived before many minutes had elapsed. His negotiation had been as unsuccessful as my own. He told me so with the most sorrowful countenance. Young G—— M——, although less irritated than his father against Manon and me, would not undertake to petition in our favor. He was in great measure deterred by the fear which he himself had of the vindictive old lecher, who had already vented his anger against him for his design of forming a connection with Manon.

There only remained to me, therefore, the violent measures which M. de T—— had suggested. I now confined all my hopes to them. They were questionless most uncertain; but they held out to me, at least, a substantial consolation in the certainty of meeting death in the attempt if unsuccessful. I left him, begging that he would offer up his best wishes for my triumph; and I thought only of finding some companions to whom I might communicate a portion of my own courage and determination.

The first that occurred to me was the same guardsman whom I had employed to arrest G—— M——. I had intended indeed to pass the night at his rooms, not having had a moment of leisure during the afternoon to procure myself a lodging. I found him alone. He was glad to see me out of the Châtelet. He made me an offer of his services. I explained to him in what way he might now do me the greatest kindness. He had good sense enough to perceive all the difficulties; but he was also generous enough to undertake to surmount them.

We spent part of the night in considering how the plot was to be executed. He spoke of the three soldiers whom he had made use of on the last occasion, as men whose courage had been proved. M. de T—— had told me the exact number of archers that would escort Manon: they were but six. Five strong and determined men could not fail to strike terror into these fellows, who would never think of defending themselves bravely when they were to be allowed the alternative of avoiding danger by surrendering; and of that they would no doubt avail themselves. As I was not without money, the guardsman advised me to spare no pains or expense to insure success. "We must be mounted," he said, "and each man must have his carbine and pistols; I will take care to prepare everything requisite by to-morrow. We shall also want three new suits of regimentals for the soldiers, who dare not appear in an

affray of this kind in the uniform of their regiment. I handed him the hundred pistoles which I had got from M. de T——; it was all expended the next morning, to the very last sou. I inspected the three soldiers. I animated them with the most liberal promises; and to confirm their confidence in me, I began by making each man a present of ten pistoles.

The momentous day having arrived, I sent one of them at an early hour to the hospital to ascertain the exact time when the police were to start with their prisoners. Although I merely took this precaution from my excessive anxiety, it turned out to have been a prudent step. I had formed my plans upon false information which I had received as to their destination; and believing that it was at Rochelle this unhappy group was to embark, all my trouble would have been thrown away in waiting for them on the Orleans road. However, I learned by the soldier's report that they would go out towards Rouen, and that it was from Havre de Grace they were to sail for America.

We at once went to the gate of St. Honoré, taking care to go by different streets. We assembled at the end of the faubourg. Our horses were fresh. In a little time we observed before us the six archers and the two wretched caravans which you saw at Passy two years ago. The sight alone almost deprived me of my strength and senses. "O Fate!" said I to myself, "cruel Fate! grant me now either death or victory."

We hastily consulted as to the mode of making the attack. The cavalcade was only four hundred paces in advance, and we might intercept them by cutting across a small field round which the highroad led. The guardsman was for this course, in order to fall suddenly upon them while unprepared. I approved of the plan, and was the first to spur my horse forward; but Fate once again relentlessly blasted all my hopes.

The escort, seeing five horsemen riding towards them, inferred that it was for the purpose of attacking them. They put themselves in a position of defense, preparing their bayonets and guns with an air of resolution.

This demonstration, which in the guardsman and myself only inspired fresh courage, had a very different effect upon our three cowardly companions. They stopped simultaneously, and having muttered to each other some words which I could not hear, they turned their horses' heads, threw the bridles on their necks, and galloped back towards Paris.

"Good Heavens!" said the guardsman, who appeared as much annoyed as I was by this infamous desertion, "what is to be done? We are but two now."

From rage and consternation I had lost all power of speech. I doubted whether my first revenge should not be in pursuing the cowards who had abandoned me. I saw them flying, and looked in the other direction at the escort; if it had been possible to divide myself, I should at once have fallen upon both these objects of my fury; I should have destroyed all at the same moment.

The guardsman, who saw my irresolution by my wandering gaze, begged of me to hear his advice. "Being but two," he said, "it would be madness to attack six men as well armed as ourselves, and who seem determined to receive us firmly. Let us return to Paris, and endeavor to succeed better in the choice of our comrades. The police cannot make very rapid progress with two heavy vans; we may overtake them to-morrow without difficulty."

I reflected a moment on this suggestion; but seeing nothing around me but despair, I took a final and indeed desperate resolution. This was to thank my companion for his services, and far from attacking the police, to go up with submission and implore them to receive me among them, that I might accompany Manon to Havre de Grace, and afterwards, if possible, cross the Atlantic with her. "The whole world is either persecuting or betraying me," said I to the guardsman; "I have no longer the power of interesting any one in my favor; I expect nothing more, either from Fortune or the friendship of man; my misery is at its height; it only remains for me to submit; so that I close my eyes henceforward against every gleam of hope. May Heaven," I continued, "reward you for your generosity! Adieu! I shall go and aid my wretched destiny in filling up the full measure of my ruin." He in vain endeavored to persuade me to return with him to Paris. I entreated him to leave me at once, lest the police should still suspect us of an intention to attack them.

Riding towards the cortège at a slow pace, and with a sorrowful countenance, the guards could hardly see anything very terrific in my approach. They seemed, however, to expect an attack. "Be persuaded, gentlemen," said I to them, "that I come not to wage war, but rather to ask favors." I then begged of them to continue their progress

without any distrust, and as we went along I made my solicitations.

They consulted together to ascertain in what way they should entertain my request. The chief of them spoke for the rest. He said that the orders they had received to watch the prisoners vigilantly were of the strictest kind; that, however, I seemed so interesting a young man that they might be induced to relax a little in their duty; but that I must know, of course, that this would cost me something. I had about sixteen pistoles left, and candidly told them what my purse contained. "Well," said the gendarme, "we will act generously. It shall only cost you a crown an hour for conversing with any of our girls that you may prefer, — that is the ordinary price in Paris."

I said not a word to Manon, because I did not wish to let them know of my passion. They at first supposed it was merely a boyish whim, that made me think of amusing myself with these creatures; but when they discovered that I was in love, they increased their demands in such a way that my purse was completely empty on leaving Mantes, where we had slept the night before our arrival at Passy.

Shall I describe to you my heartrending interviews with Manon during this journey, and what my sensations were when I obtained from the guards permission to approach her caravan? Oh, language never can adequately express the sentiments of the heart; but picture to yourself my poor mistress, with a chain round her waist, seated upon a handful of straw, her head resting languidly against the panel of the carriage, her face pale and bathed with tears, which forced a passage between her eyelids, although she kept them continually closed. She had not even the curiosity to open her eyes on hearing the bustle of the guards when they expected our attack. Her clothes were soiled and in disorder; her delicate hands exposed to the rough air; in fine, her whole angelic form, that face, lovely enough to carry back the world to idolatry, presented a spectacle of distress and anguish utterly indescribable.

I spent some moments gazing at her as I rode alongside the carriage. I had so lost my self-possession that I was several times on the point of falling from my horse. My sighs and frequent exclamations at length attracted her attention. She looked at and recognized me, and I remarked that on the first impulse she unconsciously tried to leap from the carriage

towards me, but being checked by her chain, she fell into her former attitude.

I begged of the guards to stop one moment for the sake of mercy; they consented for the sake of avarice. I dismounted to go and sit near her. She was so languid and feeble that she was for some time without the power of speech, and could not raise her hands: I bathed them with my tears; and being myself unable to utter a word, we formed together as deplorable a picture of distress as could well be seen. When at length we were able to speak, our conversation was not less sorrowful. Manon said little: shame and grief appeared to have altered the character of her voice; its tone was feeble and tremulous.

She thanked me for not having forgotten her, and for the comfort I gave her in allowing her to see me once more, and she then bade me a long and last farewell. But when I assured her that no power on earth could ever separate me from her, and that I was resolved to follow her to the extremity of the world, — to watch over her, — to guard her, — to love her, — and inseparably to unite my wretched destiny with hers, the poor girl gave way to such feelings of tenderness and grief that I almost dreaded danger to her life from the violence of her emotion; the agitation of her whole soul seemed intensely concentrated in her eyes; she fixed them steadfastly upon me. She more than once opened her lips without the power of giving utterance to her thoughts. I could, however, catch some expressions that dropped from her, of admiration and wonder at my excessive love, — of doubt that she could have been fortunate enough to inspire me with a passion so perfect, — of earnest entreaty that I would abandon my intention of following her, and seek elsewhere a lot more worthy of me, and which, she said, I could never hope to find with her.

In spite of the cruelest inflictions of Fate, I derived comfort from her looks, and from the conviction that I now possessed her undivided affection. I had in truth lost all that other men value; but I was the master of Manon's heart, the only possession that I prized. Whether in Europe or in America, of what moment to me was the place of my abode, provided I might live happy in the society of my mistress? Is not the universe the residence of two fond and faithful lovers? Does not each find in the other, father, mother, friends, relations, riches, felicity?

If anything caused me uneasiness, it was the fear of seeing Manon exposed to want. I fancied myself already with her in

a barbarous country, inhabited by savages. "I am quite certain," said I, "there will be none there more cruel than G—— M—— and my father. They will, at least, allow us to live in peace. If the accounts we read of savages be true, they obey the laws of nature: they neither know the mean rapacity of avarice, nor the false and fantastic notions of dignity, which have raised me up an enemy in my own father. They will not harass and persecute two lovers, when they see us adopt their own simple habits." I was, therefore, at ease upon that point.

But my romantic ideas were not formed with a proper view to the ordinary wants of life. I had too often found that there were necessaries which could not be dispensed with, particularly by a young and delicate woman, accustomed to comfort and abundance. I was in despair at having so fruitlessly emptied my purse, and the little money that now remained was about being forced from me by the rascally imposition of the gendarmes. I imagined that a very trifling sum would suffice for our support for some time in America, where money was scarce, and might also enable me to form some undertaking there for our permanent establishment.

This idea made me resolve on writing to Tiberge, whom I had ever found ready to hold out the generous hand of friendship. I wrote from the first town we passed through. I only alluded to the destitute condition in which I foresaw that I should find myself on arriving at Havre de Grace, to which place I acknowledged that I was accompanying Manon. I asked him for only fifty pistoles. "You can remit it to me," said I to him, "through the hands of the postmaster. You must perceive that it is the last time I can by possibility trespass on your friendly kindness; and my poor unhappy mistress being about to be exiled from her country forever, I cannot let her depart without supplying her with some few comforts, to soften the sufferings of her lot, as well as to assuage my own sorrows."

The gendarmes became so rapacious when they saw the violence of my passion, continually increasing their demands for the slightest favors, that they soon left me penniless. Love did not permit me to put any bounds to my liberality. At Manon's side I was not master of myself; and it was no longer by the hour that time was measured, rather by the duration of whole days. At length, my funds being completely exhausted, I found myself exposed to the brutal caprice of these six

wretches, who treated me with intolerable rudeness, — you yourself witnessed it at Passy. My meeting with you was a momentary relaxation accorded me by Fate. Your compassion at the sight of my sufferings was my only recommendation to your generous nature. The assistance which you so liberally extended enabled me to reach Havre, and the guards kept their promise more faithfully than I had ventured to hope.

We arrived at Havre. I went to the post office : Tiberge had not yet had time to answer my letter. I ascertained the earliest day I might reckon upon his answer : it could not possibly arrive for two days longer ; and by an extraordinary fatality our vessel was to sail on the very morning of the day when the letter might be expected. I cannot give you an idea of my despair. "Alas ! " cried I, "even amongst the unfortunate I am to be ever the most wretched ! "

Manon replied : "Alas ! does a life so thoroughly miserable deserve the care we bestow on ours? Let us die at Havre, dearest Chevalier ! Let death at once put an end to our afflictions ! Shall we persevere, and go to drag on this hopeless existence in an unknown land, where we shall no doubt have to encounter the most horrible pains, since it has been their object to punish me by exile? Let us die," she repeated, "or do at least in mercy rid me of life, and then you can seek another lot in the arms of some happier lover."

"No, no, Manon," said I, "it is but too enviable a lot, in my estimation, to be allowed to share your misfortunes."

Her observations made me tremble. I saw that she was overpowered by her afflictions. I tried to assume a more tranquil air in order to dissipate such melancholy thoughts of death and despair. I resolved to adopt the same course in future ; and I learned by the results that nothing is more calculated to inspire a woman with courage than the demonstration of intrepidity in the man she loves.

When I lost all hope of receiving the expected assistance from Tiberge, I sold my horse. The money it brought, joined to what remained of your generous gift, amounted to the small sum of forty pistoles. I expended eight in the purchase of some necessary articles for Manon ; and I put the remainder by, as the capital upon which we were to rest our hopes and raise our fortunes in America. I had no difficulty in getting admitted on board the vessel. They were at the time looking for young men as voluntary emigrants to the colony. The pas-

sage and provisions were supplied gratis. I left a letter for Tiberge, which was to go by the post next morning to Paris. It was no doubt written in a tone calculated to affect him deeply, since it induced him to form a resolution, which could only be carried into execution by the tenderest and most generous sympathy for his unhappy friend.

We set sail; the wind continued favorable during the entire passage. I obtained from the captain's kindness a separate cabin for the use of Manon and myself. He was so good as to distinguish us from the herd of our miserable associates. I took an opportunity on the second day of conciliating his attentions by telling him part of our unfortunate history. I did not feel that I was guilty of any very culpable falsehood in saying that I was the husband of Manon. He appeared to believe it, and promised me his protection; and indeed we experienced during the whole passage the most flattering evidences of his sincerity. He took care that our table was comfortably provided; and his attentions procured us the marked respect of our companions in misery. The unwearied object of my solicitude was to save Manon from every inconvenience. She felt this; and her gratitude, together with a lively sense of the singular position in which I had placed myself solely for her sake, rendered the dear creature so tender and impassioned, so attentive also to my most trifling wants, that it was between us a continual emulation of attentions and of love. I felt no regret at quitting Europe; on the contrary, the nearer we approached America the more did I feel my heart expand and become tranquil. If I had not felt a dread of our perhaps wanting by and by the absolute necessaries of life, I should have been grateful to Fate for having at length given so favorable a turn to our affairs.

After a passage of two months, we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind; no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town; it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropped from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions

to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers and as beloved companions who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them; but we were astonished to perceive as we advanced that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain; and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of convicts had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them, he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learn from the captain," said he, "that you are married; and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot; and you may on your part contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in a manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation, Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs and some few necessaries of life.

Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this melancholy dwelling. It was on my account much more than upon

her own that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves, she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common afflictions she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I; "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for? Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you might have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are; and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her; "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have often caused you annoyances, which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile; and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness; I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not with the last drop of her blood compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

Her grief, the language, and the tone in which she expressed herself made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to

break within me. "Take care," said I to her, — "take care, dear Manon; I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. — O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me, and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centered."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

We carefully cultivated the governor's friendship. He bestowed upon me, a few weeks after our arrival, a small appointment which became vacant in the fort. Although not one of any distinction, I gratefully accepted it as a gift of Providence, as it enabled me to live independently of others' aid. I took a servant for myself, and a woman for Manon. Our little establishment became settled: nothing could surpass the regularity of my conduct, or that of Manon; we lost no opportunity of serving or doing an act of kindness to our neighbors. This friendly disposition, and the mildness of our manners, secured us the confidence and affection of the whole colony. We soon became so respected that we ranked as the principal persons in the town after the governor.

The simplicity of our habits and occupations, and the perfect innocence in which we lived, revived insensibly our early feelings of devotion. Manon had never been an irreligious girl, and I was far from being one of those reckless libertines who delight in adding impiety and sacrilege to moral depravity; all the disorders of our lives might be fairly ascribed to the natural influences of youth and love. Experience had now begun with us to do the office of age; it produced the same effect upon us as years must have done. Our conversation,

which was generally of a serious turn, by degrees engendered a longing for virtuous love. I first proposed this change to Manon. I knew the principles of her heart; she was frank and natural in all her sentiments, qualities which invariably predispose to virtue. I said to her that there was but one thing wanting to complete our happiness: "It is," said I, "to invoke upon our union the benediction of Heaven. We have both of us hearts too sensitive and minds too refined to continue voluntarily in the willful violation of so sacred a duty. It signifies nothing our having lived while in France in such a manner, because there it was as impossible for us not to love as to be united by a legitimate tie; but in America, where we are under no restraint, where we own no allegiance to the arbitrary distinctions of birth and aristocratic prejudice, where besides we are already supposed to be married, why should we not actually become so, — why should we not sanctify our love by the holy ordinances of religion? As for me," I added, "I offer nothing new in offering you my hand and my heart; but I am ready to ratify it at the foot of the altar."

This speech seemed to inspire her with joy. "Would you believe it," she replied, "I have thought of this a thousand times since our arrival in America. The fear of annoying you has kept it shut up in my breast. I felt that I had no pretensions to aspire to the character of your wife."

"Ah, Manon!" said I, "you should very soon be a sovereign's consort, if I had been born to the inheritance of a crown. Let us not hesitate; we have no obstacle to impede us: I will this day speak to the governor on the subject, and acknowledge that we have in this particular hitherto deceived him. Let us leave," added I, "to vulgar lovers the dread of the indissoluble bonds of marriage; they would not fear them if they were assured, as we are, of the continuance of those of love." I left Manon enchanted by this resolution.

I am persuaded that no honest man could disapprove of this intention in my present situation, — that is to say, fatally enslaved as I was by a passion which I could not subdue, and visited by compunction and remorse which I ought not to stifle. But will any man charge me with injustice or impiety if I complain of the rigor of Heaven in defeating a design that I could only have formed with the view of conciliating its favor and complying with its decrees? Alas! do I say defeated? nay, punished as a new crime. I was patiently permitted to go

blindly along the highroad of vice; and the cruelest chastisements were reserved for the period when I was returning to the paths of virtue. I now fear that I shall have hardly fortitude enough left to recount the most disastrous circumstances that ever occurred to any man.

I waited upon the governor, as I had settled with Manon, to procure his consent to the ceremony of our marriage. I should have avoided speaking to him or to any other person upon the subject if I had imagined that his chaplain, who was the only minister in the town, would have performed the office for me without his knowledge; but not daring to hope that he would do so privately, I determined to act ingenuously in the matter.

The governor had a nephew named Synnelet, of whom he was particularly fond. He was about thirty; brave, but of a headstrong and violent disposition. He was not married. Manon's beauty had struck him on the first day of our arrival; and the numberless opportunities he had of seeing her during the last nine or ten months had so inflamed his passion that he was absolutely pining for her in secret. However, as he was convinced in common with his uncle and the whole colony that I was married, he put such a restraint upon his feelings that they remained generally unnoticed; and he lost no opportunity of showing the most disinterested friendship for me.

He happened to be with his uncle when I arrived at the government house. I had no reason for keeping my intention a secret from him, so that I explained myself without hesitation in his presence. The governor heard me with his usual kindness. I related to him a part of my history, to which he listened with evident interest; and when I requested his presence at the intended ceremony, he was so generous as to say that he must be permitted to defray the expenses of the succeeding entertainment. I retired perfectly satisfied.

In an hour after, the chaplain paid me a visit. I thought he was come to prepare me by religious instruction for the sacred ceremony; but after a cold salutation, he announced to me in two words that the governor desired I would relinquish all thoughts of such a thing, for that he had other views for Manon.

"Other views for Manon!" said I, as I felt my heart sink within me; "what views then can they be, Chaplain?"

He replied that I must be of course aware that the governor

was absolute master here; that Manon, having been transported from France to the colony, was entirely at his disposal; that hitherto he had not exercised his right, believing that she was a married woman; but that now, having learned from my own lips that it was not so, he had resolved to assign her to M. Synnelet, who was passionately in love with her.

My indignation overcame my prudence. Irritated as I was, I desired the chaplain instantly to quit my house, swearing at the same time that neither governor, Synnelet, nor the whole colony together should lay hands upon my wife, or mistress, if they chose so to call her.

I immediately told Manon of the distressing message I had just received. We conjectured that Synnelet had warped his uncle's mind after my departure, and that it was all the effect of a premeditated design. They were questionless the stronger party. We found ourselves in New Orleans as in the midst of the ocean, separated from the rest of the world by an immense interval of space. In a country perfectly unknown, a desert, or inhabited, if not by brutes, at least by savages quite as ferocious, to what corner could we fly? I was respected in the town; but I could not hope to excite the people in my favor to such a degree as to derive assistance from them proportioned to the impending danger. Money was requisite for that purpose, and I was poor. Besides, the success of a popular commotion was uncertain; and if we failed in the attempt, our doom would be inevitably sealed.

I revolved these thoughts in my mind; I mentioned them in part to Manon; I found new ones without waiting for her replies; I determined upon one course, and then abandoned that to adopt another; I talked to myself, and answered my own thoughts aloud; at length I sunk into a kind of hysterical stupor that I can compare to nothing, because nothing ever equalled it. Manon observed my emotion, and from its violence judged how imminent was our danger; and apprehensive more on my account than on her own, the dear girl could not even venture to give expression to her fears.

After a multitude of reflections, I resolved to call upon the governor, and appeal to his feelings of honor, to the recollection of my unvarying respect for him, and the marks he had given of his own affection for us both. Manon endeavored to dissuade me from this attempt: she said, with tears in her eyes, "You are rushing into the jaws of death; they will murder

you, — I shall never again see you, — I am determined to die before you." I had great difficulty in persuading her that it was absolutely necessary that I should go, and that she should remain at home. I promised that she should see me again in a few moments. She did not foresee, nor did I, that it was against herself the whole anger of Heaven, and the rabid fury of our enemies, was about to be concentrated.

I went to the fort: the governor was there with his chaplain. I supplicated him in a tone of humble submission that I could have ill brooked under other circumstances. I invoked his clemency by every argument calculated to soften any heart less ferocious and cruel than a tiger's.

The barbarian made to all my prayers but two short answers, which he repeated over and over again. "Manon," he said, "was at his disposal; and he had given a promise to his nephew." I was resolved to command my feelings to the last: I merely replied that I had imagined he was too sincerely my friend to desire my death, to which I would infinitely rather consent than to the loss of my mistress.

I felt persuaded, on quitting him, that it was folly to expect anything from the obstinate tyrant, who would have damned himself a hundred times over to please his nephew. However, I persevered in restraining my temper to the end, deeply resolved, if they persisted in such flagrant injustice, to make America the scene of one of the most horrible and bloody murders that even love had ever led to.

I was, on my return home, meditating upon this design, when Fate, as if impatient to expedite my ruin, threw Synnelet in my way. He read in my countenance a portion of my thoughts. I before said, he was brave. He approached me.

"Are you not seeking me?" he inquired. "I know that my intentions have given you mortal offense, and that the death of one of us is indispensable; let us see who is to be the happy man."

I replied that such was unquestionably the fact, and that nothing but death could end the difference between us.

We retired about one hundred paces out of the town. We drew: I wounded and disarmed him at the first onset. He was so enraged that he peremptorily refused either to ask his life or renounce his claims to Manon. I might have been perhaps justified in ending both by a single blow; but noble

blood ever vindicates its origin. I threw him back his sword. "Let us renew the struggle," said I to him, "and remember that there shall be now no quarter." He attacked me with redoubled fury. I must confess that I was not an accomplished swordsman, having had but three months' tuition at Paris. Love, however, guided my weapon. Synnelet pierced me through and through the left arm; but I caught him whilst thus engaged, and made so vigorous a thrust that I stretched him senseless at my feet.

In spite of the triumphant feeling that victory, after a mortal conflict, inspires, I was immediately horrified by the certain consequences of this death. There could not be the slightest hope of either pardon or respite from the vengeance I had thus incurred. Aware as I was of the affection of the governor for his nephew, I felt perfectly sure that my death would not be delayed a single hour after his should become known. Urgent as this apprehension was, it still was by no means the principal source of my uneasiness. Manon, the welfare of Manon, the peril that impended over her, and the certainty of my being now at length separated from her, afflicted me to such a degree that I was incapable of recognizing the place in which I stood. I regretted Synnelet's death: instant suicide seemed the only remedy for my woes.

However, it was this very thought that quickly restored me to my reason, and enabled me to form a resolution. "What," said I to myself, "die, in order to end my pain! Then there is something I dread more than the loss of all I love! No, let me suffer the cruelest extremities in order to aid her; and when these prove of no avail, fly to death as a last resource!"

I returned towards the town. On my arrival at home, I found Manon half dead with fright and anxiety; my presence restored her. I could not conceal from her the terrible accident that had happened. On my mentioning the death of Synnelet and my own wound, she fell in a state of insensibility into my arms. It was a quarter of an hour before I could bring her again to her senses.

I was myself in a most deplorable state of mind. I could not discern the slightest prospect of safety for either of us. "Manon," said I to her, when she had recovered a little, "what shall we do? Alas, what hope remains to us? I must necessarily fly. Will you remain in the town? Yes, dearest Manon, do remain; you may possibly still be happy here;

while I, far away from you, may seek death and find it amongst the savages or the wild beasts."

She raised herself in spite of her weakness, and taking hold of my hand to lead me towards the door, "Let us," said she, "fly together. We have not a moment to lose; Synnelet's body may be found by chance, and we shall then have no time to escape." "But, dear Manon," replied I, "to what place can we fly? Do you perceive any resource? Would it not be better that you should endeavor to live on without me, and that I should go and voluntarily place my life in the governor's hands?"

This proposal had only the effect of making her more impatient for our departure. I had presence of mind enough on going out to take with me some strong liquors which I had in my chamber, and as much food as I could carry in my pockets. We told our servants, who were in the adjoining room, that we were going to take our evening walk, as was our invariable habit; and we left the town behind us more rapidly than I had thought possible from Manon's delicate state of health.

Although I had not formed any resolve as to our future destination, I still cherished a hope without which I should have infinitely preferred death to my suspense about Manon's safety. I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the country, during nearly ten months which I had now passed in America, to know in what manner the natives should be approached. Death was not the necessary consequence of falling into their hands. I had learned a few words of their language and some of their customs, having had many opportunities of seeing them.

Besides this sad resource, I derived some hopes from the fact that the English had, like ourselves, established colonies in this part of the New World. But the distance was terrific. In order to reach them, we should have to traverse deserts of many days' journey, and more than one range of mountains so steep and vast as to seem almost impassable to the strongest man. I nevertheless flattered myself that we might derive partial relief from one or other of these sources: the savages might serve us as guides, and the English receive us in their settlements.

We journeyed on as long as Manon's strength would permit, that is to say, about six miles; for this incomparable creature, with her usual absence of selfishness, refused my repeated entreaties to stop. Overpowered at length by fatigue, she ac-

knowledged the utter impossibility of proceeding farther. It was already night: we sat down in the midst of an extensive plain, where we could not even find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to dress my wound, which she had bandaged before our departure. I in vain entreated her to desist from exertion: it would have only added to her distress if I had refused her the satisfaction of seeing me at ease and out of danger, before her own wants were attended to. I allowed her therefore to gratify herself, and in shame and silence submitted to her delicate attentions.

But when she had completed her tender task, with what ardor did I not enter upon mine! I took off my clothes and stretched them under her, to render more endurable the hard and rugged ground on which she lay. I protected her delicate hands from the cold by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the livelong night in watching over her as she slept, and praying Heaven to refresh her with soft and undisturbed repose. You can bear witness, just and all-seeing God! to the fervor and sincerity of those prayers, and thou alone knowest with what awful rigor they were rejected.

You will excuse me if I now cut short a story which it distresses me beyond endurance to relate. It is, I believe, a calamity without parallel. I can never cease to deplore it. But although it continues, of course, deeply and indelibly impressed on my memory, yet my heart seems to shrink within me each time that I attempt the recital.

We had thus tranquilly passed the night. I had fondly imagined that my beloved mistress was in a profound sleep, and I hardly dared to breathe lest I should disturb her. As day broke, I observed that her hands were cold and trembling; I pressed them to my bosom in the hope of restoring animation. This movement roused her attention, and making an effort to grasp my hand, she said, in a feeble voice, that she thought her last moments had arrived.

I at first took this for a passing weakness, or the ordinary language of distress; and I answered with the usual consolations that love prompted. But her incessant sighs, her silence and inattention to my inquiries, the convulsed grasp of her hands, in which she retained mine, soon convinced me that the crowning end of all my miseries was approaching.

Do not now expect me to attempt a description of my feelings or to repeat her dying expressions. I lost her, — I re-

ceived the purest assurances of her love even at the very instant that her spirit fled. I have not nerve to say more upon this fatal and disastrous event.

My spirit was not destined to accompany Manon's. Doubtless, Heaven did not as yet consider me sufficiently punished, and therefore ordained that I should continue to drag on a languid and joyless existence. I willingly renounced every hope of leading a happy one.

I remained for twenty-four hours without taking my lips from the still beauteous countenance and hands of my adored Manon. My intention was to await my own death in that position; but at the beginning of the second day, I reflected that after I was gone, she must of necessity become the prey of wild beasts. I then determined to bury her, and wait my own doom upon her grave. I was already, indeed, so near my end, from the combined effect of long fasting and grief, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could support myself standing. I was obliged to have recourse to the liquors which I had brought with me, and these restored sufficient strength to enable me to set about my last sad office. From the sandy nature of the soil, there was little trouble in opening the ground. I broke my sword, and used it for the purpose; but my bare hands were of greater service. I dug a deep grave, and there deposited the idol of my heart, after having wrapped around her my clothes to prevent the sand from touching her. I kissed her ten thousand times with all the ardor of the most glowing love, before I laid her in this melancholy bed. I sat for some time upon the bank intently gazing on her, and could not command fortitude enough to close the grave over her. At length, feeling that my strength was giving way, and apprehensive of its being entirely exhausted before the completion of my task, I committed to the earth all that it had ever contained most perfect and peerless. I then lay myself with my face down upon the grave, and closing my eyes with the determination never again to open them, I invoked the mercy of Heaven and ardently prayed for death.

You will find it difficult to believe that during the whole time of this protracted and distressing ceremony not a tear or a sigh escaped to relieve my agony. The state of profound affliction in which I was, and the deep-settled resolution I had taken to die, had silenced the sighs of despair, and effectually dried up the ordinary channels of grief. It was thus impos-

sible for me, in this posture upon the grave, to continue for any time in possession of my faculties.

After what you have listened to, the remainder of my own history would ill repay the attention you seem inclined to bestow upon it. Synnelet having been carried into the town and skillfully examined, it was found that, so far from being dead, he was not even dangerously wounded. He informed his uncle of the manner in which the affray had occurred between us, and he generously did justice to my conduct on the occasion. I was sent for; and as neither of us could be found, our flight was immediately suspected. It was then too late to attempt to trace me, but the next day and the following one were employed in the pursuit.

I was found, without any appearance of life, upon the grave of Manon; and the persons who discovered me in this situation, seeing that I was almost naked and bleeding from my wounds, naturally supposed that I had been robbed and assassinated. They carried me into the town. The motion restored me to my senses. The sighs I heaved on opening my eyes and finding myself still amongst the living, showed that I was not beyond the reach of art: they were but too successful in its application.

I was immediately confined as a close prisoner. My trial was ordered; and as Manon was not forthcoming, I was accused of having murdered her from rage and jealousy. I naturally related all that had occurred. Synnelet, though bitterly grieved and disappointed by what he heard, had the generosity to solicit my pardon: he obtained it.

I was so reduced that they were obliged to carry me from the prison to my bed, and there I suffered for three long months under severe illness. My aversion from life knew no diminution. I continually prayed for death, and obstinately for some time refused every remedy. But Providence, after having punished me with atoning rigor, saw fit to turn to my own use its chastisements and the memory of my multiplied sorrows. It at length deigned to shed upon me its redeeming light, and revived in my mind ideas worthy of my birth and my early education.

My tranquillity of mind being again restored, my cure speedily followed. I began only to feel the highest aspirations of honor, and diligently performed the duties of my appointment, whilst expecting the arrival of the vessels from France

which were always due at this period of the year. I resolved to return to my native country, there to expiate the scandal of my former life by my future good conduct. Synnelet had the remains of my dear mistress removed into a more hallowed spot.

It was six weeks after my recovery that, one day, walking alone upon the banks of the river, I saw a vessel arrive, which some mercantile speculation had directed to New Orleans. I stood by whilst the passengers landed. Judge my surprise on recognizing Tiberge amongst those who proceeded towards the town. This ever-faithful friend knew me at a distance, in spite of the ravages which care and sorrow had worked upon my countenance. He told me that the sole object of his voyage had been to see me once more, and to induce me to return with him to France; that on receipt of the last letter which I had written to him from Havre, he started for that place, and was himself the bearer of the succor which I solicited; that he had been sensibly affected on learning my departure, and that he would have instantly followed me, if there had been a vessel bound for the same destination; that he had been for several months endeavoring to hear of one in the various seaport towns, and that, having at length found one at St. Malo which was weighing anchor for Martinique, he embarked, in the expectation of easily passing from thence to New Orleans; that the St. Malo vessel having been captured by Spanish pirates and taken to one of their islands, he had contrived to escape; and that, in short, after many adventures, he had got on board the vessel which had just arrived, and at length happily attained his object.

I was totally unable adequately to express my feelings of gratitude to this generous and unshaken friend. I conducted him to my house, and placed all I possessed at his service. I related to him every circumstance that had occurred to me since I left France; and in order to gladden him with tidings which I knew he did not expect, I assured him that the seeds of virtue which he had in former days implanted in my heart were now about to produce fruit of which even he should be proud. He declared to me that this gladdening announcement more than repaid him for all the fatigue and trouble he had endured.

We passed two months together at New Orleans, whilst awaiting the departure of a vessel direct to France; and having at length sailed, we landed only a fortnight since at Havre de

Grace. On my arrival I wrote to my family. By a letter from my elder brother, I there learned my father's death, which, I dread to think, the disorders of my youth might have hastened. The wind being favorable for Calais, I embarked for this port, and am now going to the house of one of my relations who lives a few miles off, where my brother said that he should anxiously await my arrival.

THE PASSIONS.

An Ode for Music.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.

[William Collins, English poet, was born in Chichester in 1721, graduated B.A. at Oxford, and about 1745 went to London to follow literature as a profession. On account of the failure of his "Odes" (1746) to attract attention, he became indolent and dissipated. By the death of an uncle in 1749 he inherited £2000, but his health and spirits were broken, and after lingering for some time in a state of imbecility, he died at Chichester, June 12, 1759. A monument by Flaxman was erected to his memory by public subscription, and his biography was written by Johnson, who speaks of him with great tenderness, and adds that "his great fault was irresolution." His odes now hold a place among the finest of English lyrical poems.]

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.



"O Music! . . .
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!"

From a painting by E. Hébert

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale
She called on Echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair; —

And longer had she sung: — but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed:
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:

And dashing soft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest:
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?

Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—
O bid our vain endeavors cease:
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON.

[Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was born in London, September 22, 1694. After leaving Cambridge University he made a European tour and on his return sat in Parliament until 1726, when he inherited the earldom and passed into the House of Lords. A favorite of George II., he became a privy councilor, ambassador to Holland, lord steward of the household, and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He was one of Sir Robert Walpole's bitterest antagonists, distinguishing himself by his writings in the *Craftsman* as well as by his powerful eloquence in the House. He was also noted for his brilliancy of wit, grace of manners, and elegance of conversation, and lived in intimacy with Pope, Swift, and other celebrated contemporaries. He retired from public service on account of failing health, and died March 24, 1773. As an author his reputation rests upon the well-known "Letters to his Son."]

True Good Company Defined.

October 12, o. s. 1748.

To keep good company, especially at your first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions. If you ask me what I mean by good company, I will confess to you that it is pretty difficult to define; but I will endeavor to make you understand it as well as I can.

Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people

of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company that many people without birth, rank, or merit intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company, there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company consisting wholly of people of the first quality cannot for that reason be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are into the bargain the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill bred, and as worthless as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words "good company"; they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *literati* by profession, which is not the way either to shine or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men, who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it; but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid

of a live wit in company as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is however worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company which of all others you should most carefully avoid is that low company which in every sense of the word is low indeed,— low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will perhaps be surprised that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company, but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary from the many instances which I have seen of men of sense and rank discredited, vilified, and undone by keeping such company. Vanity, that source of many of our follies and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep; people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary, for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company. Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to and imitate it. But then he too often and fatally mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of "genteel and fashionable vices." He there sees some people who shine and who in general are admired and esteemed, and observes that these people are . . . drunkards or gamesters, upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashion and their luster to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have

acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good breeding, and other accomplishments, and are only blemished and lowered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices. . . .

Conduct in Good Company. — On Mimicry.

Bath, *Oct.* 19, o. s. 1748.

Dear Boy, —Having in my last pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for your conduct in it,— rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down and communicate to you with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing master and to your own attention to the best models; remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company,— this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbor) to whisper, or at least in a half voice to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill bred, and in some degree a fraud,— conversation stock being a joint and common property. But on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, and at least seeming attention, if he is worth obliging,— for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing,

as nothing would hurt him more than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations,— which though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose for a time the contending parties toward each other; and if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavor to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation hubbub once by representing to them that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat out of company what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some abruptly speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretense or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully as they imagine, and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. "They acknowledge it may indeed seem odd that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done, — no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused! But in these cases justice is surely due to one's self as well as to others, and when our character is attacked, we may say in our own justification what otherwise we never would have said." This thin veil of modesty drawn before vanity is much too transparent to conceal it even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slyly still (as they think) to work, but in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the cardinal virtues by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune in

being made up of those weaknesses. "They cannot see people suffer without sympathizing with and endeavoring to help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them, though truly their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short they know that with all these weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it; but they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can." This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost, for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the by, that you will often meet with characters in Nature so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high coloring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good postboy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting; out of charity, I will believe him a liar, for if I do not I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagances which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose; and as Waller says, upon another subject, —

> Make the wretch the most despised
> Where most he wishes to be prized.

The only sure way of avoiding these evils is never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects or add luster to your perfections; but on the contrary it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither

envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious,— which is not only a very unamiable character but a very suspicious one too. If you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti;* that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior with a prudent interior; to be upon your own guard, and yet by a seeming natual openness to put people off theirs. Depend upon it, nine in ten of every company you are in will avail themselves of every indiscreet and unguarded expression of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reserve is, therefore, as necessary as a seeming openness is prudent. Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt. Besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear, but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; defamation of others may for the present gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimicry, which is the common and favorite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practice it yourself nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted, and as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I need not, I believe, advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with,— for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a minister of state, a bishop,

a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue, which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance; for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

One word only as to swearing, and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and as illiberal as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.

But to conclude this long letter: all the above-mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect if unaccompanied by the Graces. Whatever you say, if you say it with a supercilious, cynical face, or an embarrassed countenance, or a silly, disconcerted grin, will be ill received. If, into the bargain, *you mutter it, or utter it indistinctly and ungracefully*, it will be still worse received. If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit, but you will never please; and without pleasing, you will rise but heavily. Venus among the ancients was synonymous with the Graces, who were always supposed to accompany her; and Horace tells us that even youth, and Mercury, the God of arts and eloquence, would not do without her, —

Parum comis sine te Juventas Mercuriusque.

They are not inexorable ladies, and may be had, if properly and diligently pursued. Adieu.

Further Rules for Conduct in Good Company.

Bath, *Oct.* 29, o. s. 1748.

Dear Boy,— My anxiety for your success increases in proportion as the time approaches of your taking your part upon

the great stage of the world. . . . I have long since done mentioning your great religious and moral duties, because I could not make your understanding so bad a compliment as to suppose that you wanted or could receive any new instructions upon these two important points. Mr. Harte, I am sure, has not neglected them; besides, they are so obvious to common sense and reason that commentators may (as they often do) perplex, but cannot make them clearer. My province, therefore, is to supply by my experience your hitherto inevitable inexperience in the ways of the world. People at your age are in a state of natural ebriety, and want rails and *gardefous* wherever they go, to hinder them from breaking their necks. This drunkenness of youth is not only tolerated, but even pleases, if kept within certain bounds of discretion and decency. These bounds are the point which it is difficult for the drunken man himself to find out, and there it is that the experience of a friend may not only serve but save him.

Carry with you, and welcome, into company all the gayety and spirits, but as little of the giddiness, of youth as you can. The former will charm; but the latter will often, though innocently, implacably offend. Inform yourself of the characters and situations of the company before you give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say. There are in all companies more wrong heads than right ones, and many more who deserve than who like censure. Should you therefore expatiate in the praise of some virtue which some in company notoriously want, or declaim against any vice which others are notoriously infected with, your reflections, however general and unapplied, will by being applicable be thought personal, and leveled at those people. This consideration points out to you sufficiently not to be suspicious and captious yourself, nor to suppose that things, because they may be, are therefore meant at you. The manners of well-bred people secure one from those indirect and mean attacks; but if by chance a flippant woman, or a pert coxcomb, lets off anything of that kind, it is much better not to seem to understand than to reply to it.

Cautiously avoid talking of either your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them but tedious; theirs are nothing to you. The subject is a tender one, and it is odds but that you touch somebody or other's sore place; for in this case there is no trusting to specious appearances, which may be, and often are, so contrary to the real situations of things

between men and their wives, parents and their children, seeming friends, etc., that with the best intentions in the world one often blunders disagreeably.

Remember that the wit, humor, and jokes of most mixed companies are local. They thrive in that particular soil, but will not often bear transplanting. Every company is differently circumstanced, has its particular cant and jargon, which may give occasion to wit and mirth within that circle, but would seem flat and insipid in any other, and therefore will not bear repeating. Nothing makes a man look sillier than a pleasantry not relished or not understood; and if he meets with a profound silence when he expected a general applause, or, what is worse, if he is desired to explain the *bon mot*, his awkward and embarrassed situation is easier imagined than described. *A propos* of repeating, take great care never to repeat (I do not mean here the pleasantries) in one company what you hear in another. Things seemingly indifferent may by circulation have much graver consequences than you would imagine. Besides there is a general tacit trust in conversation by which a man is obliged not to report anything out of it, though he is not immediately enjoined secrecy. A retailer of this kind is sure to draw himself into a thousand scrapes and discussions, and to be shyly and uncomfortably received wherever he goes.

You will find in most good company some people who only keep their place there by a contemptible title enough; these are what we call "very good-natured fellows," and the French, *bons diables*. The truth is, they are people without any parts or fancy, and who, having no will of their own, readily assent to, concur in, and applaud whatever is said or done in the company; and adopt with the same alacrity the most virtuous or the most criminal, the wisest or the silliest, scheme that happens to be entertained by the majority of the company. This foolish and often criminal complaisance flows from a foolish cause,— the want of any other merit. I hope that you will hold your place in company by a nobler tenure, and that you will hold it (you can bear a quibble), I believe, yet *in capite*. Have a will and an opinion of your own, and adhere to them steadily; but then do it with good humor, good breeding, and (if you have it) with urbanity; for you have not yet beard enough either to preach or censure.

All other kinds of complaisance are not only blameless but necessary in good company. Not to seem to perceive the little

weaknesses and the idle but innocent affectations of the company, but even to flatter them in a certain manner is not only very allowable, but in truth a sort of polite duty. They will be pleased with you if you do, and will certainly not be reformed by you if you do not. For instance; you will find in every *groupe* of company two principal figures,— namely, the fine lady and the fine gentleman, who absolutely give the law of wit, language, fashion, and taste to the rest of that society. There is always a strict and often for the time being a tender alliance between these two figures. The lady looks upon her empire as founded upon the divine right of beauty (and full as good a divine right it is as any king, emperor, or pope can pretend to); she requires, and commonly meets with, unlimited passive obedience. And why should she not meet with it? Her demands go no higher than to have her unquestioned pre-eminence in beauty, wit, and fashion firmly established. Few sovereigns (by the way) are so reasonable. The fine gentleman's claims of right are, *mutatis mutandis*, the same; and though indeed he is not always a wit *de jure*, yet as he is the wit *de facto* of that company, he is entitled to a share of your allegiance; and everybody expects at least as much as they are entitled to, if not something more. Prudence bids you make your court to these joint sovereigns, and no duty that I know of forbids it. Rebellion here is exceedingly dangerous, and inevitably punished by banishment and immediate forfeiture of all your wit, manners, taste, and fashion; as, on the other hand, a cheerful submission, not without some flattery, is sure to procure you a strong recommendation and most effectual pass throughout all their and probably the neighboring dominions. With a moderate share of sagacity, you will, before you have been half an hour in their company, easily discover those two principal figures, both by the deference which you will observe the whole company pay them, and by that easy, careless, and serene air which their consciousness of power gives them. As in this case so in all others, aim always at the highest; get always into the highest company, and address yourself particularly to the highest in it. The search after the unattainable philosopher's stone has occasioned a thousand useful discoveries which otherwise would never have been made.

What the French justly call *les manières nobles* are only to be acquired in the very best companies. They are the distinguishing characteristics of men of fashion; people of low edu-

cation never wear them so close but that some part or other of the original vulgarism appears. *Les manières nobles* equally forbid insolent contempt or low envy and jealousy. Low people in good circumstances, fine clothes, and equipages will insolently show contempt for all those who cannot afford as fine clothes, as good an equipage, and who have not (as their term is) as much money in their pockets; on the other hand, they are gnawed with envy, and cannot help discovering it, of those who surpass them in any of these articles, which are far from being sure criterions of merit. They are likewise jealous of being slighted, and consequently suspicious and captious; they are eager and hot about trifles because trifles were at first their affairs of consequence. *Les manières nobles* imply exactly the reverse of all this. Study them early; you cannot make them too habitual and familiar to you.

The Importance of Dress.

London, *Dec.* 30, o. s. 1748.

Dear Boy,—I direct this letter to Berlin, where I suppose it will either find you or at least wait but a very little time for you. I cannot help being anxious for your success at this your first appearance upon the great stage of the world; for though the spectators are always candid enough to give great allowances and to show great indulgence to a new actor, yet from the first impressions which he makes upon them they are apt to decide, in their own minds at least, whether he will ever be a good one or not. If he seems to understand what he says, by speaking it properly; if he is attentive to his part, instead of staring negligently about; and if, upon the whole, he seems ambitious to please, they willingly pass over little awkwardnesses and inaccuracies, which they ascribe to a commendable modesty in a young and inexperienced actor. They pronounce that he will be a good one in time; and by the encouragement which they give him, make him so the sooner. This I hope will be your case. You have sense enough to understand your part; a constant attention and ambition to excel in it, with a careful observation of the best actors, will inevitably qualify you, if not for the first, at least for considerable parts.

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for I confess I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and char-



SPRING

From a painting by E. Semenowski

acter from his dress, and I believe most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here display some character or other by their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defense, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage coachmen, and country bumpkins so well in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake, but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty. Dress yourself fine where others are fine, and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day think no more of it afterwards; and without any stiffness or fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world. . . .

THE SEASONS.

By JAMES THOMSON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 3806.]

Spring.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,

And swells, and deepens, to the cherished Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy Forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the Deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the Birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colors of the flushing Year,
By Nature's swift and secret working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised Fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the Town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where Freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbrier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured Eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brushed from Russian Wilds, a cutting Gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy Mildew; or, dry blowing, breathe
Untimely Frost; before whose baleful Blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engendered by the hazy North,
Myriads on myriads, Insect armies waft
Keen in the poisoned breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blackened Core,
Their eager way. A feeble Race, yet oft
The sacred Sons of Vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.
To check this Plague, the skillful Farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent Foe
From every cranny suffocated falls;
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe;
Or, when the envenomed leaf begins to curl,

With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, Swains; these cruel seeming Winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repressed,
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened Year.
The Northeast spends his rage; and now, shut up
Within his iron caves, the effusive South
Warms the wide Air, and o'er the void of Heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining Ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling Vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a Breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of Aspin tall. The uncurling Floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seen through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis Silence all,
And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy People streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even Mountains, Vales,
And Forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad Creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The Clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,

Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distills,
Beholds the kindling Country color round.

Thus all day long the full-distended Clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered Earth
Is deep enriched with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
Full swell the Woods; their every Music wakes,
Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling Brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow lows responsive from the Vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweetened Zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal Bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the Red
To where the Violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving Clouds
Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery Prism;
And to the sage-instructed Eye unfold
The various Twine of Light, by thee disclosed
From the white mingling maze. Not so the Swain;
He, wondering, views the bright Enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amazed,
Beholds the amusive Arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated Earth
Awaits the Morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power



SUMMER

From a painting by E. Semenowski

Of Botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely Dale,
In silent search; or through the Forest, rank
With what the dull incurious Weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain Rock,
Fired by the nodding Verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mixed them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

Summer.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic Youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy Maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping Age is here; and Infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the Sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy Labor, Love, and social Glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
Compelled, to where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
Ere the soft fearful People to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the Swain,
On some, impatient, seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labor to the farther shore.

Repeated this, till deep the well-washed Fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt,
The Trout is banished by the sordid stream.
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless Race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered Flocks
Are in the wattled pen, innumerous, pressed,
Head above head: and, ranged in lusty rows,
The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd king;
While the glad Circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending Steams
And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the Mower, sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed:
And scarce a chirping Grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very Streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

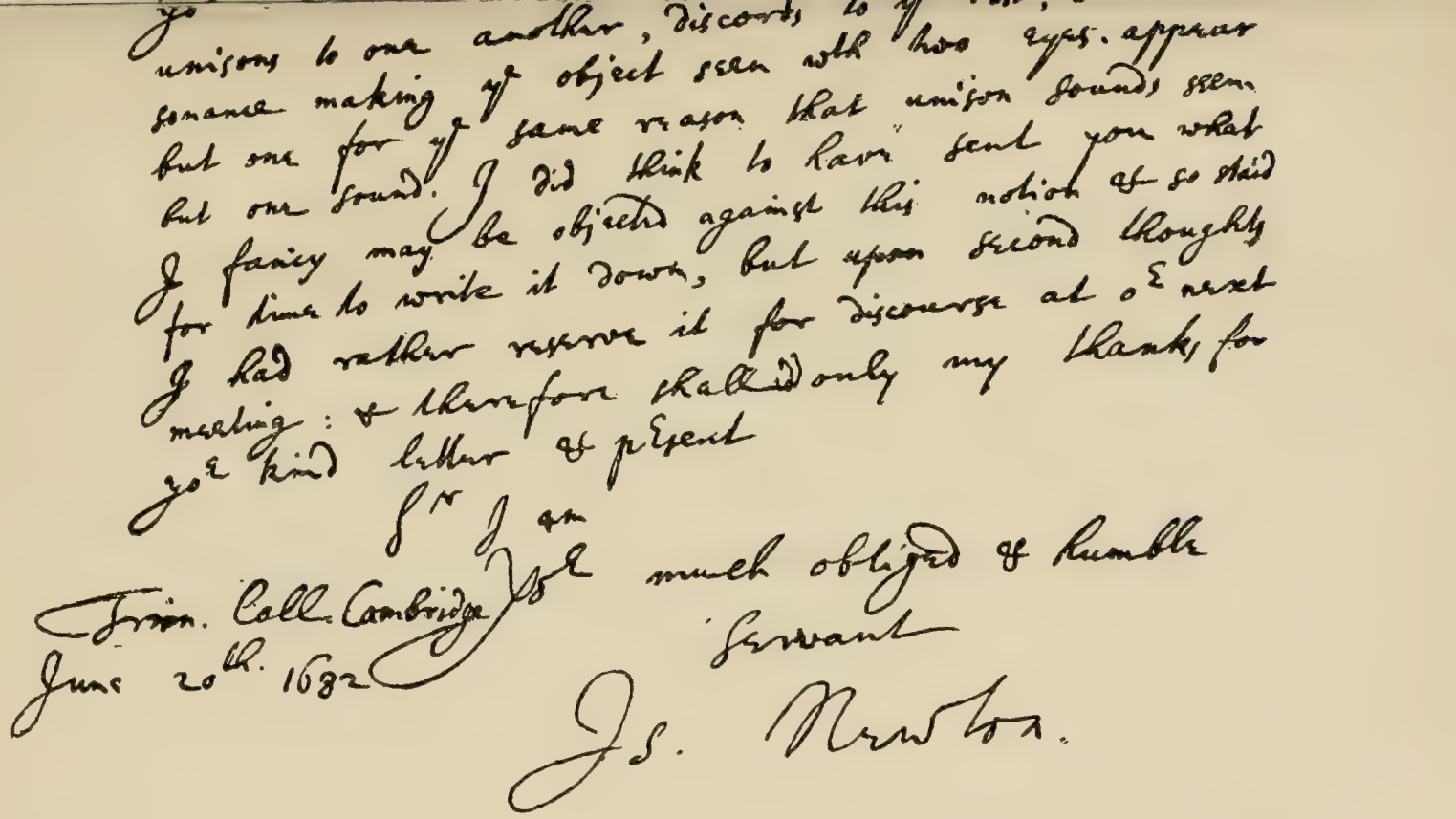
All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,

Sir Isaac Newton.

Letter to William Briggs, M.D., commending his "New Theory of Vision," but dissenting from some of his conclusions; written at Trinity College, Cambridge, 20 June, 1682. The "New Theory of Vision" was published in Robert Hooke's "Philosophical Collections."

Sr

I have perused yor very ingenious Theory of Vision in wch (to be free wth you as a friend should be) there seems to be some things more solid & satisfactory, other more disputable but yet plausibly suggested & well deserving ye consideration of ye ingenious. The more satisfactory I take to be your asserting ye use wth both eyes at once, yor speculation about ye use of ye nuscelus obliquus inferior, yor assigning every fibre in ye optick nerve of one eye to have its correspondent in ye of ye other; both wch make all things appear to both eyes in one & ye same place & yor solving hereby ye duplicity of ye object in distorted eyes & confuting ye childish opinion about ye splitting ye optick cone. The more disputable seems



SIR ISAAC NEWTON, 1682

Brit. Mus. Add. Ms. 4237, f. 32

And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.
Thrice happy he, who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic fountain, forest-crowned,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted Hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The Heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded Eye
And Ear resume their watch; the Sinews knit;
And Life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near Fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious Flood
Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured Wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,

Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful Race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disordered droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The Stock dove only through the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murdered Mate,
Struck from his side by savage Fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder Song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air:
There on that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the Bee
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep lulled in noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the Torrid Zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compared,
Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.

Autumn.

Ye Swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye Virgins, come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise: the clustering nuts for you
The Lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigor crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda, formed with every grace complete;



AUTUMN

From a painting by E. Semenowski

Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,
The breath of Orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;
Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing composition mixed.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing Cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral Song.
And, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought.
Presents the downy Peach; the shining Plum,
With a fine bluish mist of animals
Clouded; the ruddy Nectarine; and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious Fig.
The Vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The Vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,

Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes,
White o'er the turgent film, the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touched into flavor by the mingling ray,
The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing Swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:
The Claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, checked
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the Woods: the dim-seen River seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppressed, the Sun
Sheds, weak and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wildered, o'er the waste
The Shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urged
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving Mists, that constant now begin

To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain cisterns fill — those ample stores,
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some Sages say, that, where the numerous wave
Forever lashes the resounding shore,
Drilled through the sandy stratum, every way,
The Waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles, infinitely strained,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless Fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the Waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if by blind Ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
The attractive sand that charmed their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean too, sucked through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.
Say then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie concealed
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to man
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O lay the mountains bare, and wide display
Their hidden structure to the astonished view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;

The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretched
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds;
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a stream.
O from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia rolled
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the stony girdle of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapped in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods —
O sweep the eternal snows; hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread; unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon;
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth.
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretched to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose;
I see the Rivers in their infant beds;
Deep, deep I hear them, laboring to get free.
I see the leaning Strata, artful ranged;
The gaping Fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.
Strewed bibulous above I see the Sands,
The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then
Of mingled molds, of more retentive earths,
The guttered Rocks and mazy-running Clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky Siphons stretched immense,
The mighty Reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious formed:
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirred sands a bubbling passage burst;
And welling out, around the middle steep,



WINTER

From a painting by E. Semenowski

Or from the bottoms of the bosomed hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
The exhaling Sun, the vapor-burdened air,
The gelid mountains, that, to rain condensed,
These vapors in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous Rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and, firm, support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

Winter.

To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous Winter days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, the ethereal Niter flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining Atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year;
A stronger Glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow, their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the Shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret all-invading Power,
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,
Steamed eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool

Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened Ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen Earth, and, hard, reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly thief;
The Heifer lows; the distant Waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty Tread
Of traveler, the hollow-sounding Plain
Shakes from afar. The full Ethereal Round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of Starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid Influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent Night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent Icicle; the Frostwork fair,
Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise;
Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen Brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The Forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refined, the whiter Snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain Top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
 On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful Swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptured Boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,

On sounding Skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's Dames,
Or Russia's buxom Daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome Day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the Vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the clustered Snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the Season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.
But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign. . . .
Muttering, the Winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow blustering from the south. Subdued,
The Frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the Mountains shine; loose Sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The Rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen Seas,
That washed the ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark! the lengthening Roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,

And piles a thousand Mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the Bark with trembling wretches charged,
That, tossed amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine; while, through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famished Monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with Pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! — dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the conquered Year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictured Life: pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale, concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those Dreams of greatness? those unsolid Hopes
Of happiness? those longings after Fame?
Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?
Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering Thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy Life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives, —
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to Happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
Forever free. The great Eternal Scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole



DAVID HUME

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye, refined, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause
Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge: why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good, distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view — which only saw
A little part — deemed evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

THE SKEPTIC.

By DAVID HUME.

[David Hume, Scotch philosopher and historian, was born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. At first a merchant's clerk, he went to France to write in seclusion his "Treatise of Human Nature," which fell flat, but is now a classic. He published "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," in 1742 and 1752; in the latter year also his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," from 1754 to 1761 "The History of England," and in the mean time the "Natural History of Religion." In 1763–1766 he was in France; 1767–1769 an under-secretary of state. He died August 25, 1776.]

I have long entertained a suspicion, with regard to the decisions of philosophers upon all subjects, and found in myself a greater inclination to dispute than assent to their conclusions. There is one mistake, to which they seem liable, almost without exception; they confine too much their principles, and make no account of that vast variety which nature has so much affected in all her operations. When a philosopher has once laid hold of a favorite principle, which perhaps accounts for many natural

effects, he extends the same principle over the whole creation, and reduces to it every phenomenon, though by the most violent and absurd reasoning. Our own mind being narrow and contracted, we cannot extend our conception to the variety and extent of nature ; but imagine that she is as much bounded in her operations, as we are in our speculation.

But if ever this infirmity of philosophers is to be suspected on any occasion, it is in their reasonings concerning human life, and the methods of attaining happiness. In that case, they are led astray, not only by the narrowness of their understandings, but by that also of their passions. Almost every one has a predominant inclination, to which his other desires and affections submit, and which governs him, though, perhaps, with some intervals, through the whole course of his life. It is difficult for him to apprehend that anything which appears totally indifferent to him can ever give enjoyment to any person, or can possess charms, which altogether escape his observation. His own pursuits are always, in his account, the most engaging: the objects of his passion, the most valuable : and the road, which he pursues the only one that leads to happiness.

But would these prejudiced reasoners reflect a moment, there are many obvious instances and arguments, sufficient to undeceive them, and make them enlarge their maxims and principles. Do they not see the vast variety of inclinations and pursuits among our species ; where each man seems fully satisfied with his own course of life, and would esteem it the greatest unhappiness to be confined to that of his neighbor? Do they not feel in themselves that what pleases at one time, displeases at another, by the change of inclination ; and that it is not in their power, by their utmost efforts, to recall that taste or appetite which formerly bestowed charms on what now appears indifferent or disagreeable? What is the meaning therefore of those general preferences of the town or country life, of a life of action or one of pleasure, of retirement or society ; when, besides the different inclinations of different men, every one's experience may convince him that each of these kinds of life is agreeable in its turn, and that their variety or their judicious mixture chiefly contributes to the rendering all of them agreeable ?

But shall this business be allowed to go altogether at adventures? And must a man consult only his humor and inclination, in order to determine his course of life, without employing his reason to inform him what road is preferable, and leads most

surely to happiness? Is there no difference, then, between one man's conduct and another?

I answer, there is a great difference. One man, following his inclination, in choosing his course of life, may employ much surer means for succeeding than another, who is led by inclination into the same course of life, and pursues the same object. *Are riches the chief object of your desires?* Acquire skill in your profession; be diligent in the exercise of it; enlarge the circle of your friends and acquaintance; avoid pleasure and expense; and never be generous, but with a view of gaining more than you could save by frugality. *Would you acquire the public esteem?* Guard equally against the extremes of arrogance and fawning. Let it appear that you set a value upon yourself, but without despising others. If you fall into either of the extremes, you either provoke men's pride by your insolence, or teach them to despise you by your timorous submission, and by the mean opinion which you seem to entertain of yourself.

These, you say, are the maxims of common prudence and discretion; what every parent inculcates on his child, and what every man of sense pursues in the course of life which he has chosen. — What is it then you desire more? Do you come to a philosopher as to a *cunning man*, to learn something by magic or witchcraft, beyond what can be known by common prudence and discretion? —Yes; we come to a philosopher to be instructed, how we shall choose our ends, more than the means for attaining these ends: we want to know what desire we shall gratify, what passion we shall comply with, what appetite we shall indulge. As to the rest, we trust to common sense, and the general maxims of the world, for our instruction.

I am sorry, then, I have pretended to be a philosopher: for I find your questions very perplexing; and am in danger, if my answer be too rigid and severe, of passing for a pedant and scholastic; if it be too easy and free, of being taken for a preacher of vice and immorality. However, to satisfy you, I shall deliver my opinion upon the matter, and shall only desire you to esteem it of as little consequence as I do myself. By that means you will neither think it worthy of your ridicule nor your anger.

If we can depend upon any principle, which we learn from philosophy, this, I think, may be considered as certain and undoubted, that there is nothing, in itself, valuable or despicable, desirable or hateful, beautiful or deformed; but that these

attributes arise from the particular constitution and fabric of human sentiment and affection. What seems the most delicious food to one animal, appears loathsome to another : what affects the feeling of one with delight, produces uneasiness in another. This is confessedly the case with regard to all the bodily senses : but, if we examine the matter more accurately, we shall find that the same observation holds even where the mind concurs with the body, and mingles its sentiment with the exterior appetite.

Desire this passionate lover to give you a character of his mistress : he will tell you that he is at a loss for words to describe her charms, and will ask you very seriously, if ever you were acquainted with a goddess or an angel? If you answer that you never were : he will then say that it is impossible for you to form a conception of such divine beauties as those which his charmer possesses ; so complete a shape ; such well-proportioned features ; so engaging an air ; such sweetness of disposition ; such gayety of humor. You can infer nothing, however, from all this discourse, but that the poor man is in love ; and that the general appetite between the sexes, which nature has infused into all animals, is in him determined to a particular object by some qualities which give him pleasure. The same divine creature, not only to a different animal, but also to a different man, appears a mere mortal being, and is beheld with the utmost indifference.

Nature has given all animals a like prejudice in favor of their offspring. As soon as the helpless infant sees the light, though in every other eye it appears a despicable and a miserable creature, it is regarded by its fond parent with the utmost affection, and is preferred to every other object, however perfect and accomplished. The passion alone, arising from the original structure and formation of human nature, bestows a value on the most insignificant object.

We may push the same observation further, and may conclude that, even when the mind operates alone, and feeling the sentiment of blame or approbation, pronounces one object deformed and odious, another beautiful and amiable ; I say that, even in this case, those qualities are not really in the objects, but belong entirely to the sentiment of that mind which blames or praises. I grant, that it will be more difficult to make this proposition evident, and, as it were, palpable, to negligent thinkers ; because nature is more uniform in the sentiments

of the mind than in most feelings of the body, and produces a nearer resemblance in the inward than in the outward part of human kind. There is something approaching to principles in mental taste; and critics can reason and dispute more plausibly than cooks or perfumers. We may observe, however, that this uniformity among human kind hinders not, but that there is a considerable diversity in the sentiments of beauty and worth, and that education, custom, prejudice, caprice, and humor frequently vary our taste of this kind. You will never convince a man, who is not accustomed to Italian music, and has not an ear to follow its intricacies, that a Scots tune is not preferable. You have not even any single argument, beyond your own taste, which you can employ in your behalf: and to your antagonist his particular taste will always appear a more convincing argument to the contrary. If you be wise, each of you will allow that the other may be in the right; and having many other instances of this diversity of taste, you will both confess that beauty and worth are merely of a relative nature, and consist in an agreeable sentiment, produced by an object in a particular mind, according to the peculiar structure and constitution of that mind.

By this diversity of sentiment, observable in human kind, nature has, perhaps, intended to make us sensible of her authority, and let us see what surprising changes she could produce on the passions and desires of mankind, merely by the change of their inward fabric, without any alteration on the objects. The vulgar may even be convinced by this argument. But men, accustomed to thinking, may draw a more convincing, at least a more general argument, from the very nature of the subject.

In the operation of reasoning, the mind does nothing but run over its objects, as they are supposed to stand in reality, without adding anything to them, or diminishing anything from them. If I examine the Ptolomaic and Copernican systems, I endeavor only, by my inquiries, to know the real situation of the planets; that is, in other words, I endeavor to give them, in my conception, the same relations that they bear towards each other in the heavens. To this operation of the mind, therefore, there seems to be always a real, through often an unknown standard, in the nature of things; nor is truth or falsehood variable by the various apprehensions of mankind. Though all human race should forever conclude that the sun moves, and the earth remains at rest, the sun stirs not an inch

from his place for all these reasonings; and such conclusions are eternally false and erroneous.

But the case is not the same with the qualities of *beautiful and deformed, desirable and odious*, as with truth and falsehood. In the former case, the mind is not content with merely surveying its objects, as they stand in themselves: it also feels a sentiment of delight or uneasiness, approbation or blame, consequent to that survey; and this sentiment determines it to affix the epithet *beautiful or deformed, desirable or odious.* Now, it is evident, that this sentiment must depend upon the particular fabric or structure of the mind, which enables such particular forms to operate in such a particular manner, and produces a sympathy or conformity between the mind and its objects. Vary the structure of the mind or inward organs, the sentiment no longer follows, though the form remains the same. The sentiment being different from the object, and arising from its operation upon the organs of the mind, an alteration upon the latter must vary the effect, nor can the same object, presented to a mind totally different, produce the same sentiment.

This conclusion every one is apt to draw of himself, without much philosophy, where the sentiment is evidently distinguishable from the object. Who is not sensible, that power, and glory, and vengeance, are not desirable of themselves, but derive all their value from the structure of human passions, which begets a desire towards such particular pursuits? But with regard to beauty, either natural or moral, the case is commonly supposed to be different. The agreeable quality is thought to lie in the object, not in the sentiment; and that merely because the sentiment is not so turbulent and violent as to distinguish itself, in an evident manner, from the perception of the object.

But a little reflection suffices to distinguish them. A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolomaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, *whose* parts are all equally distant from a common center. It is only the effect which that figure produces upon a mind whose particular fabric or structure renders

it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas' voyage by the map, might perfectly understand the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author; and, consequently, might have a distinct idea of the whole narration. He would even have a more distinct idea of it than they could attain who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, everything in the poem: but he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but in the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel.

The inference upon the whole is, that it is not from the value or worth of the object which any person pursues, that we can determine his enjoyment, but merely from the passion with which he pursues it, and the success which he meets with in his pursuit. Objects have absolutely no worth or value in themselves. They derive their worth merely from the passion. If that be strong, and steady, and successful, the person is happy. It cannot reasonably be doubted but a little miss, dressed in a new gown for a dancing-school ball, receives as complete enjoyment as the greatest orator, who triumphs in the splendor of his eloquence, while he governs the passions and resolutions of a numerous assembly.

All the difference, therefore, between one man and another, with regard to life, consists either in the *passion*, or in the *enjoyment:* and these differences are sufficient to produce the wide extremes of happiness and misery.

To be happy, the *passion* must neither be too violent, nor too remiss. In the first case, the mind is in a perpetual hurry and tumult; in the second, it sinks into a disagreeable indolence and lethargy.

To be happy, the passion must be benign and social; not rough or fierce. The affections of the latter kind are not near so agreeable to the feeling as those of the former. Who will compare rancor and animosity, envy and revenge, to friendship, benignity, clemency, and gratitude?

To be happy, the passion must be cheerful and gay, not

gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches: one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Some passions or inclinations, in the *enjoyment* of their object, are not so steady or constant as others, nor convey such durable pleasure and satisfaction. *Philosophical devotion*, for instance, like the enthusiasm of a poet, is the transitory effect of high spirits, great leisure, a fine genius, and a habit of study and contemplation: but notwithstanding all these circumstances, an abstract, invisible object, like that which *natural* religion alone presents to us, cannot long actuate the mind, or be of any moment in life. To render the passion of continuance, we must find some method of affecting the senses and imagination, and must embrace some *historical* as well as *philosophical* account of the divinity. Popular superstitions and observances are even found to be of use in this particular.

Though the tempers of men be very different, yet we may safely pronounce in general, that a life of pleasure cannot support itself so long as one of business, but is much more subject to satiety and disgust. The amusements which are the most durable have all a mixture of application and attention in them; such as gaming and hunting. And in general, business and action fill up all the great vacancies in human life.

But where the temper is the best disposed for any *enjoyment*, the object is often wanting: and in this respect, the passions, which pursue external objects, contribute not so much to happiness as those which rest in ourselves; since we are neither so certain of attaining such objects, nor so secure in possessing them. A passion for learning is preferable, with regard to happiness, to one for riches.

Some men are possessed of great strength of mind; and even when they pursue *external* objects are not much affected by a disappointment, but renew their application and industry with the greatest cheerfulness. Nothing contributes more to happiness than such a turn of mind.

According to this short and imperfect sketch of human life, the happiest disposition of mind is the *virtuous;* or, in other words, that which leads to action and employment renders us sensible to the social passions, steels the heart against the assaults of fortune, reduces the affections to a just moderation, makes our own thoughts an entertainment to us, and inclines us rather to the pleasures of society and conversation than to those of the senses. This, in the mean time, must be obvious

to the most careless reasoner, that all dispositions of mind are not alike favorable to happiness, and that one passion or humor may be extremely desirable, while another is equally disagreeable. And, indeed, all the difference between the conditions of life depends upon the mind; nor is there any one situation of affairs, in itself, preferable to another. Good and ill, both natural and moral, are entirely relative to human sentiment and affection. No man would ever be unhappy, could he alter his feelings. Proteus-like, he would elude all attacks, by the continual alterations of his shape and form.

But of this resource nature has, in a great measure, deprived us. The fabric and constitution of our mind no more depends on our choice than that of our body. The generality of men have not even the smallest notion that any alteration in this respect can ever be desirable. As a stream necessarily follows the several inclinations of the ground on which it runs; so are the ignorant and thoughtless part of mankind actuated by their natural propensities. Such are effectually excluded from all pretensions to philosophy, and the *medicine of the mind*, so much boasted. But even upon the wise and thoughtful, nature has a prodigious influence; nor is it always in a man's power, by the utmost art and industry, to correct his temper, and attain that virtuous character to which he aspires. The empire of philosophy extends over a few; and with regard to these two, her authority is very weak and limited. Men may well be sensible of the value of virtue, and may desire to attain it; but it is not always certain that they will be successful in their wishes.

Whoever considers, without prejudice, the course of human actions will find that mankind are almost entirely guided by constitution and temper, and that general maxims have little influence, but so far as they affect our taste or sentiment. If a man have a lively sense of honor and virtue, with moderate passions, his conduct will always be conformable to the rules of morality; or if he depart from them, his return will be easy and expeditious. On the other hand, where one is born of so perverse a frame of mind, of so callous and insensible a disposition, as to have no relish for virtue and humanity, no sympathy with his fellow-creatures, no desire of esteem and applause; such a one must be allowed entirely incurable, nor is there any remedy in philosophy. He reaps no satisfaction but from low and sensual objects, or from the indulgence of malignant passions: he feels no remorse to control his vicious inclinations: he has not even

that sense or taste which is requisite to make him desire a better character. For my part, I know not how I should address myself to such a one, or by what arguments I should endeavor to reform him. Should I tell him of the inward satisfaction which results from laudable and humane actions, the delicate pleasure of disinterested love and friendship, the lasting enjoyments of a good name and an established character, he might still reply that these were, perhaps, pleasures to such as were susceptible of them; but that, for his part, he finds himself of a quite different turn and disposition. I must repeat it; my philosophy affords no remedy in such a case, nor could I do anything but lament this person's unhappy condition. But then I ask, If any other philosophy can afford a remedy; or if it be possible, by any system, to render all mankind virtuous, however perverse may be their natural frame of mind? Experience will soon convince us of the contrary; and I will venture to affirm that, perhaps, the chief benefit which results from philosophy arises in an indirect manner, and proceeds more from its secret, insensible influence than from its immediate application.

It is certain that a serious attention to the sciences and liberal arts softens and humanizes the temper, and cherishes those fine emotions in which true virtue and honor consist. It rarely, very rarely happens, that a man of taste and learning is not, at least, an honest man, whatever frailties may attend him. The bent of his mind to speculative studies must mortify in him the passions of interest and ambition, and must, at the same time, give him a greater sensibility of all the decencies and duties of life. He feels more fully a moral distinction in characters and manners; nor is his sense of this kind diminished, but, on the contrary, it is much increased, by speculation.

Besides such insensible changes upon the temper and disposition, it is highly probable that others may be produced by study and application. The prodigious effects of education may convince us that the mind is not altogether stubborn and inflexible, but will admit of many alterations from its original make and structure. Let a man propose to himself the model of a character which he approves: let him be well acquainted with those particulars in which his own character deviates from this model: let him keep a constant watch over himself, and bend his mind, by a continual effort, from the vices, towards the virtues; and I doubt not but, in time, he will find, in his temper, an alteration for the better.

Habit is another powerful means of reforming the mind, and implanting in it good dispositions and inclinations. A man who continues in a course of sobriety and temperance will hate riot and disorder: if he engage in business or study, indolence will seem a punishment to him: if he constrain himself to practice beneficence and affability, he will soon abhor all instances of pride and violence. Where one is thoroughly convinced that the virtuous course of life is preferable; if he have but resolution enough, for some time, to impose a violence on himself; his reformation needs not to be despaired of. The misfortune is, that this conviction and this resolution never can have place, unless a man be, beforehand, tolerably virtuous.

Here then is the chief triumph of art and philosophy: it insensibly refines the temper, and it points out to us those dispositions which we should endeavor to attain, by a constant *bent* of mind, and by repeated *habit*. Beyond this I cannot acknowledge it to have great influence; and I must entertain doubts concerning all those exhortations and consolations which are in such vogue among speculative reasoners.

We have already observed that no objects are, in themselves, desirable or odious, valuable or despicable; but that objects acquire these qualities from the particular character and constitution of the mind which surveys them. To diminish, therefore, or augment any person's value for an object to excite or moderate his passions, there are no direct arguments or reasons, which can be employed with any force or influence. The catching of flies, like Domitian, if it give more pleasure, is preferable to the hunting of wild beasts, like William Rufus, or conquering of kingdoms, like Alexander.

But though the value of every object can be determined only by the sentiment or passion of every individual, we may observe that the passion, in pronouncing its verdict, considers not the object simply, as it is in itself, but surveys it with all the circumstances which attend it. A man transported with joy, on account of his possessing a diamond, confines not his view to the glittering stone before him: he also considers its rarity, and hence chiefly arises his pleasure and exultation. Here therefore a philosopher may step in, and suggest particular views, and considerations, and circumstances, which otherwise would have escaped us, and by that means, he may either moderate or excite any particular passion.

It may seem unreasonable absolutely to deny the authority of philosophy in this respect: but it must be confessed that there lies this strong presumption against it, that, if these views be natural and obvious, they would have occurred of themselves, without the assistance of philosophy; if they be not natural, they never can have any influence on the affections. *These* are of a very delicate nature, and cannot be forced or constrained by the utmost art or industry. A consideration which we seek for on purpose, which we enter into with difficulty, which we cannot attain without care and attention, will never produce those genuine and durable movements of passion which are the result of nature and the constitution of the mind. A man may as well pretend to cure himself of love, by viewing his mistress through the *artificial* medium of a microscope or prospect, and beholding there the coarseness of her skin, and monstrous disproportion of her features, as hope to excite or moderate any passion by the *artificial* arguments of a Seneca or an Epictetus. The remembrance of the natural aspect and situation of the object will, in both cases, still recur upon him. The reflections of philosophy are too subtle and distant to take place in common life, or eradicate any affection. The air is too fine to breathe in, where it is above the winds and clouds of the atmosphere.

Another defect of those refined reflections which philosophy suggests to us, is, that commonly they cannot diminish or extinguish our vicious passions, without diminishing or extinguishing such as are virtuous, and rendering the mind totally indifferent and inactive. They are, for the most part, general, and are applicable to all our affections. In vain do we hope to direct their influence only to one side. If by incessant study and meditation we have rendered them intimate and present to us, they will operate throughout, and spread an universal insensibility over the mind. When we destroy the nerves, we extinguish the sense of pleasure, together with that of pain, in the human body.

It will be easy, by one glance of the eye, to find one or other of these defects in most of those philosophical reflections so much celebrated both in ancient and modern times. "Let not the injuries or violence of men," say the philosophers, "ever discompose you by anger or hatred. Would you be angry at the ape for its malice, or the tiger for its ferocity?" This reflection leads us into a bad opinion of human nature,

and must extinguish the social affections. It tends also to prevent all remorse for a man's own crimes; when he considers that vice is as natural to mankind as the particular instincts to brute creatures.

"All ills arise from the order of the universe, which is absolutely perfect. Would you wish to disturb so divine an order for the sake of your own particular interest?" What if the ills I suffer arise from malice or oppression? "But the vices and imperfections of men are also comprehended in the order of the universe: —

> "If plagues and earthquakes break not heaven's design,
> Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?"

Let this be allowed; and my own vices will also be a part of the same order.

To one who said that none were happy who were not above opinion, a Spartan replied, "Then none are happy but knaves and robbers."

"Man is born to be miserable; and is he surprised at any particular misfortune? And can he give way to sorrow and lamentation upon account of any disaster?" Yes: he very reasonably laments that he should be born to be miserable. Your consolation presents a hundred ills, for one of which you pretend to ease him.

"You should always have before your eyes death, disease, poverty, blindness, exile, calumny, and infamy, as ills which are incident to human nature. If any of these ills fall to your lot, you will bear it the better, when you have reckoned upon it." I answer, if we confine ourselves to a general and distant reflection on the ills of human life, *that* can have no effect to prepare us for them. If by close and intense meditation we render them present and intimate to us, *that* is the true secret for poisoning all our pleasures, and rendering us perpetually miserable.

"Your sorrow is fruitless, and will not change the course of destiny." Very true: and for that very reason I am sorry.

Cicero's consolation for deafness is somewhat curious. "How many languages are there," says he, "which you do not understand? The Punic, Spanish, Gallic, Egyptian, etc. With regard to all these, you are as if you were deaf, yet you are indifferent about the matter. Is it then so great a misfortune to be deaf to one language more?"

I like better the repartee of Antipater the Cyrenaic, when some women were condoling with him for his blindness: "What!" says he, "do you think there are no pleasures in the dark?"

"Nothing can be more destructive," says Fontenelle, "to ambition, and the passion for conquest, than the true system of astronomy. What a poor thing is even the whole globe in comparison of the infinite extent of Nature?" This consideration is evidently too distant ever to have any effect. Or, if it had any, would it not destroy patriotism as well as ambition? The same gallant author adds, with some reason, that the bright eyes of the ladies are the only objects which lose nothing of their luster or value from the most extensive views of astronomy, but stand proof against every system. Would philosophers advise us to limit our affections to them?

"Exile," says Plutarch to a friend in banishment, "is no evil: mathematicians tell us that the whole earth is but a point, compared to the heavens. To change one's country, then, is little more than to remove from one street to another. Man is not a plant, rooted in a certain spot of earth: all soils and all climates are like suited to him." These topics are admirable, could they fall only into the hands of banished persons. But what if they come also to the knowledge of those who are employed in public affairs, and destroy all their attachment to their native country? Or will they operate like the quack's medicine, which is equally good for a diabetes and a dropsy?

It is certain, were a superior being thrust into a human body, that the whole of life would to him appear so mean, contemptible, and puerile, that he never could be induced to take part in anything, and would scarcely give attention to what passes around him. To engage him to such a condescension as to play even the part of a Philip with zeal and alacrity, would be much more difficult than to constrain the same Philip, after having been a king and a conqueror during fifty years, to mend old shoes with proper care and attention; the occupation which Lucian assigns him in the infernal regions. Now all the same topics of disdain towards human affairs, which could operate on this supposed being, occur also to a philosopher; but being, in some measure, disproportioned to human capacity, and not being fortified by the experience of anything better, they make not a full impression on him. He sees, but he feels not sufficiently their truth: and is always a

sublime philosopher, when he needs not; that is, as long as nothing disturbs him, or rouses his affections. While others play, he wonders at their keenness and ardor; but he no sooner puts in his own stake than he is commonly transported with the same passions that he had so much condemned, while he remained a simple spectator.

There are two considerations, chiefly, to be met with in books of philosophy, from which any important effect is to be expected, and that because these considerations are drawn from common life, and occur upon the most superficial view of human affairs. When we reflect on the shortness and uncertainty of life, how despicable seem all our pursuits of happiness! And even, if we would extend our concern beyond our own life, how frivolous appear our most enlarged and most generous projects; when we consider the incessant changes and revolutions of human affairs, by which laws and learning, books and government, are hurried away by time, as by a rapid stream, and are lost in the immense ocean of matter. Such a reflection certainly tends to mortify all our passions: but does it not thereby counterwork the artifice of nature, who has happily deceived us into an opinion that human life is of some importance? And may not such a reflection be employed with success by voluptuous reasoners, in order to lead us, from the paths of action and virtue, into the flowery fields of indolence and pleasure?

We are informed by Thucydides that, during the famous plague of Athens, when death seemed present to every one, a dissolute mirth and gayety prevailed among the people, who exhorted one another to make the most of life as long as it endured. The same observation is made by Boccace, with regard to the plague of Florence. A like principle make soldiers, during war, be more addicted to riot and expense than any other race of men. Present pleasure is always of importance; and whatever diminishes the importance of all other objects, must bestow on it an additional influence and value.

The *second* philosophical consideration, which may often have an influence on the affections, is derived from a comparison of our own condition with the condition of others. This comparison we are continually making even in common life; but the misfortune is, that we are rather apt to compare our situation with that of our superiors than with that of our inferiors. A philosopher corrects this natural infirmity by turn-

ing his view to the other side, in order to render himself easy in the situation to which fortune has confined him. There are few people who are not susceptible of some consolation from this reflection, though, to a very good-natured man, the view of human miseries should rather produce sorrow than comfort, and add, to his lamentations for his own misfortunes, a deep compassion for those of others. Such is the imperfection, even of the best of these philosophical topics of consolation.

I shall conclude this subject with observing that, though virtue be undoubtedly the best choice, when it is attainable; yet such is the disorder and confusion of human affairs that no perfect or regular distribution of happiness and misery is ever, in this life, to be expected. Not only the goods of fortune, and the endowments of the body (both of which are important), not only these advantages, I say, are unequally divided between the virtuous and vicious, but even the mind itself partakes, in some degree, of this disorder; and the most worthy character, by the very constitution of the passions, enjoys not always the highest felicity.

It is observable that though every bodily pain proceeds from some disorder in the part or organ, yet the pain is not always proportioned to the disorder, but is greater or less, according to the greater or less sensibility of the part upon which the noxious humors exert their influence. A *toothache* produces more violent convulsions of pain than a *phthisis* or a *dropsy*. In like manner, with regard to the economy of the mind, we may observe that all vice is indeed pernicious; yet the disturbance or pain is not measured out by nature with exact proportion to the degrees of vice; nor is the man of highest virtue, even abstracting from external accidents, always the most happy. A gloomy and melancholy disposition is certainly, *to our sentiments*, a vice or imperfection; but as it may be accompanied with great sense of honor and great integrity, it may be found in very worthy characters, though it is sufficient alone to imbitter life, and render the person affected with it completely miserable. On the other hand, a selfish villain may possess a spring and alacrity of temper, a certain *gayety of heart*, which is indeed a good quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its merit, and when attended with good fortune will compensate for the uneasiness and remorse arising from all the other vices.

I shall add, as an observation to the same purpose, that, if

a man be liable to a vice or imperfection, it may often happen that a good quality, which he possesses along with it, will render him more miserable than if he were completely vicious. A person of such imbecility of temper as to be easily broken by affliction is more unhappy for being endowed with a generous and friendly disposition, which gives him a lively concern for others, and exposes him the more to fortune and accidents. A sense of shame, in an imperfect character, is certainly a virtue; but produces great uneasiness and remorse, from which the abandoned villain is entirely free. A very amorous complexion, with a heart incapable of friendship, is happier than the same excess in love, with a generosity of temper, which transports a man beyond himself, and renders him a total slave to the object of his passion.

In a word, human life is more governed by fortune than by reason: is to be regarded more as a dull pastime than a serious occupation; and is more influenced by particular humor than by general principles. Shall we engage ourselves in it with passion and anxiety? It is not worthy of so much concern. Shall we be indifferent about what happens? We lose all the pleasure of the game by our phlegm and carelessness. While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though *perhaps* they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher. To reduce life to exact rule and method is commonly a painful, oft a fruitless occupation: and is it not also a proof that we overvalue the prize for which we contend? Even to reason so carefully concerning it, and to fix with accuracy its just idea, would be overvaluing it, were it not that, to some tempers, this occupation is one of the most amusing in which life could possibly be employed.

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION TO THE COURSE OF NATURE.

By JOSEPH BUTLER.

[Joseph Butler, English theologian, was born at Mantage, in Berkshire, May 18, 1692. At first a Dissenter, he joined the English Church when a youth, and graduated at Oriel College. As preacher at the Rolls Chapel, he delivered the famous Sermons important in theological writing. After hold-

ing several rectorates, he retired and wrote the "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" (1731). He was made bishop of Bristol in 1738, of Durham in 1750. He died at Bath June 16, 1752.]

Of the Government of God by Rewards and Punishments, and Particularly of the Latter.

That which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us is the supposition of our happiness and misery hereafter depending upon our actions here. Without this, indeed, curiosity could not but sometimes bring a subject, in which we may be so highly interested, to our thoughts; especially upon the mortality of others, or the near prospect of our own. But reasonable men would not take any further thought about hereafter than what should happen thus occasionally to rise in their minds, if it were certain that our future interest no way depended upon our present behavior. Whereas, on the contrary, if there be ground, either from analogy or anything else to think it does, then there is reason also for the most active thought and solicitude to secure that interest; to behave so as that we may escape that misery and obtain that happiness in another life which we not only suppose ourselves capable of, but which we apprehend also is put in our own power. And whether there be ground for this last apprehension certainly would deserve to be most seriously considered, were there no other proof of a future life and interest than that presumptive one which the foregoing observations amount to.

Now, in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, *is put in our own power.* For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our Nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences. We find by experience He does not so much as preserve our lives, exclusively of our own care and attention, to provide ourselves with and to make use of that sustenance by which He has appointed our lives shall be preserved, and without which He has appointed they shall not be preserved at all. And in general we foresee that the external things, which are the objects of our various passions, can neither be obtained nor enjoyed without exerting ourselves in such and such manners; but by thus exerting ourselves we obtain and

enjoy these objects in which our natural good consists, or by this means God gives us the possession and enjoyment of them. I know not that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, willfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable — *i.e.* to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know, by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace and poverty and sickness and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed we cannot find by experience that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies.

Why the Author of Nature does not give His creatures promiscuously such and such perceptions, without regard to their behavior, why He does not make them happy without the instrumentality of their own actions, and prevent their bringing any sufferings upon themselves, is another matter. Perhaps there may be some impossibilities in the nature of things which we are unacquainted with. Or less happiness, it may be, would upon the whole be produced by such a method of conduct than is by the present. Or perhaps divine goodness, with which, if I mistake not, we make very free in our speculations, may not be a bare single disposition to produce happiness, but a disposition to make the good, the faithful, the honest man happy. Perhaps an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with seeing his creatures behave suitably to the nature which he has given them, to the relations which he has placed them in to each other, and to that which they stand in to himself, that relation to himself which, during their existence, is even necessary, and which is the most important one of all. Perhaps, I say, an infinitely perfect mind may be pleased with this moral piety of moral agents, in and for itself, as well as upon account of its being essentially conducive to the happiness of his creation. Or the whole end for which God made and thus governs the world may be utterly beyond the reach of our faculties. There may be somewhat in it as impossible for us to have any conception of as for a blind man to have a conception of colors. But however this be, it is certain matter of universal experience that the general method of divine admin-

istration is forewarning us, or giving us capacities to foresee, with more or less clearness, that if we act so and so we shall have such enjoyments, if so and so such sufferings, and giving us those enjoyments and making us feel those sufferings in consequence of our actions.

"But all this is to be ascribed to the general course of nature." True. This is the very thing which I am observing. It is to be ascribed to the general course of nature — *i.e.* not surely to the words or ideas, "course of nature," but to him who appointed it, and put things into it; or to a course of operation, from its uniformity or constancy, called natural, and which necessarily implies an operating agent. For when men find themselves necessitated to confess an Author of Nature, or that God is the natural governor of the world, they must not deny this again, because His government is uniform; they must not deny that He does all things at all, because He does them constantly; because the effects of His acting are permanent, whether His acting be so or not, though there is no reason to think it is not. In short, every man, in everything he does, naturally acts upon the forethought and apprehension of avoiding evil or obtaining good; and if the natural course of things be the appointment of God, and our natural faculties of knowledge and experience are given us by Him, then the good and bad consequences which follow our actions are His appointment, and our foresight of those consequences is a warning given us by Him how we are to act.

"Is the pleasure, then, naturally accompanying every particular gratification of passion intended to put us upon gratifying ourselves in every such particular instance, and as a reward to us for so doing?" No, certainly. Nor is it to be said that our eyes were naturally intended to give us the sight of each particular object to which they do or can extend; objects which are destructive of them, or which, for any other reason, it may become us to turn our eyes from. Yet there is no doubt but that our eyes were intended for us to see with. So neither is there any doubt but that the foreseen pleasures and pains belonging to the passions were intended, in general, to induce mankind to act in such and such manners.

Now from this general observation, obvious to every one, that God has given us to understand, He has appointed satisfaction and delight to be the consequence of our acting in one manner, and pain and uneasiness of our acting in another, and

of our not acting at all, and that we find the consequences, which we were beforehand informed of, uniformly to follow, we may learn that we are at present actually under His government in the strictest and most proper sense in such a sense as that he rewards and punishes us for our actions. An Author of Nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience that we are thus under His government; under His government in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates. Because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behavior be owing to the Author of Nature's acting upon us every moment which we feel it, or to his having at once contrived and executed his own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us. For, if civil magistrates could make the sanctions of their laws take place without interposing at all, after they had passed them, without a trial and the formalities of an execution; if they were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then as we are now, but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended without denying all final causes. For final causes being admitted, the pleasures and pains now mentioned must be admitted too as instances of them. And if they are, if God annexes delight to some actions, and uneasiness to others, with an apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then He not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If, for example, the pain which we feel upon doing what tends to the destruction of our bodies — suppose upon too near approaches to fire, or upon wounding ourselves — be appointed by the Author of Nature to prevent our doing what thus tends to our destruction, this is altogether as much an instance of His punishing our actions, and consequently of our being under His government, as declaring by a voice from heaven, that if we acted so He would inflict such pain upon us, and inflicting it, whether it be greater or less.

Thus we find that the true notion or conception of the Author of Nature is that of a master or governor, prior to the consideration of his moral attributes. The fact of our case, which we find by experience, is, that He actually exercises dominion or government over us at present, by rewarding and punishing us for our actions, in as strict and proper a sense of these words, and even in the same sense, as children, servants, subjects, are rewarded and punished by those who govern them.

And thus the whole analogy of Nature, the whole present course of things, most fully shows that there is nothing incredible in the general doctrine of religion; that God will reward and punish men for their actions hereafter — nothing incredible, I mean, arising out of the notion of rewarding and punishing. For the whole course of Nature is a present instance of His exercising that government over us which implies in it rewarding and punishing.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.[1]

By MARK AKENSIDE.

[Mark Akenside, English poet and physician, was the son of a butcher of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he was born November 9, 1721. He studied theology and then medicine at Edinburgh, graduated M.D. at Leyden, and settled in London, 1748. He died June 23, 1770, having nine years earlier been appointed one of the physicians to the queen. A didactic poem, "On the Pleasures of the Imagination" (1744), is his only important work.]

Thrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I, exulting, grasped the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that waked my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,
Nor quelled by malice, nor relaxed by years,
Had awed Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragged at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses owed,
And well-earned laurels every Muse bestowed;

[1] "Curio" means William Pulteney, Walpole's rival.

If public Justice urged the high reward,
And Freedom smiled on the devoted bard;
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And saved Corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public Justice sanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forebore thy name,
Long watched thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
And wished and hoped the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of Party hate is past;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free;
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.
There are who say they viewed without amaze
The sad reverse of all thy former praise:
That, through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deemed thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorned the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's luster blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that "each man has his price,"
I still believed thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet believe it — spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dared disclaim,
Urged by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decayed;
Has begged Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,

Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she followed thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all. —
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserved for him alone;
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honor was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of state the guarded heart inclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense would hear?
Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They sought alone to hold their fruits secure;
When taught by these, Oppression hid the face,
To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
And Freedom loathe to tread the poisoned shore;
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake;
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honors grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confessed;
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blessed;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;

Touched in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amazed had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Roused by thy labors from the blest retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.
Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appeared at last in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We saw the senate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hailed the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandoned lay.
Waked in the shock, the public Genius rose,
Abashed and keener from his long repose;
Sublime in ancient pride, he raised the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear.
The city felt his call; from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran;
Each crowded haunt was stirred beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challenged the decided hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal!
Ye spirits by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind!
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labors nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne,

The sword submitted, and the laws her own;
See public power chastised beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands;
See private life by wisest arts reclaimed;
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed;
See us acquire whate're was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio, will be true.
'Twas then — O shame! O trust how ill repaid.
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betrayed! —
'Twas then — What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unsinewed thy determined soul?
— Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved?
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allured?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjured?
This Curio, hated and despised by all,
Who fell himself, to work his country's fall?
O lost, alike to action and repose,
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes;
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame;
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind!
— Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile,
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
My soul was vowed from reason's earliest hour,
How have I stood, exulting to survey
My country's virtues, opening in thy ray!
How, with the sons of every foreign shore
The more I matched them, honored hers the more!
O race erect! whose native strength of soul,
Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,
Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
And seeks a noble center for its cares;
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.

Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conscious reason judging every state,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise:
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn brow,
Or, all awake at pity's soft command,
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:
Thence large of heart, from envy far removed,
When public toils to virtue stand approved,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Not more indulgent the delighted sire;
Yet high and jealous of their freeborn name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if to purchase Curio's sage applause,
My country must with him renounce her cause,
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail:
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
To where the Gracchi, where the Bruti stay!
O long revered, and late resigned to shame,
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim,
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
Breaks the false optics tinged with fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare;
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself if all be well within!
Where is the heart-felt worth, and weight of soul,
Which labor could not stop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the senate fired or trembling hung?
All vanished, all are sold; and in their room,
Couched in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous Grandeur dwell,

Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honor bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crowned,
Thy powerful tongue with poisoned philters bound.
That baffled Reason straight indignant flew,
And fair Persuasion from her seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confest,
Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the willful tame.
And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot thro' thy breast, and stab the generous birth,
Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,
And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
— Can art, alas! or genius guide the head,
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
For see the hand of Destiny displayed
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betrayed!
See the dire fane of Infamy arise,
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly;
There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates;

And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestowed;
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey;
Where, ever armed with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant powers of lust,
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honor hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betrayed,
The childless sire, and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,
From towns enslaved, and continents laid waste;
But long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Forever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
— Awed at the name, fierce Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes," they cry, "to whom the fates assigned
With surer arts to work what we designed,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till owned their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mocked their hopes in one decisive hour;
Then, tired and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quenched the spirit we provoked in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her sacred fire, so near suppressed,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast.
Though bold corruption boast around the land,

"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand;"
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
O Friend and Father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame designed,
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party strife nor anxious power invade;
If I aspire, in public virtue's cause,
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws;
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smothered flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.